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MEMOIRS OF THE MEMORABLE

Camera Portrait] [*By Walter Stoneman, F.R.P.S.*

SIR JAMES DENHAM

[*Frontispiece.*

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MEMOIRS OF THE :: MEMORABLE ::

BY

SIR JAMES DENHAM

WITH 17 ILLUSTRATIONS

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MEMOIRS OF THE MEMORABLE

I

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME

Eternal City and Interned Pope. Titivating for the Pope as for a Ball. Groomed by a Monsignor. Dreams of the Past by the Gleams of the Tiber. Age with its Blessing for Youth and Inspiration for Life's Way. A Marchioness in the Nude. The Apathy of Rome in the Procreation of Peace. The Pomps of the Past and the Soul's Solitude. Lady Anna smells a Rat. A Monsignor riding for a Fall. Prayers on the Gallop. My Momentous Maundy Thursday.

IT was happy Eastertide, the rising from the earth of all glad things. The sun crept across the Campagna and it was morn in Rome.

Beneath me the Piazza di Spagna was a mass of flowers. The country people were there in their carts, and the mules with their panniers. Roses and lilies galore, narcissi, dahlias and daffodils. The air was one long-drawn breath of spring. The great war-ship of Bernini,* *La Barcaccia*, was no longer bellicose. There was rapture in the water as it gurgled from the cannons. The pure white spray shot up to meet the sun, and now and then

* Bernini (1598-1680), architect, sculptor and painter, was director of public works in Rome and superintended the building of St. Peter's under the pontificates of Urban VIII., Innocent X., Alexander VII. and Clement X. He showed his adroitness of mind as well as genius of conception in this remarkable fountain, for as the pressure of water from the Acqua Vergine was inadequate, he bethought him of cannons as an outlet. Such was the origin of his ship.

there was a rainbow tint as if the white foam caught reflection from the flowers.

Who could feel other than glad on such a morn? I ought to have felt solemn, but I didn't. I was going to see Pope Leo XIII., and the audience was timed for eight o'clock. I did not like the hour—it seemed terrible that a man, who should be for such an occasion in the most spiritual of moods, should be exasperated to a degree by things hitherto out of his curriculum. I have never been infatuated by the art of rising at six-thirty and donning evening dress and swallow-tails and white tie at the uncanny hour of seven. How can the soul of man be calm and pious when the interior of him be cavernous and empty? It was too early for the morning *croissants*, hot and ingratiating, so I had none, and the hotel chef was evidently an agnostic, for his *café au lait* was cold comfort.

Reluctantly I turned from that sunny window, for if one thing is more certain than another it is that I cannot go to His Holiness as I am, and it will never do for Monsignor Capell to find me unready. So I proceed with the hateful task of titivating for a Pope as for a ball, with its consequent intermixture of piety and profanity.

At this juncture in comes Monsignor Capell diffusing that breeziness of bonhomie which made him one of the best of companions. Witty, eloquent, *bon-vivant*, he was essentially a man of the world and at that time in the full popularity of his powers. The clouds emanating from the ascetic Manning were, as he was often warned by me, on the move to darken him. But he was essentially a man content with *laissez aller* and took no heed of the inevitable. For weeks and weeks we had been inseparable, and to whatever dinner-party he was bidden, there was certain to be a card for me.

After a few growls on my part on the absurdity of going to see a Pope at eight in the morning, and the monstrosity of having to go in evening clothes, he seized a brush and gave me a grooming as if I were a horse, saying, "Now you look presentable enough for a heretic," and in a few moments we were in the carriage whirling away to the Vatican. I shall never forget that drive and the thoughts that were within me. Capell, whose tact in one direction was equalled only by his want of it in others, forbore to meddle with my silence. Here was I at the age of twenty-three, honoured with an audience which many would covet, about to enter that mysterious and unfamiliar stronghold which is at once a palace and a prison. The Tiber of the Cæsars glittered to my right, and all around me the dim ages of dead years spoke as a visible presence—Popes, Prelates, Princes of the past—men whose astuteness had built up a temporal power which the aftermath of the ages had crumbled into dust.

On arriving at the Vatican, after traversing innumerable ante-halls, I was received by Cardinal Howard, who was kindness itself. Of this most splendid specimen of the human race there is much that might be told. An ex-guardsman, and towering head and shoulders over the majority of mankind, he was every inch of him a Cardinal Prince, and even Ouida, had she included him in "Strathmore," would have found it difficult to exaggerate his commanding presence, and no Englishman could but feel proud that our country and its great historic family so splendidly represented the manhood of England. His Eminence was kind enough to tell me that I was not to feel nervous, that the Holy Father was very kind and was much interested in seeing me, and that he would say a few words probably in French, and that if I did not understand His

Holiness I was not to interrupt but to listen. I mentally resolved that I would give His Holiness no chance of hearing my voice, and not to do him the evil of letting him listen to my French.

Of the gorgeous appearance and accoutrements of the Papal Guard so much has been said that one need not dilate. It is recruited from the noblest blood in Europe. You can imagine my surprise when suddenly one of the Guard comes over to me and shakes me warmly by the hand. I could not at first recognize my old friend Willie Vavasour, afterwards Sir William Vavasour of Hazlewood, near Harrogate.

When the massive doors were cast backward from the centre, I was ushered into the presence of the Pope. He sat there in a high chair of semi-state; it was a scene as impressive as unforgettable. One had a vision of an eager face and ivory features exquisitely accentuated by priceless pictures mellowed by the fondling touch of Time. There was no great ceremony in this picture setting as might have been in audience of a King. It was Age with its blessing for Youth, and inspirations for life's way.

His Holiness asked me was this my first visit to Rome, and was even kind enough to warn me against the afternoon mists, which, he added, are alas! more fatal to youth than to manhood. This, so intrinsically human, was followed by spiritual guidance. It was, as it were, the soul of supremacy. There was a deliberate dignity of quiet in his utterance which betrayed a mind augustly authoritative. Yet age was wounding him, the pallor was upon him of a not distant white wing. Yet, as the light will shine through the lantern's crumbling glass, his invincible vitality would sustain him to the end.

Son of Count Pecci, his bearing denoted noble birth.

But there was infinitely more in the man than that. He was one of the courtliest of men, and possessed the instincts of diplomacy. His Holiness had the rare facility of ready speech, and his kindness of heart no less than the culture of his mind made it inevitable that he should say the right thing. Moreover it was always something appropriate to the occasion.

He was a satirist too when necessity demanded. There is good evidence of this in his celebrated reply to the ill-mannered Marquis who thought to embarrass him. His Holiness was at the time Archbishop of Perugia and was sent as Nuncio to Brussels. At a dinner party at that capital a young man with execrable taste handed his Eminence a snuff-box on the lid of which was painted a lady in the nude. The Archbishop, looking at it, said as if to himself: "Gentlemen do not parade the presentment of other men's wives: it must therefore be that of his own;" then turning to the Marquis, he innocently queried: "The portrait of Madame la Marquise, no doubt." The Marquis took a back seat after that.

Another instance of Pope Leo's satire recurs as told me by Cardinal Howard. His Holiness was being carried to the Sistine Chapel, when he passed some angular Protestant spinsters, who considered it due to their religion to stand irreligiously rigid amongst that kneeling crowd. "We have added to our statues," was the Pope's quiet remark to an attendant Prelate. How individual character is shown by such a remark! Pio Nono, Leo's predecessor, under similar circumstances, said to the erect ladies: "My daughters, an old man's blessing can injure no one."

After the spirited and timely utterance of his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, strongly deprecating the atrocities in Ireland, it is seasonable to recall that the great Pontiff who

accorded me the honour of an audience as vehemently denounced the murderous methods of the Irish Land League in 1888. Differences of creed apart, this writer has perpetually wondered why it has not been a stronger policy in Papal rule to deprecate more energetically from the pulpit disturbances which dislocate trade and increase the poverty of the land. An enriched Ireland would mean augmented revenues for the Papacy. Peter's Pence would be more than doubled and the Papacy would evince its power in the procreation of Peace.

Since that bright Spring morning years ago this writer has experienced many royal functions, but it is questionable whether any can vie in colour and impressiveness with that gorgeous yet simple scene which I have witnessed. So much of History spoke therein. Rome had played so many parts in the annals of the Ages, and that old man with his wonderful eyes and dignified presence seemed to me to be an impersonation of the Past as well as an influence in the Present. That I was alone in that Audience, with all its splendid setting of guards and papal ceremonial, by no means lessened the colouring of the picture which no passage of Time has succeeded in erasing.

However, the soul of me is aloof and continuously constant to its olden love of simplicity—the quietude of the dear hillside, the reserve of the mountain range, and all that is grand and great in pine wood and by the ocean shore—it is food indeed to have lived occasionally, partaking if but for a moment of the atmosphere which the Past has woven into an influence of the Present. The olden courtliness which pervades the palace of St. James's as we assemble to recognize our King, those touches of the bygone which colour the anniversaries of historic occasions, are all things it is well to see. In them we find that atmosphere of

the Past which colours for us the heart's dear solitude of soul.

On returning to my hótel, I was wending my unostentatious way up the staircase (time, 8.45 a.m.; costume, evening dress) when whom should I chance upon but a great lady who had often been my hostess. Lady Anna Chandos-Pole, noting my white tie, affected not to see me. But I would not have this at any price, so said: "Good morning, Lady Anna!" Lowering her eyes and regarding my white tie, sternly she interrogated, "And where have you been, I should like to know?" "Oh," said I gaily, "I have been to see the Pope." Whereupon Lady Anna elevated her head and passed on. Her daughter, who was following in her wake, said, "Tell me another!"

This, and some other similar experiences in life, convinces me that one reaps the lowliest character from the loftiest of intention. Whereupon it strikes me that one might as well eat the cake if one has to pay for it.

The allusion made to that complex personality, Monsignor Capell, would be incomplete without something more from me. The initial feat which brought him into prominence with his Church was the leading into its fold of the late Lord Bute.

The landing of such a prize as Lord Bute, a man of considerable wealth, naturally brought Capell into widespread notoriety. His eloquence effected the rest. Long before I knew him, when in my teens, I shall not easily forget the impression he made upon me, and little could one anticipate that days were coming when we should banter each other with badinage and epigram. He was often the Bryant and May's match, unlit without the box, but with a good foil present and one who knew how to ignite him he was brilliancy itself. But, dear man, he was

all along his own enemy, and all I could say in persuasions or cursings was but idle futility. For instance, there is a custom, I am led to believe, in the Catholic Church that a Bishop, or one like Capell who ranked as such, should not shake hands with women, and certainly not cloak them. But of the many dinner parties to which I went with Capell, I never saw him miss the opportunity of cloaking anything that was lovable. When on our way home this writer expostulated, he would accuse me of mean envy. But you can be quite sure that such doings were not long in reaching the ears of his Eminence at Westminster, and Capell's fall was as pre-ordained as are ashes after fire. With an ecclesiastic after the manner of Cardinal Wiseman the end might have been otherwise, but who could influence one like Manning ? And yet there was little harm in the man. I was with him weeks and weeks and he had but the joy of life, its sparkle, its spontaneity.

I well remember one laborious day he gave me, and I look, as he told me, for its reward in another life. It appears that something soothing happens to you according to the number of Churches you have visited on the Maundy Thursday. Capell told me that though I was but a heretic, he would like to feel that he had done me a good turn. " I shall have my carriage at the door at 6 o'clock in the morning. I shall bring you some coffee at 5.30, and we'll start on a round of Churches." Well, for all my sins, so we did. He would bounce out of the carriage before it had stopped, and was well into some Church before I could follow. He would start a prayer, rapid as a racehorse, before you could say Jack Robinson, if at such a time you would care to think of that profane person. Seeing that the pace was likely to tell upon me, I intimated to him that my prayers were slower and that I had a good number of

them to pray, by which means I was able to get a somewhat more adequate idea of some of the exquisite little Chapels which we visited. I feel sure of it that, in spite of the pious purpose of our peregrinations, this voyage of discovery had an evil effect, for it soon grew upon me that as long as this life lasted I might possibly nevermore wish to see the interior of a Church. They say that when young girls are employed in tea shops they are allowed, in fact enticed, to eat all the chocolates they can, so that in the end they sicken at sight of them. This is what I feared that Capell's round of sacred edifices (numbering a hundred or more) would do for me.

II

THE ROME OF THE EIGHTIES

Party Feeling in Rome. Black and White—Fermentation of Spirit—with Apologies to Dewar. Lady Eyre's Lenten Dinners. The Hunger of a House-Party. A Cardinal in Deshabille. The Kissing of the Sacerdotal Seal. Palazzo Barbarini—Rome's Social Centre. The Story of a Game of Cards. "Who the devil is Mr. Creswell?" The Tale of an "Honest Thief." The late Poet Laureate—"Are you a son of *Miss* Austen, the Novelist?" Descendants of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. A Recollection of Lady Sitwell and the late Sir George. That d——d Smile of Mine. Story's "Best Turn"—He sits on my Hat. In Converse with the Cæsars and where Horace sings. An Animated Argument—Solomon ruled out of the Running. "Shafts of Wit and Joy made Bright." "I've been a-roaming"—A "Bright" Idea. Quail Shooting on the Campagna. Mules Galore and a Retinue of Desperadoes. Accompanied by "Browning" and "Swinburne."

IT was a Black and White world, that Rome of the Eighties. If you were White, you were barely received by the Black; and if you were Black, the White were scarcely expansive. These diverse hues stood severally for the Court and Papal parties, and they lived not together as the millennial lamb and lion. The Eternal City was burrowed with intrigue, and there were many wise men, and some few exceptional women, who were careful to weigh their words.

My recollections of that Rome recall a considerable number of feminine converts. Our spiritual proclivities, like the family tiara, are visible but on state occasions. The old Catholic families never advertised their Catholicism, but the convert lady was never without her spiritual tiara,

and though, of course, I cannot vouch for the fact, not having actually seen it, I dare swear that she slept in it.

The first passionate impulse of the new convert was invariably to remove herself corporally to the Eternal City. She felt that she could not be too close to the Holy Father and the ecclesiastical atmosphere. Being rich she banqueted prelates galore, and was oblivious of the truism that "distance lends enchantment to the view." This binding of yourself to the Church is not unlike the bond matrimonial. I have known of some ideally happy marriages; but the husband has been in India all the time.

But to return to Black and White, which must in no way be confused with the lucrative industry of a recently created peer.

Naturally, being with Monsignor Capell, and privileged to know several of the Sacred College, having, moreover, been received three times by the Holy Father, I was not exactly the person to be asked largely to the functions of the Italian Court.

Meanwhile my opportunities for examining sacerdotalism at close quarters were exceptional. One remembers how the kindly Lady Eyre invited me to a "repast" (being Lent she would not call it a dinner-party). Her daughter and I were the only "heretics" present, but I was favoured in meeting no less than seven prelates. They bore themselves manfully, and gave one the impression that they considered this world as no bad place.

This writer may say, *en passant*, that, except in some rare instances of eager women, there was little attempt to win me over to that brilliant fold. It may have been the true art which conceals itself, or that astuteness not slow to realize that, young as I was, I was more open to conviction than to persuasion.

Allusion has already been made to Cardinal Howard and his kindness to me at the Vatican. Later on we shall have to record his ciceronage when I visited the Roman homestead of Keats, so many details of which were known to the Cardinal and so carefully explained to me.

With reference to the austerities observed by new converts to Roman Catholicism, and indeed not infrequently by the older English families which have adhered to the ancient faith, I may mention a story told me by that dear and popular sportsman, Colonel Cradock-Hartopp, himself a near relation of the Cardinal. It appears that the very orthodox will not hear of breaking their fast, until they have been blessed by His Eminence, should there be by any possibility a Cardinal within reach. Howard carried with him into sacerdotal life many of the instincts of a guardsman. His Eminence was by no means ascetic. You could not well imagine two Cardinals more diverse than Howard and Manning. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was up at cockcrow, but there was not a rooster living whose lungs could disturb the slumbers of Howard. He breakfasted in his room, and dealt not kindly with obstruction. All this was very well for the Cardinal, but what about the house party that was waiting for breakfast? According to "Topps" Hartopp the majority absolutely refused to comfort themselves with so much as a sausage. At last by infinite resource and ingenuity a species of Punch and Judy box was rigged up in the corridor. The Cardinal's room was fortunately at the end of the passage, so the making of this box was fairly easy, and into it the Cardinal slid in his deshabille, and extended his ringed hand through an infantile aperture, which was reverentially embraced by the hungry crowd. After this "all went merry as a marriage bell," and the guests descended to their bacon while His Eminence

CARDINAL HOWARD.

[*To face page* 12.

presumably ascended to his bed. Colonel Hartopp was a most reliable man. I've never known him exaggerate, even anent an odd fish, the many occasions I have angled with him, and I have every reason on his account to credit this story, especially as from my own knowledge of His Eminence and the friendship he extended to me, I esteemed him a man of sufficient force and character to obtain such slumber as he considered requisite.

I do not recall that Howard evinced any particular partiality for Capell any more than did the Cardinal Archbishop. But the distaste sprang from widely different reasons. The Cardinal surged with the blood of the Howards. He never allowed himself to forget that his line was manipulative in the making of kings, and he had small sympathy, and at times less tolerance, for people deficient in pedigree. It would take a very great deal of piety to adjust this want of balance. Thinking of the many men of diverse mind and mien whom I have met, I am fully persuaded that, take him all in all, his majestic height and commanding manner, the Church will not easily find in any dominant family a son to represent so fully delineation of race.

The Palazzo Barbarini was a power in the Rome of those days. Tenanted by W. W. Story and his able wife, it was a social centre. There you were certain to meet all who were interesting or unique among the visitants to the Eternal City. In addition to those whose rank was their passport, the Storys had welcome for everyone of intellectual achievement, and their "Evenings" were a pleasure and oftentimes a profit. They had, what specially endeared them to me, a vast understanding of the humorous, and here I must give you an instance.

I had been the guest of that never to be replaced Irish-

man, Mr. Hume Dick, at Humewood Castle. The Groom of the Chambers there was quite an important personage. He had very considerably contributed to my comfort. He was in my room when the packing was proceeding, and I said to him : " Creswell, I should very much like to do something for you if ever I have the power ; mind you let me know if the occasion should arise." He thanked me very much and said, " Indeed you can, Sir, and at the present moment, for my wife has taken over a house in Mayfair, and she wants to get some nice people of the right sort there." " Oh," I responded, " I'll see to that ; put some of your cards into my valise, and I'll send them when I hear of likely people coming to town."

It was not long afterwards that I found myself at the Hôtel des Anglais, Nice, and, armed with a portentous card-case, I chartered a fiacre by the hour, and proceeded to do what Dr. Johnson called " sow dinners." I left a considerable number of cards, and amongst others on two exceptionally old friends, at whose houses I had always been a welcome guest. They were the Leghs of Barham Court and the Howards of Villa Howard. The ensuing week gave me days of much soul-humiliation. " Lord ! " I said, " the changes one brief year effects ! And oh ! how soon the world forgets ! " For here was I that but a twelve-month since had left troops of what I thought were life-long friends, and now, to quote the Immortal Bard, " There was not one to do me reverence."

Shortly after, I found myself at an afternoon party, and soon was the centre of an angry crowd. " Nice sort of friend you are," said dear old Jack Howard. " Been here a week and never come near us ! " And much in similar vein many more. Then one or two plied me with such as the following : " Here, you know everyone, who's this

Mr. Creswell? He left cards on us, 'Mr. Creswell, furnished lodgings, Green Street, Park Lane,' and he actually had the impertinence to write on the back, 'So sorry to have missed you, may I drop in to lunch some day?' Now who the devil is Mr. Creswell?" It appeared that I had faithfully kept my promise with that Groom of the Chambers and had well advertised him. It also appeared that, instead of placing his cards in a packet in my valise, he had plentifully filled a big leather card-case. It was days before I heard the last of this in Nice.

On arriving in Rome, I thought: "Now, I'll pull Story's leg." So I fished out one of Creswell's cards and proceeded to the Palazzo Barbarini about *déjeuner* time. Arriving at Story's door, I wrote on the card, "Can you give me some lunch?" and told the servant to take it in. The servant returned, saying that I must have made some mistake, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Story had ever heard of me. I told the man to take back the card, and say that I knew them very well and must see them. Whereupon out comes Story himself, and the noise of delight he made soon brought out his wife and my old friend Waldo Story (he had been at Christ Church with me), who all thought that a riot was going on and rushed to Mr. Story's support. It is difficult to reproduce in pen and ink that scene, but it was a long time before Mr. Creswell was forgotten at the Palazzo Barbarini.

The Storys were so quick to see the humorous side of a question, the more so as it would be indeed difficult to find anyone more widely read, more cultured, more ingrainly intellectual than was W. W. Story, the well known sculptor. An alert face, in which kindliness and intellect strove for mastery, he just missed being a genius. I recollect how amused he was at first hearing from me a

story which I called "The Honest Thief!"—a somewhat paradoxical title.

Capell had warned me not to be out at sunset. "Not only," he said, "are the evening exhalations very bad for you, but there are a number of footpads about, and you should always put your hand on your watch should you be in a lonely place."

It appears that a certain well-known Englishman had also received similar counsel. He was out after sundown near the Coliseum, when a man rushed quickly past him. Instantly the Englishman put his hand to his pocket and found his watch gone. He started in hot pursuit, and after a bit of a run was gaining on a man running for all he knew with the watch in his hand. Overtaking the man, he gave him one, and repossessed himself of his watch. On returning to his hotel he found his own watch on his dressing-table, whilst he had in his hand a beautiful gold hunter and chain. The most extraordinary part of this story is its finale, for though the Englishman at once gave notice to the police, and even inserted an advertisement in the papers, the owner of the gold hunter was never traced from that day to this. My own explanation is, that the owner, having had it so practically demonstrated to him that the Eternal City was in some respects an undesirable place, and considering that it was hopeless to prove larceny against a man whose face he had never seen, impulsively packed his portmanteau and departed. That is how a watch can be purloined with the most honourable intentions.

W. W. Story was a great lover and critic of poetry, and would often declare that, whilst you could call one who sculps a sculptor, whether he sculped infamously or well, or the wearer of the legal wig a lawyer, whether he knew

the law or not; and so of the painter, the musician, and all else; no one, he asserted, would be justified in calling the writer of so-called poetry a poet unless he were the actual genuine article. That, in fact, the word Poet did not denote a profession or a pastime, but designated the man as the possessor of genius. Story never so called the late Laureate, and one day, coming to his wife, he said: "Look here, dear, I've just met Alfred Austin, and have asked him to one of your evenings. He'll probably call here first, and then you must remember to talk to him about poetry." Story, who told me this himself, said that he believed his wife had never heard of Austin. Anyway, when he came, she clean forgot what she was told to talk about, and cudgelled her brains to find out who he was. Thinking him a dour sort of person, she essayed theology, but met with no response. She then talked about law and politics, with no better result. She then had an inspiration.

"Oh! he's a man of letters or a novelist!" (mark the inference, which is Mrs. Story's, not mine), and without further thought plumped out:

"You've written a good deal, Mr. Austin. Are you a son of *Miss* Austen, the novelist?" Tableau!

Stopping at Scarborough with Lady Sitwell, mother of the present Sir George, I told this story at a dinner party, when Lady Sitwell said: "I can very nearly cap this, for when my husband and I were staying at a little Swiss hotel, there was an old spinster lady who rather bothered us by persisting in talking across the table. It was in the days of a long general *table d'hôte*. Wishing to ingratiate herself, she leant across the table and said:

"I understand, Sir George, that you are of Royal descent.

From which of the Royal Sovereigns are you descended ? " Sir George, wishing to shut her up, curtly responded:

" From Queen Elizabeth, mum ! "

The W. W. Storys had three children: Waldo and Julian, who were Etonians and Oxonians, and a daughter the Marchesa Medici. Waldo became a sculptor like his father. Our tables were side by side when we were matriculating for Christ Church, and I will not deny that we were some mutual help. He was older than I, had seen more of the world, and his American blood made him easily adaptable to all that is best in cosmopolitanism. I think I may safely say at this time of my life I owed more to Waldo Story than to any other man. He did much to lick me into shape. He told me that if I did not drop that d——d smile of mine I'd have the whole place thinking I wanted to lift a fiver out of them.

From the very outset, Waldo as it were paved the way for the innumerable friends who were so good to me during my Oxford days. Women may not realize, but men assuredly will, how large a place an errant tie or collar plays in man's estimate of man. This is where a cultured worldling like Story was of use to a haphazard person like myself. The second day after going into residence at Christ Church he enters my rooms. I had previously, be it said, bought a new bowler hat at the best hatter's in Bond Street for this self-same term. It was apparently all that London could do in the way of adornment. I was enjoying myself in a saddleback chair: the hat, on a settee, by my side. Story lights a cigarette, and says: " Do you know, I want to do you a good turn." I said, " That's very kind of you." " And I shall," continued Story. And he forthwith sits down on my hat. " There," he said, " I've done you the best turn you've ever had. If you'd continued to wear

that hat, you would not have had a friend in the place."

Waldo was a man of excellent taste. He had also a *soupçon* of genius in him, and during his years in Rome was the third generation of his family to be a notability, for his grandfather (W. W.'s father) was the great Judge Story whose law books are legal text-books in the States.

Waldo and I would wander all the night through round that olden Rome. We had moonlit hours in the Coliseum and thinking times and arguments galore in the ancient Forum. He was my guide to material Rome, as I was perhaps to him the interpreter of the speakings of Time from out those crumbling monuments of the past. To this day, howbeit the intervening years have lashed and bruised me with trouble, my soul thrills at the thought of those hours.

We were together for a time in company with the Cæsars! We heard Horace sing, fresh from the Sabine plains. And where the early primrose struggled through the fallen marvels, there was Proserpine, with armful of roses, beckoning to the Summer loitering somewhere mid the sacred hills.

It was about two o'clock one morning when we returned to the Palazzo Barbarini, and, opening the door of the big smoking-room, we were aghast to find ourselves in the midst of a considerable number of eminent men. There were Newton of the British Museum, the Head of Harvard University, the Cambridge Professor of History, Robert Browning, Marion Crawford and others of the well-known. An animated discussion was in progress, and Waldo and I, feeling rather subdued, stole to the great oval window, opened to the moonlight of Rome, and sat there and listened.

If one should come, as came to Solomon, and offer choice of goodliest gift, what would one choose? This was the question before that eminent House. Wisdom, as Solomon chose and exemplified it, was ruled out of the running; and the favourites seemed to be Music, Oratory, Sculpture, Poetry, Painting. I shall never forget the interest of those arguments.

Story, who had much of the legal acumen of his forensic father, was agile in debate, though it was not always easy to follow him when he clinched an argument with a passage from Euripides or Aristotle in the original. After utterances from every one present (except of course our two silent selves) the verdict went in favour of Music, and then Newton says to me:

"Have *you* nothing to say?"

Waldo, giving me a great prod, says:

"Say it," and with fear and trembling I said to the room what I had already whispered to my friend. I elaborated a point which no one had touched upon. "Surely, the value of a gift from the gods largely depends upon the facility wherewith it can be utilized? The Poet needs but little for the exercise of his genius; the Musician needs much." And, would you believe it, I never was so astonished in my life, that argument carried the House.

It was often after that that we were partakers in many a rough and ready altercation concerning literature, art and the inevitable renaissance. O, they were great nights those! Rome of the Cæsars for its ante-hall; Forum and Pantheon and the olden slabs indented with the footsteps of the dead, and then this living reveille from the voices of the living to the actualities of life and light and all that lingers in literature and art. O, my friends, to have lived thus is to know life! Give me no sluggish streams

darkened with foreshadowings of Styx. To this day, when the shadows lie around me and the darkened eyes can see not of the light, there are amphitheatres of luscious luminance in all that comes to me from the past with shafts of wit and joy made bright.

So much for those dear Roman nights, where even the beautiful dawn was not seldom unwelcome. The days had other and distinctive delights—the quail shooting on the Campagna, and the wanderings through many an olden villa and garden overgrown with bloom. Our steps were oftentimes carpeted with moss, green as from the ambrosial days of Horace. Then there was the great joy of those studios. Beautiful women hewn from stone, as indeed so many of our living divinities are. Their hearts to match which no man can ever melt.

The mention of a frivolity of undergraduate days seems to fall in naturally here in these remembrances of Rome. Canon Bright of Christ Church had been widely accused of tending towards the Romish Faith. Added to this, whether his convictions had centred there or no, bodily he had just returned from a prolonged stay in the Eternal City. Simultaneously appeared one of Frank Miles's charming etchings entitled " I've been a-roaming," a beautiful girl with garlands in her hands. This picture was prominently exhibited in the window of Shrimptons in the Broad, the centre of all things artistic in Oxford. Armed with the head of Canon Bright decapitated from a photo, I proceeded to Shrimptons, and whilst a pal engaged him in conversation, pasted the Canon's face upon the girl's shoulders. The legend underneath " I've been a-roaming " spoke for itself. It was not long before there were crowds, Dons and others, outside the window, and the joke spread over the University. Shrimpton evidently

regarded it as a good advertisement, for the picture as I left it remained in his window for weeks.

And now I must conclude these overlong reminiscences of Rome with a final remembrance. One day Waldo came to me and said, " See here, you've had quite enough of dreaming and dancing and dining in Rome. You come along to the Campagna with me and we'll have some quail shooting."

" Right you are," I assented, and the day was named.

When it arrived we proceeded by a somewhat ramshackle cross-country railway for what seemed about a couple of hours, and then alighting at a little shanty of a station, nothing more than a rude log-house with wild prairie lands all round, such a sight met mine eyes as was a joy to encounter. There, surrounding the station, was an absolute army of caparisoned mules, quite twenty or more, and all their attendants seemed as if they had been desperadoes dug out from pictures of the past.

These, if you please, were our personal convoy. Ourselves and our luggage and all that we should eat. It was an inspiring thought and engendered appetite. I bestrode my mule (an antediluvian buckjumper). I was in such spirits as never was. Picture to yourself a vast undulating wilderness of russet brown and ruddy sand. A wilderness of sparsely covered soil, lonesome and forsaken of all the world. There was no sound in it of song or living thing. We ourselves seemed to supply all of life that in it was. Ours was the merriment amid that desolation. We moved along with sound of bells and song and laughter. It was a wondrous procession, Waldo and I and the Bishop of Rome, as Dr. Nevin was called, followed by that retinue of mules and wild, semi-barbarous drivers.

After awhile I said : " What are all those haycocks in

the distance ? " " Haycocks—do you call them ? They are no more haycocks than you are ; they are the houses of the gentry here." So they were, for these people seemed absolutely uncivilized, and lived in the rudest way. They were rough and picturesque and dirty and cut-throaty. They were pure-bred brigands, to whom Waldo had to pay a hundred pounds annually, or else, as he told me, such a cavalcade as ours would be a mad impossibility. Nor, indeed, would our lives be worth a day's purchase. Yet withal, these savages had some sense of honour, for, the payment having been made, your belongings were as safe as if they were confided to the Elders of a Kirk. It was all very new and wonderful and exhilarating.

We were two hours over that ride. There was no dignity in my walk when I dismounted, for my mule did not run as doth a Tennysonian Lyric, it had all the ruggedness and abruptness of Browning. In fact I called him Browning, because it was not always I could quite fathom his intentions. Waldo's mule I christened Swinburne, because it frequently went further than was discreet in that land of precipices and sedge-grown clefts. And then we neared the glories of the sea, and Waldo's shooting-box was such as I have never seen before or since.

The bungalow, with its great broad wooden verandahs, lay on the marge of the sea ; on its right, the side verandahs overlooked a beautiful river, whose moisture enticed a vividness of vegetation in wonderful contrast to the sun-harassed leafage of the Campagna. The river, as I afterwards knew, for I often boated up it, was in many places exquisitely arched by over-reaching branches.

It is the saddest part of all to shoot the homing quail. The little bird has come all the way from Africa. And imagine his joy after those miles of flowerless seas to reach

the land once more. But oh, the pity of it! There awaits him the fowler's gun, and the rest is death and cookery. The hours of sport were worse than going to see the Pope, for we had to be dressed and out by 4.30.

How exquisite is the sight of the rising sun! Alas, that I so seldom have seen it! If it had not been for coming back from balls or occasions like these, I doubt if this bedridden bard would ever have seen the like. I guess that there are thousands of good folk who have never seen the dawn! Leastways, they seldom evidence it in their souls.

My last day on the Campagna ushered in what I always consider one of the most strenuous four-and-twenty hours of my life. Wakened at 3.45, we started after *déjeuner* for some hours of a ride with our retinue of mules across the wilds for the station. Arriving in Rome, I had only time to rush into evening dress for a dinner party given by the "Bishop" to evidence to me the superiority of Italian kid over English lamb. Then the mad rush across Rome to the Palazzo Barbarini, to which Mrs. Story had invited most of the Embassies and Legations to hear some of the gems of Keats and Shelley. I gave them some forty minutes of these. Then supper, and a most terrific stampede to the station to catch the night mail for Naples *en route* for the yacht *Norseman* and my dear old friend Sydney Platt who awaited me at Syracuse. Arriving, I nearly ended my career by bathing with the sharks, one way of putting a term to an Englishman's ignorance of other lands.

III

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.

A Remembrance of Lady North at Glemham Hall. A House-Party on the Prowl. A Saucer in Soapsuds. The Beatification of Blue China. The Passing of the Picturesque. A Cardinal as Cicerone. We visit the Last Homestead of Keats. The Piteous Contrast of Pomp and Poverty. The Tiny Room of a Timeless Immortality. The Soul of Bird-Song o'er the Poet's Tomb.

AT one of the many house parties at Glemham Hall, the olden seat of the Norths, an animated party of exploration was formed to exploit the innumerable rooms of that old-world edifice. I remember that Mrs. Minto Elliot, the well-known author of "An Idle Woman in Italy," wife of the Dean of Gloucester, was there, eager to contrast England with Sicily; Lord Edward Clinton, Master of the Household, and Lady Edward; Colonel and Mrs. Forbes Eden; Deb Monson, Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, and many others, including dear old Charlie Colnaghi. Led by Lady North up the grand staircase, we ascended, and saw King Charles' bedroom with the identical furniture he used; Queen Mary's room with self-same bed used by that hapless Queen, and many other memoried rooms. And then we trooped to the basements and interviewed the kitchens, the stillrooms, the larders, and finally the scullery. Here, Colnaghi, with that alert sparrow-like way of his, pounced upon a plate whereon lay a huge scrubby-looking bar of common washing soap. With an eagerness indescribable he thrust aside the soap

and washed the plate and brought it to the window for examination. With a pocket magnifying glass he spent anxious moments over it.

That plate, it was reputed, might have been centuries in that scullery, surviving at haphazard the brutalities of ignorance. Its charmed life was superior to the wild tossings of Time (and of kitchenmaids), and within twenty minutes of Colnaghi's find it was ensconced upon a shield of velvet on one of the most prominent walls of the state drawing-room.

And why all this? Simply because all its fellows had perished in the passage of Time. Alone was it left of an obsolete art. It was unreproducible, the heritage of a priceless past.

When people talk to me of this wild age, and of the upsetting onrush of mankind with its overthrow of noble things, and its irreverences for what is exalted; when they tell me that there will be no room in the days to come for the Poet, and that the lute of Song will be stilled within the clamour of the ages, I think of the little blue china plate, which because of its rarity and irreplaceableness was enshrined. It will surely come to pass that, if the Soul of Art should struggle across the maelstrom, it will be appraised as precious—"A thing of beauty and a joy for ever!"

We that are thinkers rather than rushers through the ravine of events are hard put to it to smile; there are metaphorically our attics wherein we can weep, and that divine solace of the gods wherein we can dream. I hold it as certain-sure that, for the development of all that is purest in human progress, there must be present in some form or another the immortal soul of beauty. Without it where would be music, eloquence, painting, poetry? And what would the world be without them?

A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever

I walk along the streets and am repelled by what I see. The elongated legs of damozels and the receding skirt—aged spinsterdom affecting babyhood. And in the roadway itself, where are those splendid steeds whose satin coats reflected the gleams of noon? Where are the stately equipages wherein sat the loveliness and grace of womanhood? These things have passed, and those who knew and loved them are passing too. Soon what we have seen will be taken as fairy tales, and unbelievable at that. Nevertheless, the beautiful things of earth are passing, and we are replacing them by that widespread rush for wealth and pleasure which overthrows all the olden landmarks in its riotous stampede.

In that year of grace 1921, when that minute minority which finds time to esteem genius was celebrating the centenary of the death of Keats, it is singularly appropriate that, in continuing my remembrances of Cardinal Howard, I should tell how he was so kindly my cicerone in visiting the house the Poet occupied.

With the trappings of estate, as became a great Cardinal, he drove me to those humble rooms overlooking the Piazza di Spagna, where lived and died an Immortality.

> "If that The Beautiful *can* die that sleeps to wake again—
> The continuity of Time fulfilled in golden grain."

We entered that small room wherein the Poet breathed his last. This writer has his six feet of stature, but it was as nothing to that of his cicerone, and together we filled that small apartment. My heart was sad within me to think of the differences between now and then, conjured up by that little room. The man daily weakening towards his end, the disappointing posts that brought not the looked-for remittance, the slender circumstances and

the faltering frame, and now this arrogance of state for the honouring of Keats. If but a tithe of the money spent on *éditions de luxe*, illustrations, medallions and the like, had been spent in the Poet's life on the amelioration of those days of stress, God only knows but that precious life might have been prolonged for the amplification of its glory of song. It is one of our whimsical paradoxes that the names that need it least are emblazoned in epitaphs of brass and trumpeted down the corridors of Time.

One day I felt aweary of that show world of Rome, its pageantries of priests, its mementoes of the dusty Cæsars, speaking in their marble tones from pedestal and piazza. So off I went and had a restful noontide by the ashes of Keats. The early Spring had laid a coverlet of violets around him, and here and there the gold of the daffodil towered over the purple as sentinel eyes of Light. Then, suddenly, as I stood there leaning upon the railings full of such reverence which kept measure with the echoes of Immortal Song ; full of such lines as :

> " Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird ;
> No hungry generations tread thee down ; "

a linnet perched on the railings at right angles to me and opened its soul of song. Liquid and resonant, it seemed to cleave the trouble of life and wing its way into the altitudes of the Infinite.

IV

VISIONS OF BEAUTY

My Heart's Picture Gallery. Storage of Beauty. A Picture of St. Patrick's Ball, Dublin Castle, and Hermione, Duchess of Leinster. Lady Londonderry's Political and Social Parties at Londonderry House. Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, at the India Office Reception: Maharajahs encrusted with Diamonds. Princess Pless at a Ducal Ball. A Small Boy with a Big Bouquet: A Floral Episode: I present Flowers to the Empress of the French: Her Beauty framed by an Alpine Snow-world: I have Tea with Her Majesty at Farnborough. A Riverside Day with Mary Anderson. The Tones that sing themselves adown the Corridors of Time.

AS in some lordly castle you may find, far from the halls of banquet and state, some little shrine wherein from the bright, blinding light of day mid the dim shadows there is ease and rest, so in my heart I have a noble gallery. Therein are splendid pictures of the Past: crownings and burials of kings; the lowering to their slumber of immortal dust; the features of fair women, and the dear fond faces of dead friends shrined in the silent alcoves of my heart.

When you have wearied me, oh World, and sickened me with sordid things, to these sweet pictures silently I pass, and all my spirit is surrendered to the respite of my dreams!

You ask me for the loveliest Visions I have seen. Come with me to my gallery. I have many immortal dreams

of loveliness. No poet could ask more than these. No painter, though he painted with the colourings bequeathed him by the gods, could ever catch the exquisite light and shade, the undefinable half-tones as we have seen who looked upon their loveliness.

Let me try and picture them in my poor words, so that, long afterwards when I am at rest, the world shall have them, and be glad for beauty that has been, and its remembrance that remains.

St. Patrick's ball is dancing itself away in Dublin Castle. A scene of great beauty, for beauty is a thing which easily finds expression in Irish womanhood, and on every side you saw types of loveliness which scarcely any other capital could offer. Radiant, supreme, and enthralling amongst them all—Hermione, Duchess of Leinster.

I was standing at the far end of the noble hall, when Lord Walter FitzGerald came up to me, and said: "If you want to see the loveliest sight you've ever seen, come here." We threaded our way through that crowded scene to the upper end, where there were broad high settees, and there, draped in the richest of emerald velvet, silhouetted against the crimson of the settee, sat the Duchess, and no man could ever look on anything more entrancing. Everything around was, as it were, set to accentuate that picture, and music on an undulating wing added its poetry to steep the senses. Like those lovely daughters of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, the exquisite woman upon whom I looked had that brilliance of colouring which was a foreboding to her friends. It was as if Death said: "Take ye I must, but I will make ye lovelier till I come!" And the end alas! was not long in coming for that beautiful woman.

The second picture is one of memorable magnificence. Crowds of people are ascending the grand staircase at Londonderry House. At its summit stands one of the most beautiful and queenly women of her day. Moreover she knew how to set her beauty, and the radiance of her tiara was in accordance with an individuality that was regal. Born of the historic Talbots, daughter of the Premier Earldom of England, her appearance in every way denoted birth, whereto was added a magnetism of charm and no little intellect, which endeared her to countless friends and established her influence in the social world. To be received by Lady Londonderry was in itself a sufficient passport to all that was exclusive, and no one who partook of the generous hospitality of the late Lord Londonderry and his beautiful wife can ever forget the galaxy of all that was great in brain or birth grouped in those pictured galleries. Lord Londonderry was himself one of the most modest of men, and deprecated the prominence into which his position and wealth had thrust him. He begged for better men to occupy his place, but his colleagues estimated his worth more surely than did he, and there is no doubt that his quiet, dispassionate judgment was of inestimable advantage to the Party. And anything left undone by him was effected by the salon of his wife as a political centre and stimulus for more binding Unionism to Members of both Houses.

Nor was it only political unity which the able suzerainty of Lady Londonderry assayed. Her brain, beauty and position did much for the social organism of her day. To be seen in her salon was an amply sufficient hall-mark: to be excluded from her recognition, especially where such people had precedence of their own, left them as

comparative outsiders in what was the real London of the decade.

To me it is unforgettable the ease and dignity shown by Lord and Lady Londonderry under most difficult and perhaps unprecedented circumstances. They had just resigned the Vice-Royalty of Ireland, and accepted an invitation from their successors, Lord and Lady Zetland, to stay at the Vice-Regal Lodge. This writer was privileged to receive no less than five invitations in one week from His Excellency, including functions at the Castle and at the Lodge. In the procession at Dublin Castle it was memorable to mark the ease with which Lady Londonderry took the second place where lately she had reigned supreme.

There is another picture whereat I sometimes stand and look. It is a picture of what London will probably never see again. In a few days King Edward would be crowned, and the capital was full of Indian Princes and great people from the width of the world. There was a special reception for the Princes of India. The ample courtyard of the India Office was canopied in silk, and it was a scene of utmost magnificence. Never had I gazed upon such jewels, and all of London's beauty was there. The Maharajahs seemed encrusted in diamonds; there were rubies and emeralds beyond exaggerations of dream. It was an unforgettable spectacle.

There, quite simple in a frock of white, her swan-like neck roped with adorable pearls, was Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, a picture which riveted the eye. It is not that she was so beautiful, for, compared with the greatest beauties of the day, she certainly was not; but there was an inexpressible, undefinable *soupçon* of youth and gladness and sadness and human vivacity about her

ELIZABETH DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER AND HER SON THE FIFTH DUKE.

By kind permission of Messrs. Davis Bros., Chelsea.

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that was singular and exceptional and altogether unwonted. Charm is in itself a beauty, and much of beauty is unbeautiful without it.

The scene changes to that of a great ducal house. Many Royalties were amongst the guests; one simply looked at them, but all eyes seemed riveted on a vision of girlhood rarely seen. No pen can record what Princess Pless was in those days. I do not say that it was her real character, for sometimes a woman's expression is paradoxically a conundrum of her nature. She looked the incarnation of youth and joy and innocence. She had the fairness of some daughter of the gods, and the sparkle as of some joy incarnate. She was of the kind as if she stepped from among the myrtles of the Sabine Plains where Horace sang, or in the gardens where Proserpine was gathering roses and armfuls of lilies.

Ah! here I see you stand: no wonder that you loiter at this picture as you pass along my gallery. Was anything more lovely in the landscapes we have seen? Right over us, around us and beyond, the impenetrable silence of the Alps—snow that yields nothing to the ardours of noon; and here upon the luscious swards, appropriately lit by the imperial purples of crocus, anemone and hyacinth, a small boy stands, with a large bouquet in his hands. To this day I feel the palpitations of my heart as I recall my advance to the great travelling carriage, where I was met by the beautiful smile of Eugenie, Empress of the French, and tendered to her those Alpine blossoms which my small hands had gathered. The Empress was then in the very full bloom of radiant beauty. But it was not her beauty alone which captivated men. She had charm, which is woman's most potent weapon. I can remember the folds of the graceful apple-green veil, drooping at

the back and partially pendant around, her beautiful head framed by a parasol, coloured as from peach blossom, with stripes of green to match. My French seemed to interest her, for her smiles again broke out; but it was evidently not one of my bad days, for there was no torture in her face.

Years afterwards, when I was honoured by an invitation from Her Majesty, and was privileged to have a *tête-à-tête* tea with her at Farnborough, I recalled the incident, and she well remembered it, for the passing over the Alps with the Emperor was so secretly arranged, that it was a surprise to them that anyone should know. My parents had taken us all from the heat of Cadenabbia to the cool of that Alpine pass, and I think it was some old French Count, connected with the entourage of the Emperor, who told us of the possibility of Their Majesties passing, and thus that little floral episode. What I have always thought so sweet on the part of the Empress was that, as her carriage passed up the ascent, she herself called out to have it stopped when she saw the small boy with the big bouquet.

The next picture is one of very opposite surroundings. It brings one back to a time when Spring was decorating the banks of the Thames, and the trees were busied in the turning over of a new leaf. A friend, who was paving the way for an ultimate proposal, came to me and said: "I'm taking her for a long day up the river, and I can't well do so alone; will you come?" "But where do *I* come in whilst you are mooning about?" said I. "Oh, I've arranged for you all right: you'll row Mary Anderson about, and if you're not in Heaven, you deserve to be in the other place." You will believe that the invitation was accepted with alacrity.

The quartette of us started from Paddington at the godless hour of ten. How I caught that train, the Lord only knows. We were not back till past midnight. I shall never forget that river-side day.

It needs no telling that Mary Anderson was a rarity of loveliness. In my gallery I see her reclining in that languorous punt, her dainty white dress outlined against the crimson of the cushions. Around her the pink and white of the promise of May and the willows that forbore to weep. The swollen flood rippled against the impeding banks and life was full of flowerets and song. She that reclined there was no mere beauty; when the marvel of that was discounted, it was her intellect that was her potent charm. Never was soul enshrined in so exquisite a setting. We who think ourselves mentally equipped if we know by rote a few of the gems of literature—bless you, she had Shakespeare by heart, the exquisite utterance of all Time was music that she could recall at will. Sometimes as our shallop drifted downwards with the stream, a sunray, disentangled from the willows, mixed itself with her smile, and uplit the tragedies of song whereon she touched. For even as our bark drifted, now through shadow and now through the gleams of light, so coursed that wonderful memory through the lights and shades of song, and oftentimes we had on board Juliet listening to the nightingale and lark, the pleadings of Portia, and Desdemona's desolate despair. The river, that has dreamed awhile 'neath Oxford, and wound its way past the great metropolis of the world, to mix its music with the main, has many a memory, but none more exquisite than this.

As we floated downward with the tide, the river moved to the music of languorous lyric. We floated 'twixt the banks where Shelley sang. His memory seemed to cling

amid the flowers, and overhead his skylark sang. As we drifted down the waters I rehearsed that immortal Ode. Could anything be more exquisite than

> "We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not:
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught;
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

When Shelley was at Marlow he was a marvel to the yokels. They could not comprehend the strange, slim man, who gave speech to none, and passed his days adrift upon the river, or moored to banks, the haunt of violet and daffodil. He named his boat the *Vaga*. It was painted on the prow. Whereto was added by some rustic wit the one word "bond." He did not know, nor any of his fellows, that, "Wherever skylark soars, *there* sings the soul of Shelley."

Since that bright day, what crowds of mundane men I've passed! The world is full of the clang of the money makers. Our futile Parliaments sicken in the stagnation of debate. Few are the voices that overtop the clamour of the day; small wonder that those of us that love our land have lasting reverence for the tones that sing themselves adown the corridors of Time.

V

THE LONDON OF YESTERDAY

A People betrayed by its Pleasures. The Sin-Harvest of the Cinema. The Blandishments of Bribe. Her Grace of Devonshire avenges Her Grace of Manchester. Sydney, Duchess of Manchester. Sir Arthur Blackwood's Efforts to reclaim England's Gilded Youth. Crumbs of Consolation in the House of Rice. The Three Graces—Three Sisters who married Dukes. The Beautiful Life of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Position's Succouring of Talent. My last Talk with the late Duke of Albany. Mrs. Ronalds as a Hostess. A Warning from the Grand Cross of the Bath: "For God's sake, don't touch the Champagne in this House." Lemonade at a Dance: "The Popping of the Cork initiates the Popping of the Question." Sir Lewis Morris on the Rush and what came of it. Swinburne delivers me a Facer. Lady Ross's Opinion of Sir Lewis. The Pitfalls of Precedence. Blue Blood in a Black Face: Crimson Carpet for a Nigger King.

A NATION'S character is proclaimed in its pleasures. No statesman, having regard for the progress of his country, can afford to be indifferent to its pastimes. They are the excrescence of its soul, and, good or bad, betray its inherence. All work and no play makes a dull boy of Jack. That, compared with the sunny South, we take our pleasures sadly is a truism, but the fault is not altogether ours, for we grow aweary of the wetting rains that damp alike our spirits and our finery. The elements are against that Merrie England of the Tudors, and racing and football apart there are signs of deterioration, eloquent to the thinker in the latter day pursuits of men—the Picture God and the God of Gold. This rage for the

cinema is an undiluted evil. Towards the close of last century Irving and Tree expended their thousands in a direction which elevated the people. Those splendid spectacular shows at the Lyceum and Haymarket, crowded in pit and gallery as well as in boxes and in stalls, were an ennobling force in the pleasures of the people. Those influences have passed, and the imagination of the masses is fed by assassination portrayed by cinema and everything intended to interest rather than to elevate.

Throughout the annals of Time it would be difficult to chronicle changes more momentous than occurred during the reign of Victoria. When that great Queen ascended the Throne, the social system was, comparatively speaking, a diminutive affair. Families of equal position knew each other, and strangers were not readily admitted within their gates. Entertainments were infinitely less costly, for bribery was a thing unknown in the netting of your guests. But the enormous mercantile millennium, which transformed Lancashire operators into baronets, shook the foundations of most that was exclusive. This was the beginning of the Blandishments of Bribe.

When a certain M.P. and his bride, and also his "step-daughter," descended upon Mayfair, they brought with them no commanding popularity or position from Edinburgh; but in the decadence of London society that was no especial discomforture. At their concerts they gave you the Opera in miniature, and you could hear a Diva for nothing. For reasons best known to herself, a certain great Lady was one of the guests, and, this being well trumpeted, a number of smart women, equally exclusive, considered it expedient to follow so commanding a lead. There are wheels within wheels in all such happenings. It is not seldom that the god-forsaken mole is the

humble instrument whereby the lower earth is elevated into the atmosphere of the sun.

That hostess was the incarnation of good nature, but the good nature was as uneducated as was her mind, and her *faux pas* originated much of the interest she inspired. Her husband was obviously out of place amid the splendid surroundings arranged for him by his wife and child. He looked the retiring and retired banker rather than the opulent brewer, bearing himself with the modesty and dignity which explained the respect in which he was held. A man of strong convictions, he was scarcely at home with those who had none. Yet he showed no sign of boredom, even when much of the talk at his table, as I so often have heard, must have been utterly beyond his comprehension.

This observer of events has seen many strange and unaccountable occurrences, but nothing stranger or more unprecedented than the social rise of the "step-daughter." She was a girl of singularly charming manners, without the slightest trace or suspicion of intellectual predominance. In process of time she succeeds to a magnificent inheritance. It is only fools who find in the possession of money the reason of success. There are at this moment thousands of extremely wealthy women in England who are still nobodies and never will be more than nothing. In the days of King Edward, society was not exclusive, and gold was a passport. The Duchess of Devonshire, a potent influence, had herself been saved from oblivion by the timeliness of her second marriage. Much of the social brilliance of the day was due to her initiative, and I can imagine no prouder moment for any woman than was hers as she stood on the summit of the staircase at Devonshire House, looking down upon those who had lately

ignored her. With a smile and courtesy which were her own, Her Grace of Manchester was avenged by Her Grace of Devonshire.

I first met the Duchess of Devonshire when she was Her Grace of Manchester. This was at a concert in Cadogan Place. I sat next her, and was introduced by that inimitable hostess, Mrs. Ronalds. At that time one of the Duchess's most intimate friends was Mrs. Spencer Cooper, who had not so long before lost her beautiful Norfolk home when her husband disposed of Sandringham as a country residence for the then Prince of Wales. I had for years known Mrs. Spencer Cooper, and often subsequently had met her with the Duchess at Nice and in London. But Louise, Duchess, was not a personage to cultivate unless you were desirous of making the pastime of gaming a profession.

Never were three women, ducalized by the identical coronet, so dissimilar as were those three Graces of Manchester, whom I have known—Louise Duchess, Consuelo Duchess, and Sydney Duchess. I remember as a small boy being taken on several occasions by my father to tea with the last named. She was the widow of the sixth Duke, mother of Lady Kintore and Mrs. Hobart Hampden, and wife of Sir Arthur Stephenson Blackwood. The Duchess and her husband were more than religiously inclined, and "Beauty Blackwood," as he was called, having at one time been the handsomest man in the Guards, inculcated a scheme for the regeneration of the gilded youth of England. If you look around on the elderly men of to-day, you will see Sir Arthur's efforts were not as successful as was his official life at the Post Office. He could sort letters better than souls, and the official stamp came more readily to him than the spiritual

The scheme was, as I know to my cost, that peers and important people with big houses, footmen and such like, should issue cards which at first sight seemed a summons to a dance but unfortunately were not. It was to meet Sir Arthur, and hear him talk. The proceedings were redeemed by a supper. I particularly remember one of such functions in Hereford Gardens, where our host was a late Lord Dynevor. Crews were in full training for the pending Oxford and Cambridge boat race, and Sir Arthur utilized the occasion by drawing analogies from spiritual and physical sustenance. It was subsequently remarked that the subject was appropriate in the House of Rice, the patronymic of the Dynevors.

There is yet another Duchess of Manchester of an earlier decade whom I should like to mention. Alas, that I knew her not, for her beauty was equalled only by her wit; but she was much too previous to me for personal knowledge. She lives, however, in the beautiful picture which I am enabled to reproduce through the courtesy of the well-known connoisseurs of art of this kind, Messrs. Davis Brothers, King's Road, Chelsea. It depicts Her Grace and little son, Lord Mandeville, afterwards fifth Duke, who had the misfortune to marry the third instead of the eldest daughter of the last Duke but one of Gordon. Had he married the eldest daughter the Montagus would be now in possession of Gordon Castle and other considerable properties at present owned by the Duke of Richmond. When Colonel Lennox married Lady Charlotte Gordon, he was comparatively a poor man without expectations. Lady Charlotte was little better, as her brother was alive and was still a young man. Yet Colonel Lennox lived to become Duke of Richmond, Lennox and

d'Aubigny, and she to inherit the ducal property left by her childless brother, the last Duke of Gordon. It is worth notice, as I can recall no other instance of three sisters being Duchesses as were the daughters of the fourth Duke of Gordon ; one, as I have mentioned, being Duchess of Richmond, another Duchess of Bedford, and the third Duchess of Manchester. As they were all beautiful women it was certainly a latterday instance of "The Three Graces," with all apologies to those sister goddesses, Euphrosyne, Aglaia and Thalia, so graphically outlined by the Roman historian Pausanias. The sixth Duke of Richmond, a member of Disraelian administrations, had sufficient interest to add to his honours yet a fourth Dukedom, when he was created Duke of Gordon, notwithstanding that the male line of the Huntly Gordons was by no means extinct as represented by the Marquesses of Huntly. I quite agree with the late Lord Queensberry, grandfather of the present peer, when he most strongly denounced to me at a *tête-à-tête* dinner I had with him in Albemarle Street, the unconscionable habit of reviving a title in a collateral line when there exists an heir male in direct representation. He, as head of the Douglases, was himself a sufferer, inasmuch as the Duke of Buccleuch (who inherited Douglas blood only through a female) is also Duke of Queensberry. The Duchess, whose picture I give, was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Dashwood, second baronet of Northbrook and Kirtlington, and she married the fourth Duke of Manchester in 1762.

Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, the wife of two Dukes, has only one such exceptional matrimonial success as a precedent, namely, one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, who was successively Duchess of Hamilton, and of Argyll. But, whereas her Grace of Devonshire was the mother

of but one Duke, the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and of Argyll, was the mother of no less than four. This fact renders her as equally distinctive amongst women as did her marvellous beauty and the charm which captivated her generation. The beautiful Miss Gunnings were household words and toasts to a generation long past. The other sister became Lady Coventry.

The influence and position of another great moneyed heiress, Miss Burdett-Coutts, was not due either to cards or to the subservience of royalty. She won her way to widespread influence and affection by her purity of character, regal generosity and affection for all things artistic and beautiful. You may say that she had the inestimable advantages of birth. She was co-heiress to that ancient barony of Latymer, which her nephew so well adorns. She possessed a commanding personal merit for which you vainly search in other heiresses of our day.

The prominence and influence of the Baroness were but stepping-stones to the good it was her province to achieve. The prominence and influence of the others have been stepping-stones but to the importance of themselves in that portion of society which interprets benevolence as a species of self-bestowal. It is incontestable that had the Baroness achieved nothing else than the encouragement and assistance of Henry Irving, she would have done work sufficient for the gratitude of her time. But where is the man of art, of letters, or of science, whom these idle others have encouraged? This banqueting of kings—what is it save to those who by their position can live up to this exceptional meal? Royalty can always feed—but what about genius? What about the overwhelming amount of talent lost to us for want of timely recognition?

In olden days the great were the patrons of posterity, inasmuch as they handed on to Time the intellect they fostered, and myself I consider that the incessant anxieties, restraints and responsibilities of exalted position or excessive wealth have their only great compensation in the comparative ease whereby one man can uplift his fellows. This is not the place for it, but perhaps later I shall tell of the last conversation I ever had with the late Duke of Albany, when this very question was discussed for over half an hour in a crowded ball-room.

Frances, Lady Waldegrave, and Lady Holland were not much in themselves so far as antecedents go, but deficiency in birth weighed little with the intelligence and intellect with which their charm surrounded them. Is it that the women of to-day are mostly devoid of charm that, with all their wealth, they can gather round them little but coroneted nonentities ? It is indeed a sorry truth that this England of ours, which can produce most necessities, and whose manufacturers have initiated her predominance, utterly fails in the making of the born hostess. We have no salons here, as they have in Paris and in Rome. We have women of rank and blood and beauty, but not the inspired hostess. Lady Palmerston's success, like King Edward's, lay in the appropriate word to each which evinced remembrance and solicitude. It is comforting to know that your efforts are familiar to the great lady who welcomes you. There are none so modest who have not that streak of vanity which is indeed the kinsmanship of the great. But your ordinary hostess has no head for this, and thus she misses those endearing arts which otherwise would stablish her influence.

Looking back on my life and recalling the many hostesses I have seen, that kind, beautiful woman who greeted you

MRS. RONALDS.

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of a Sunday in Cadogan Place stands out enduringly as one of the most perfect hostesses of the day. Her grades of smile were not regulated by the gradations of rank, nor were the interests of any ignored or forgotten in that social crowd. The big houses were oft-times empty in spite of all that was offered as bribes to enter, but Mrs. Ronalds, though she gave little but her welcome and the exquisite music selected by her cultivated discernment, had never an unoccupied chair on those wonderful Sunday afternoons. Duchesses and royalties of the highest rank and all that was supreme in talent were welcome there with a charm which inspired affection from the countless friends she possessed. There is now in London no such exclusive afternoon as was hers, and in this the London of to-day is irreparably poorer. The last time I saw her she was a guest in my house. A lover of art, she deplored the lowering of standards, and almost her last words to me were: "Let us live up to all we know and love." I little then thought, as I saw her go, that it was for the long *au revoir*.

But there were many houses whose owners were noble in all things but in the art of entertaining. The things they sometimes gave you were terrible, and your nauseated palate had to be satisfied with the distinction of having been invited.

This writer can give you an amusing instance of this. His height was an advantage to him in going out, as by it, he more readily secured his hat and cloak when passing on to some other function. Behind him on one occasion was a little, elderly, distinguished-looking man, wearing the broad ribbon of the Bath. I courteously turned to him as he struggled in the rear, and said: "If you give me your ticket, I'll hand it in with mine." He did so, and I gave

him his hat, cloak and stick, thereby saving him a possible ten minutes of squeezure. Arriving at the next house, and proceeding to leave my gibus and cloak, who should come in but my little friend. He forthwith came up to me and said: "Sir, a little time back you did me a great service. I shall now do you a good turn and to-morrow you'll thank Heaven for me!" He then drew me aside, and earnestly said: "For God's sake, don't touch the champagne in this house!"

A great lady of economic proclivities thought that she would hark back to pre-Adamite habits, and forthwith issued cards for a small dance at her imposing house. The beverage was lemonade. It is not recorded that there were any acceptances of subsequent invitations. A dear old moneyed bachelor, whose age was rapidly making him almost safe, said to me as he walked away: "My dear boy, you can't be expected to propose to a girl on lemonade; it would be all fizzle and froth!" Which engendered the response: "The popping of the cork initiates the popping of the question."

There was an old friend of mine who was one of the most thoughtful and convincible samplers of champagne I ever met. He was influenced by it only to the extent of an oasis of brilliance amid his desert of dryness. When I was away abroad I heard of his marriage. Years afterwards, staying with him, I was surprised to see the champagne pass him. After the ladies had gone I asked him about this, when, drawing me aside, he said: "Never again; it was after a bottle of the boy that I proposed!"

Of afternoon functions who, that were privileged to attend, can forget Lady Jersey at Osterley Park; her Grace of Northumberland at Syon House; Lady Salisbury at Hatfield; Lady Holland and afterwards Lady Ilchester at

Holland House; Lady Bute at St. John's Lodge; and in the far off days Frances, Lady Waldegrave, at Strawberry Hill? In extreme youth I was once there, as I was many and many a time afterwards in the days of Herbert de Stern, subsequently Lord Michelham.

A most amusing episode took place as I was proceeding to one of these functions. I was humbly going down by rail and was in a compartment by myself. As the train was slowly leaving an intermediate station, I was conscious of a wild rush on the platform, the door was flung open, and two porters projected Sir Lewis Morris into the carriage. The poet sat in the corner and gasped. He was much overwrought with his rush. I placed a newspaper well up between us, so that he should not see, and commenced intoning a quotation from Morris's "Ode of Life," which contains the fine line:

"The onward march of Man seems spent."

Morris, who like most poets was scarcely devoid of vanity, simply bubbled with delight. He made every mortal effort to get round that paper, surcharged with curiosity, to see who it was that knew him by heart. I afterwards reaped to the full by this. It was one of the best advertisements my youth ever had, for, during that afternoon at Strawberry Hill, Morris, to advertise himself, told the story everywhere, and I was caught up upon the Parnassian pinions.

Amongst great literary people you could not mention Lewis Morris's name without being rolled over and over and being jumped upon. His "Epic of Hades" and other works had considerable sale. This fact only embittered his critics. I remember one time in Swinburne's hearing

diffidently venturing to stand up for Sir Lewis, quoting a passage :

> " And see, the lovers go,
> With lingering steps and slow,
> Over all the world together, all in all,
> Over all the world ! Great empires fall ;
> The onward march of Man seems spent ;
> The nations rot in dull content ;
> The blight of war, a bitter flood,
> From continent to continent,
> Surges in waves of blood ;
> The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of thought burns low ;
> There seems scant thought of God ; but yet
> One power there is men ne'er forget,
> And still through every land beneath the skies,
> Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,
> With lingering steps and slow,
> The lovers go."

Swinburne, who had listened in a petulant fashion, suddenly burst out : " You only praise that man as swagger ; you'd like to be the only poet that does so."

As touching Sir Lewis Morris's vanity, I recall the following. Having tea with Lady Ross, she was in the act of telling me that Mr. Morris had lately dined with her, when the poet was announced. He advanced into the room, but, before shaking hands with her, fumbled in his pockets as might a process-server searching for a writ. We all were apprehensive. When he had found the missing document he approached, holding it towards her as he said : " I can never forget the dinner you gave me, Lady Ross. I have brought you a little ode I have composed." After he had gone, Lady Ross was very indignant, as she was sure, she said, that any one of her entrées expressed more thought in the preparation than all his odes.

A few pages ago we mentioned Lord Queensberry, and I should like to record another dinner-table denouncement

of his. I very often dined with him at the Albemarle Hotel, where he was accustomed to put up during his sojournings in London. A man unusually well informed and interesting, he might easily have made himself as instructive in many directions other than those sporting subjects on which he will always remain an authority.

It is almost unprecedented that a Scotsman so high in the peerage as is a Marquess, and especially a man, head of the historic Douglases, should be without a minor title which gives him a seat in the House of Lords. Failing this minor title, a man of such rank and position could hardly fail to be elected by his fellow Scotch peers as a representative of the Scotch peerage at Westminster. But more was thought of religion in those days than in the spiritual decadence of these, and Lord Queensberry's utterances as an atheist indefinitely debarred him from the franchise of his fellows. Consequently he had no seat in the Upper House, whilst on account of his Scotch peerage he was debarred from seeking election for a seat in the Commons.

Queensberry was very sore about the political insignificance which belittled his historic name. I was dining with him when the evening paper announced to us that Lord Rosebery, then Prime Minister, had recommended Lord Drumlanrig, Queensberry's son, who was private secretary to the Premier, for a barony of the United Kingdom. This conferred upon the son a voice in the legislature denied to the father, and you can imagine the denouncements that mixed themselves with that dinner!

"It will be of no use to the family, however," added Queensberry, "for Drumlanrig will never succeed me in the Scotch peerages." I asked him why, and he replied that the name Drumlanrig carried with it nothing but the destiny of disaster, instancing the terrible story of the son

and heir of a predecessor. This Lord Drumlanrig was engaged to a beautiful girl to whom he was devoted, but was forced for family reasons into a marriage with an heiress. On their wedding tour they stopped for *déjeuner* at a little inn on an Alpine pass, when on entering the bridegroom came face to face with the girl he loved. He turned back, entered his travelling coach and shot himself. It was but a little time after that Queensberry's son, whilst shooting with the Duke of Buccleuch, was found shot on the moors. How that catastrophe was occasioned is to this day a mystery. No one was less surprised than was the poor father, and I recalled his ominous utterance at that remembered dinner.

On the death of this son Lord Queensberry insisted that Lord Percy Sholto Douglas, who thus became his heir, should discard the ill-fated name of Drumlanrig and take the lower title of Douglas of Hawick, which he did, and eventually became ninth Marquess and father of the present peer. At one time I played bridge every night with him. He was a most kindly and unassuming man.

Some people wondered why a man, already a viscount, should receive a barony, but they were very ignorant, because a peer's eldest son does not hold precedence by his grade of title but by the date of his father's principal honour. Had the Duke of Somerset a son, that son would be Lord Seymour, as, curious to say, though other dukes have numbers of minor titles, the dukedom of Somerset, which is second only to that of Norfolk on the ducal roll, has nothing but a barony and a baronetcy ; consequently the son is only Baron Seymour, whereas the eldest sons of the Dukes of Leeds, Portland and Devonshire are respectively Marquesses of Carmarthen, Tavistock and Hartington, and Lord Seymour would walk in to dinner

before any of them, though he is but a baron to their marquisates. You would be surprised if I told you of the well-bred women who have made mistakes in this matter. The laws of precedence are perpetual perplexities to the knowledgeable, but the average hostess is better endowed with beauty than with brain, and many are her misleadings. Dear Mrs. Liddell, wife of the Dean of Christ Church of my time, would always insist on sending in Sir George Arthur or some other handy baronet before Reginald Adderley, Wallace Cochrane-Baillie, now Lord Lamington, or Tom Legh, Lord Newton, despite the fact that they were Honorables. A common mistake also is regarding the unfortunate Right Honorables, who also precede baronets. If you are an entertainer on a large scale, you need a wonderful head to avoid making people crusty. I've seen a dinner spoilt by the chagrin of a couple of elderly females.

My recollections of the London of yesterday would fill a volume as large as this. Shall I ever forget those diminutive crowded stairs, when one advanced one step to the minute, for the abbreviated smile of a hostess overwhelmed with reception ? On one occasion, a very small house in Upper Berkeley Street had, to my intense astonishment, the crimson carpet of expected royalty across the pavement. Faintly fluttered with excitement I proceeded into the house, and mounting the stairs beheld a great fat nigger in a gilt chair. This was an Afric sovereign, and, would you believe it, some idiotic women were kissing his hand and curtseying away like mad ? Oh, we Britons are an extraordinary people, and what will not the average woman do to get royalty within her portals ? It does not matter so much if the face and character be black so long as the blood be blue !

And now that old London has altogether passed—the greatness and the grandeur of it—alas, its littleness remains! For even though the houses still stand, they are no longer the same. They have lost their memories whereon to feed. Alas and alas, for the passing landmarks! As I write Norfolk House is to be let; the emptiness of Grosvenor House has but the shadows of brilliant hostesses whereon to muse; the very gates of Devonshire House have been uprooted, as are the traditions for which they stood. New men inhabit old mansions, and it is marvellous how much their influence disfigures them. The pride of the past had little ostentation. True nobility needs no trumpeting any more than good wine its bush. Upraised humanity may indeed be socially uplifted, but it carries with it the stain of the soil wherefrom it sprang.

VI

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES, GENERAL SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR, BART., K.C.B.

Queen Victoria as Woman and Sovereign. Her Majesty's Letters, their Force and Character. England's Indebtedness to King Leopold and Baron Stockmar. The Sanctity of Confidence. Notoriety and its Scant Survivals. Description of Kensington Palace: Lady Seymour's Artistic Thursdays. An Illustrated *Almanach de Gotha*. "What Price the Dye?" Letters from the Crimea. The Prince Consort's Life before his Marriage. Her Majesty revisits the Home of Her Childhood. Sir Francis's Death. An Avalanche of Flowers.

THESE pages are not written for you who perhaps have lived some of your days under the rule of this great Queen. They are written for your sons and grandsons who may read me more than you. I do not say this with reference to merits of mine. I am above enlarging on a negligible quality. I say it because there will then be the added interest of years, and especially will there be some possible value in contemporaneous criticism. They will delight their busy minds with contrasting the dictums of the day with the verdicts of the morrow. And if they cannot give me praise, they will find their joy in according me censure.

I shall never believe that in any age whatsoever the character and career of the great woman who ruled us for sixty years will miss posterity's meed of praise. She possessed exactly the qualities which suited her times. She had essentially the courage of her convictions and the mental endowments which enforce them. She had also

that amount of motherliness which mellowed the outlines of sovereignty; and her capacity for work was evidenced by her laborious correspondence. And those very shortcomings for which she was mostly blamed were indeed the drawbacks which endeared her to her subjects. As instance of this one may safely say that, when, owing to her widowed life, many were discontented at the Sovereign's infrequent appearances in public, there were millions of others who thought more of the woman than of the Queen, and loved her for the sorrow thus sanctified by seclusion. Many are the pictures of her which come to memory; pictures that have the half-tones and tenderness of miniatures. We see her, the little Princess, whose future may be so great, and just as likely so little. Her succession in those days was never assured. King William had children of his own. Who knew that they would die? But the wise reckoned on her as a possibility, and not the least of these were those who educated her Royal Highness. From the very first, she was fashioned to be a Ruler and a Queen. She was never formed to be a figure-head. She must know what she was about, and she must be an influence in the doing of it. Her mother has the name of being no great wit. No one has much to say for the Duchess of Kent. It seems enough for her that she was mother to the Queen Regnant, but indeed this is not all. Had she been the brainless woman some depict, how about the wonderful prescience which arranged her daughter's education for the part she so adroitly played as the Constitutional Ruler of these realms? And played it so well, that, though only a woman, she was a feature and a factor, howbeit that her Ministers included the keenest intellects of the day. How many women are there, I should like to know, who would care to confront Peel or Disraeli or Gladstone?

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By the magic of her personality she was often a match for these. Listen to what this very young woman has to say regarding Peel's determination to deprive the Queen of the Ladies of her Household on the fall of Lord Melbourne's administration. Writing to Leopold, King of the Belgians, she says: "My dear Uncle, I begin to think you have forgotten me, and you will think I have forgotten you, but I am certain you will have guessed the cause of my silence. How much has taken place since Monday the 7th to yesterday the 13th. You will have easily imagined how dreadful the resignation of my Government —and particularly of that truly inestimable and excellent man, Lord Melbourne—was for me, and you will have felt for me! What I suffered I cannot describe! To have to take people whom I should have no confidence in . . . was most painful and disagreeable; but I felt I must do it, and made up my mind to it—nobly advised and supported by Lord Melbourne, whose character seems to me still more perfect and noble since I have gone through all this.

"I sent for the Duke of Wellington, who referred me to Peel, whom I accordingly saw.

"Everything fair and just I assented to, even to having Lord Lyndhurst as Chancellor, and Sir H. Hardinge and Lord Ellenborough in the Cabinet; I insisted upon the Duke in the Foreign Office, instead of Lord Aberdeen. . . . All this I granted, as also to give up all the Officers of State and all those of my Household who are in Parliament.

"When to my utter astonishment he asked me to change my Ladies—my principal Ladies!—this I, of course, refused; and he upon *this resigned*, saying, as he felt he should be beat the very first night upon the Speaker, and having to begin with a minority, that unless he had this demonstration of my confidence he could not go on!

"You will easily imagine that I firmly resisted this attack upon my power, from these people who pride themselves upon upholding the prerogative! I acted quite alone, but I have been, and shall be, supported by my country, who are very enthusiastic about it, and loudly cheered me on going to Church on Sunday. My Government have nobly stood by me, and have resumed their posts, strengthened by the feelings of the country."

No one can read Queen Victoria's letters without being struck by two things. First by the force and judgment of their writer, and secondly by the debt which this nation owes to the Belgian King and his henchman Baron Stockmar. Nothing which these two prudent and far-sighted men could do for the well-being of that young Queen was overlooked by them. One does not know which is the greater marvel, that the young Sovereign should have such counsel ever at hand, or that the Uncle should have had one so ready to consider and follow it.

In no way was the far-seeing prescience of King Leopold and Baron Stockmar more apparent than in the education of Prince Albert and in the choice of his aide-de-camp. To find a boy scarcely on the threshold of manhood, and to recognize in his immaturity those gifts of rectitude, resolution and restraint, which are necessities in the servitors of princes; to recognize these and to requisition them was the work of the King and his Minister, and this then was the rise of Sir Francis Seymour, Queen Victoria's Master of the Ceremonies, for years the trusted friend and companion of her husband his Royal Master. Close upon seventy years of official life did nothing but endorse the initial judgment of the King; and it is one of this writer's greatest privileges that he had long years of Sir Francis's friendship, and that, in the intimacy of those

years, he himself enjoyed a confidence of that master of diplomacy to the enrichment of his life and its remembrances.

It would be a wrong to the public, who so generously read these pages, to withhold anything which I feel permitted to chronicle of a life so charged with incident and interest.

It is one of this writer's great misfortunes, in chronicling incidents of his life, that so much of it, and by far the most important part, is impossible to record. Great officials, politicians and diplomatists do not speak openly with one conceived to be trustworthy with the possibility of such sacrilege. Therefore many a valuable thing is lost, and in this writer's case much that is readable will die with him. It is to me more an annoyance than I can name that, just as one feels on the point of being interesting, the remembrance of a quiet room and of an elderly man among his Penates, and perhaps the form itself of a trusting friend who has gone, leaves one the poorer in the possibility of speech. Therefore it is that in Sir Francis's instance, as in many others, I can give but little proof of the capacity of his brain for the particular work to which his life was dedicated, for the proof of them affects the living as well as the dead. Nevertheless, the impression a man makes on the living is material for those who come after, and I cannot say that I am easily impressed in the absence of the unimpressionable or likely to take as gold what has only the name of notoriety, and it is no small pleasure and satisfaction to find that gradually the men that through my life have most strongly appealed to me are practically those whom history more resolutely recognizes. There is a time in summer when we sit beneath the glimmering leaves and swear by the foliage canopied in the sun; but the dead

leaves strewn along the by-ways of life are scarcely more in number than they who a time ago were in the eyes of all men and possessed the transient transfiguration of notoriety. How Scripture repeats itself: "Many are called, but few are chosen."

You must remember that Seymour was in the Crimea bearding death with the enemy before I was born. It is only of those after years, of the fullness of his honours and influence, that I can of knowledge speak. But even so, it makes a picture vivid in colour and determinate in detail of those brilliant days towards the close of an historic century. They were rare days of genius and of talent. All time that looks back will render homage to the Victorian era. The wondrous spontaneity of scientific insight; the dawn-white wings of poetry; the reverberating eloquence of statesmen; the tramp of progress echoing through the land—these were the gifts of those Victorian days.

The parents of Francis Seymour lived in Brussels, and in that city Francis spent his earliest years. His father and mother enjoyed the friendship of the King, and in that fact the boy Francis had good fortune from the start. Stockmar was not slow to notice his capacities, and selected him to be the aide-de-camp and companion of Albert, second son of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg. He was with the Prince in this capacity for two years before he accompanied His Royal Highness to England for the marriage of the Prince with England's young Queen. Except at such intervals when he was pursuing his military duties, and during his participation in the Crimean campaign, of which I am able to publish some interesting letters, he remained in trusted confidence of his Royal Master until that Prince's death in 1861. That untimely event, so far from severing him from the Royal House, only the more

cemented the bonds of affection linking him with the destinies of his widowed Sovereign, and he was ultimately appointed Master of the Ceremonies, and allotted a residence in Kensington Palace. Bridging back the intervening years, this writer will endeavour to picture for you that Palace as he saw it in those brilliant days of the Eighties.

That portion of Kensington Palace relegated to the Seymours by Queen Victoria was formerly a royal nursery in days prior to the third George. It possesses a noble oak staircase, and the reception rooms are ample in size and full of dignity. Especially noteworthy are the beauties of the carved lintels and fluted mouldings, the elaborate cornices and the delicate festoons of fruit and flowers on the ceilings. Lady Seymour, an instinctive artist, was not slow in embellishing even the historic brickwork of the exterior, which was soon but fitfully visible through banksia roses, jasmine and Virginia creeper. The rooms were rich with Royal souvenirs. You could turn nowhere without seeing signed portraits, and not of least interest were early etchings drawn by the Queen's own hand, showing marvellous force and vigour. One cabinet was of especial interest, for it contained many personal mementos of the Queen and Prince Consort. The career of Sir Francis is also represented in many a treasure. Here are his various orders, agleam in their several ribbons and stars; the medals of his military career and the scarf pins and snuff boxes presented to him by the Sovereigns of many lands. In the corner is a comforter knitted by Queen Victoria, and the golden bowl bestowed by her on her godchild Victoria, eldest daughter of Sir Francis.

Lady Seymour's Thursday afternoons were an institution of the London of the day. An ardent musician and

the possessor of a fine voice, she was magnetism to many a master of the art. Adelina Patti, the Abbé Liszt, Antoinette Sterling, Wolff, Hollman, Madame Albani, Christine Nilsson, and many other artistic celebrities were often to be met, and their presence contributed a *soupçon* of bohemianism rarer in those days than in these.

The library was a favourite room of mine. The walls, carpet, and even the fireside-tiles, were all Pompeian red, and arching round the windows the green and gold of jasmine gave an added glory of colour. The walls of the General's own sitting-room were so covered with Royal portraits that the apartment might almost be said to be an illustrated *Almanach de Gotha*. It was here that many a time this writer had long talks with Sir Francis, and the pity of it is, as one must again deplore, that so little of those confidences can be retailed to the world. Seymour's was a life making large demands on discretion, and the trust reposed in him by his Sovereign must often have been a burden; but no one who was privileged with his friendship was ever conscious of an unguarded expression. Sir Francis Seymour had the making of a good diplomat. And here I cannot avoid thinking how different is a great mind like his from those of the few lawyers you meet in what is really best in London life (I do not refer to political sets). Your lawyer always shows you that he is careful. Your born diplomat is too much the gentleman to exhibit his distrust. Your lawyer takes all he can of confidences, and tenders you his reservations in exchange. Your diplomat is too kindly; be you his friend, he will see that he sends you not empty away. Your lawyer may be clever, but he overreaches himself, and is himself the sufferer, for I am not alone in saying that I have never been able, even if I willed it, to give him of my best.

General Sir Francis Seymour

What struck one most on seeing Sir Francis Seymour was his extreme quiet of mind and body. He stood or sat marvellously erect, a physical replica of the rectitude of his mind. To those who believe in the advantages of heredity, it is worth mentioning that if Sir Francis was the quietest and stillest of men, it would be impossible to meet one more emotional in his manner than is his son, the present Baronet. Sir Francis was the very soul of repose, and in the many instances when I went to him for advice in the endeavour to add to my knowledge regarding those intricacies of precedence connected with foreign rank and royalty, he was so kindly and painstaking in his explanations that it was a pleasure to be with him. He was often vastly entertained at my instances of terrible blunders made in the marshalling of their guests by even well-known and well-born hostesses. Some of these stories he would retail to the Queen, and he told me that Her Majesty was especially pleased with the following, and she herself repeated it to the Duke of Connaught when he entered the room. At a dinner party to which the inimitable Lord Morris was bidden, it was found that through some oversight a husband and wife were seated together. "It is very difficult to separate husband and wife," said the hostess to the witty Judge. "Ah, then," he replied, "you should have Sir Francis Jeune for your butler!"

For future generations it may be well to recall that Sir Francis Jeune, afterwards Lord St. Helier, was President of the Divorce Court.

Sir Francis Seymour to the last had a wonderful figure. He was a spare man who never made much of himself. He had black eyes and hair which to the last was absolutely raven, and this without aid of art. He was very proud of

this, and was much hurt and annoyed when at a regimental dinner at Limmers Hotel the Duke of Connaught asked him what price the dye.

The following letter, written September 28, 1854, gives the General's experiences of the battle of Balaclava. It may be mentioned that his life was saved in the Crimea by his watch, a bullet which otherwise had proved fatal being arrested by his timepiece. On hearing this the Prince Consort sent him out a beautiful gold watch, now in the possession of Sir Albert Seymour.

" Balaclava in the Crimea.

" *September* 28, 1854.

" My Dearest Mamma,

" I hope you received a few hurried lines which I wrote at the door of the tent where the mails were making up—I was only allowed *five* minutes—and I was sorry to hear afterwards that the mail had been detained by Lord Raglan for two days. Before this reaches you, you will have read the public dispatches in the paper. Lord Raglan sent home his nephew Lord Burghersh with them, for which service he will have his expenses paid, £500, and one step in the Army. I have reason to be deeply grateful to God for my escape on the 20th, for it so happened that my corps was more exposed than almost any other; out of twenty officers, eleven were wounded, and of the non-commissioned officers and men nearly one-third. We had had a long march in the morning and were much exhausted by the heat and being obliged to carry our great-coats, provisions, etc. We marched with the French troops on our right. At half past twelve o'clock we came in sight of a strong position covered with Russian troops, strongly entrenched. Between us flowed a stream called

the Alma, to reach which we had to pass through a vineyard, the vine so interlaced and the ground so uneven that it was very difficult to pass. The Light Division moved first; after they were engaged our division moved on in line, each officer leading his company. In passing the vineyard we were exposed to a fearful fire of grape without the power of returning it. When we reached the stream I jumped in; it was fortunately not more than three feet deep, the banks were high, but we reached the other side, where we were under shelter and where we ought to have remained for breathing time, but not a moment was allowed us. Dearest Mamma, you know how nervous I am and yet, will you believe me, I do not mention it to boast, but to express my gratitude to God, I felt as cool and my pulse moved as quietly as it ever did in my life. The battle lasted for two hours and fifty minutes, and I hear that the Russians suffered immensely and that they are completely demoralized. The Duke of Cambridge, I know, will speak well of me to the Queen, and should my life be spared I am in hopes that this campaign will be a good thing for my family. Good-bye, you darling; please give my best love to all. We shall get a medal for this battle, and perhaps I may manage to get one from the French through the Prince de Chimay."

Written September 28 after Alma.

The following letter, dated November 12, 1854, alludes to the Battle of Sebastopol.

"Camp before Sebastopol.

"*November* 12, 1854.

"My dear Mrs. Bunsen,

"The papers will have announced to you before this can reach you the great battle which took place on the

heights behind our encampment on Sunday last. The victory was a great and glorious one to the Allied Army, but I believe I may say more especially so to the British Army, as the attack was made on our position and the French were not able to come to our assistance till we had succeeded, at a fearful sacrifice, in driving them back. The poor Guards had to stand the brunt of the greater part of the Russian Army. I will not enter into details, these the papers and Lord Raglan's dispatches will fully describe, but as I know the interest you and yours have so long taken in my welfare I cannot resist sending you a few lines. God has again mercifully spared my life ; I was struck by a ball in my left hand ; I am unable as yet to use it and at times it gives me much pain, but it has not been seriously injured and I trust it will soon be quite well. My namesake, Lt.-Colonel Charles Seymour, was killed while helping Sir George Cathcart, who was also wounded and has since died. I was able to send off a few lines to my dear Mamma to calm a little her apprehensions. I was afraid that she might see his death mentioned, and fancy that I had fallen in action. War, dear Mrs. Bunsen, is a fearful thing, and I can fully understand your father's horror of it. I never witnessed such a sight as the butchery of last Sunday, and I fervently pray to God that I may never see such a sight again. It is supposed that the Russians must have lost 15,000 on that occasion, which together with their losses at Alma, in the trenches and in Sebastopol must together amount to a very large number. I hear, too, that the troops are much discouraged and hate the war nearly as much as English soldiers do, so I hope and trust that we shall succeed in our great undertaking. I am indeed proud of our men ; they all hate the work—officers as well as men—but they never complain, and are as calm in action as they

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF INVERNESS.

(Wife of the Duke of Sussex.)

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are on the Horse Guards Parade. The Duke of Cambridge has gone on board ship for a change, but will return to us in a few days. He has wonderfully escaped untouched. Pray remember me affectionately to your husband, who is, I hope, quite well. I hope your children are well. Tell Mr. Fritz that I hope he will not forget me. I shall indeed be a happy man if I am allowed to return again to England. Providence has mercifully preserved me amidst so many dangers and I trust that He will permit me to return in safety. And now, good-bye, dear Mrs. Bunsen. And believe me,

"Yours ever truly,
"F. Seymour."

The following interesting letter gives us more than a glimpse of those terrible times, and is additionally serviceable in emphasizing the difference of war in those days as contrasted with our late gigantic Armageddon.

"The Camp before Sebastopol,
"*June 13th*, 1855.

"My dear Mrs. Bunsen,

"I do not think I ever received a letter with more pleasure than I did the two very interesting ones which you wrote to me on the 5th inst. As you think I do not say enough of myself in my letters I will endeavour in this to make up for past omissions.

"My health on the whole is very good. I ought to feel deeply grateful that my life has been preserved when so many constitutions, stronger than my own, have broken down. My wound has long since ceased to trouble me; it healed very well when the intense cold disappeared and has hardly left a mark.

"We came out here on the 16th inst., a fortnight to-day. I was sorry to leave my little hut, my pretty views and my small comforts (a London servant would not dignify them by that name) at Balaclava, but an attack was contemplated on the 18th inst., and the Guards were sent for accordingly. We all felt very confident of success that at last our troubles would be over and those whose lives were spared would rest that night in Sebastopol. On Sunday the 17th our preparations were made. That evening we all took the Sacrament and laid down to rest early, and at two o'clock in the morning we fell into our places without beat of drum or noise of any kind.

"The papers will, long before this reaches you, have given an account of what took place. We, the Guards, were in reserve, and not under fire. I never felt so depressed before as I did at our failure. It was a great blunder on the part of our chief. Many, many gallant lives were uselessly wasted and nothing could exceed the bravery of our troops. They rushed to almost certain death with a cheer. Poor Lord Raglan never got over it. He had a slight attack of the prevailing epidemic, but a very slight one, but his mind was distressed. He never got over it. His death was a quiet and easy one. Though he was not a good General, he was much respected, and his death caused a sad gloom over our camp. I heard that Félicier shed tears when the news reached him.

"Tell Ernest that I did not take part in the last expedition. I should so much have enjoyed the change. It was so very successful and attended without any great loss, a very rare occurrence in these dreadful times. It was a great comfort to us when we extended our lines. Never shall I forget the pleasure of my first ride beyond the narrow limits of our old camp. The beauty of the scenery,

the fragrance of the flowers, after the horrors of the camp where we had been imprisoned for so many weary months. Lord West is still here with his steam yacht. He took me one day for forty miles along the coast, passing Prince Woronsoff's Palace and some beautiful places along the coast belonging to the Russian nobles. I keep very early hours here when not on duty. I dine in the middle of the day, ride afterwards generally towards the Monastery of St. George on the seaside. There the air is contrastingly fresh. I am out of sight and sound of the camps, which I assure you is a great comfort.

"Do not imagine, my dear Mrs. Bunsen, that I am not most anxious—oh, if you knew how anxious—to return. I am sick of the fearful scenes I have witnessed since last I saw you. I have nothing to gain in the Service. I have military rank. I have gained—may I call them—laurels. At least I have been complimented on what I have done. It is properly my turn to go home, and I hope that I may have that happiness soon, never, I trust, to return upon a similar duty. My poor Mother is almost broken-hearted at my continued absence. My return unfortunately depends upon others, and to tell you the truth, the Duke of Cambridge, our Colonel, has not been quite just in the arrangements about foreign service, and we have in consequence remonstrated.

"The tunic has not reached the Guards. I hear it is the essence of bad taste. I sat yesterday for my portrait in water colours in a drawing ordered by the Queen. I am doubtful whether you would recognize it. It is to be engraved.

"Prince Edward returns to England on Tuesday with the remains of poor Lord Raglan. Prince Edward is delighted to go home. I envy him much. Let me hear

from you whenever you have time; it is such a blessing to hear from those one likes.

"Yours affectionately,

"F. SEYMOUR."

Sir Francis, with a modesty which was one of his distinctive qualities, is silent in these letters concerning many dangers he encountered. On one occasion he was laid out as dead, having been struck by splinters from a shell. On the off-chance of preserving his life the regimental surgeon said: "Moisten his lips with brandy," whereon the corpse was heard to utter: "No spirits, I beg you." This may be taken as an excellent instance of the quietude of manner under every form of disconcerting circumstance which was so interesting a characteristic of his life. Even then, mark the politeness of his language, its conciseness and its brevity: "No spirits, I beg you." The Crimean campaign won for Captain Seymour his Colonelcy in the Scots Guards.

We are indebted to the kindness of his only surviving daughter, Mrs. Dighton Probyn, for the following interesting letter, which depicts the daily routine with the late Prince Consort previous to the marriage of His Highness with the Queen Regnant of England. The glimpse he allows into the courtly doings of those days is unique, and a considerable addition to the public knowledge of the early days of a Prince whose influence is still perceptible in the land of his adoption.

"Hotel Vere del Cocomaro,

"Florence,

"MY DEAR MAMMA, "*Easter*, 1839.

"I received a visit yesterday from the Comte d'Espong (I believe that is his name), whom you met in

Brussels. He is on his way here from Constantinople, and should be, if he starts off to-morrow, the bearer of this letter. I am now comfortably settled, and as everything relating to the Prince will be interesting to you, I will endeavour to give you a complete account of each day's occupation.

"I removed on the Wednesday after my arrival from the Hotel Vere del Cocomaro, where the Prince has taken a suite of apartments. I breakfast in my room every morning, generally remaining there until I hear what the Prince intends doing. Dine at the early hour of two o'clock. At three o'clock I accompany him out walking, usually returning about five o'clock, when the Prince takes a music lesson. At half past seven we have tea, and at nine o'clock punctually the Prince retires to bed, and he usually gets up at five o'clock in the morning.

"Wednesday after my arrival I accompanied the Prince to a ball at the Palazzo Pitti, the residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It more resembled a private than a Court ball, and everybody appeared *en bourgeoisie*, and danced on carpets, as there is not, I have been told, a wooden floor in Tuscany.

"Thursday I went to the Uffizi in the morning to see the Madonna. I met but few. Saw the Grand Duke and his family walking arm in arm in the crowd, appearing to enjoy the scene very much, dined with the Prince at Mr. Fox's, whom you knew in Brussels, was introduced to Lady Augusta, whom I liked very much. She was very kind in her manner to me. Friday in the Corso with the Prince and afterwards dined with the Prince de Montford, better known as Jerome Buonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia. He does not much resemble Buonaparte in appearance and was considered the least clever of his family.

"Saturday went to a ball with Lady Augusta Fox and danced with her Ladyship. The Prince danced the Cotillion with Lady Augusta Fox, which lasted until five o'clock in the morning.

"Monday went again to a ball at the Grand Duke's and danced the Cotillion, which always begins at twelve o'clock, with Lady Augusta Fox, and lost my hat, a quite new one, which I bought in London. I got laughed at for taking a new one, was told that it was an understood thing that hats were common property and that the Grand Duke had lost his hat that season.

"Tuesday went to the Bal Masqué with the Prince, supped with the Grand Duke in two of the boxes which were fitted up for the occasion. The following day was Ash Wednesday, since which the Prince has not been to any party.

"I like His Highness very much. He is charming, gentleman-like and very well-informed and very kind in his manner towards me, which never changes. He has grown very handsome and very distinguished in his appearance, and is talked of in public here as the husband of our young Queen. I accompany him everywhere, but the Baron is too unwell to go out, and I cannot stir for an instant without the Prince for fear of being wanted. I have in consequence not been able to see any of the interesting objects of art in Florence except the Madonna in the Palazzo Pitti and the Uffizi Gallery, where I saw the celebrated Venus de Medici and the almost as beautiful Venus of Canova. As the Baron Stockmar is getting better, I hope to have a little more time to study the paintings and statues and improve my taste as much as possible. In the meantime I have bought one or two works on the subject which have interested me much.

"The Baron Stockmar told me yesterday that he had written to the King to obtain an extension of leave of absence to the end of May, that the Prince intended leaving Florence for home about the 11th or 12th of March, where they would remain about fourteen days, and from thence proceed to Naples, where they would stay until the end of April and then return to Coburg, and that I was to rejoin the Prince in Paris in September.

"The Baron also spoke to me about the Prince going to Portugal on a visit to his cousin. As well as I can understand from the Baron the great objection to my remaining with the Prince is the supposed difficulty of my obtaining leave, and that if I obtained an unattached Company I believe I would be permanently attached to His Highness. The Baron however is never explicit. The Prince told me yesterday that the Baron had written to the King about making me a Chevalier of Malta, as it would entitle me to wear a very handsome scarlet uniform and they would probably obtain it without paying the usual fee, which is about £80. The Prince told me that they had not had an answer from Leopold. I am afraid, my dear Mamma, that you are all in great fuss about the affairs in Belgium. The Baron appeared to think that the Belgians will not be allowed to fight.

"Give my love to all the family and believe me your most affectionate son.

"Francis Seymour."

The Queen's wedding present to Sir Francis on his marriage to Miss Agnes Wickham was a Baronetcy. Lady Seymour was tall and distinguished. She was extremely handsome and her smile was exceptionally captivating. She was one of the most vivacious women I have ever met.

In complete opposition to the characteristics of her distinguished husband, she was the soul of perpetual motion. It is to her great credit that, in spite of the demands of a brilliant social life, she never neglected her reading, and had a wonderfully varied amount of information which, though not deep or profound, made her additionally interesting as a conversationalist. But what is there that has not its drawbacks? And that very vivacity which marked her as distinctive from the ordinary humdrum of social life permitted her many a verbal impetuosity which her moments of consideration must have deplored. The discretion of her husband was not a quality she shared, and it was an added misfortune to the loss of Sir Francis that she did not retain in the same measure the countenance of the Court, nor even the residence in the Palace so usually allowed to the widow. It is indeed good fortune for Royalty to secure not only the discretion of its entourage but the reticence also of all who surround this especial service.

In the lonely aloofness of her sovereignty, the ageing Queen had devotion of an especial kind in Ponsonby and Seymour. Both knew her days of summer; each shared her winterhood. Nor was she without gratitude. By every possible means she marked her favour for her Master of the Ceremonies and his beautiful wife. There were frequent "sleep and dine" visits to Windsor, and the latter's stories were often of interest to the Queen. Lady Seymour was keenly alive to humour, hardly less so when it was pointed against herself. I remember once we had a great argument concerning a point of manners in which I asserted that she was wrong; to which she retorted, "Remember that I am a Wickham, and remember my family motto." "Yes, one remembers the Wickham motto 'Manners

LADY SEYMOUR.

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makyth man,' but it does not state that 'Manners makyth woman.'"

During the last illness of Sir Francis the Queen came to Kensington Palace to see him. What thoughts must have been hers as she entered the scene of her own childhood to bid mortal farewell to this last link between herself and the life of her adored husband! As shown in the Queen's letter, which I am enabled to give, Her Majesty, whatever her forebodings, had little thought that the end was so near. This letter, not hitherto published, shows that if Her Majesty considered the welfare of her servitors in life, she had tender memories for them in death. It is in the Queen's own handwriting, and you will remark the excellence and clarity of its style, and the kindliness of thought and sympathy which pervades it.

"Windsor Castle,

"*July 11th*, 1870.

"DEAR LADY SEYMOUR,

"Pray accept the expression of my most sincere sympathy with you in this terrible sorrow. I did not think when I saw him on Tuesday, which I am so thankful I was able to do, that the end was so near. He was a kind and faithful friend of my beloved husband, and I shall ever remember him with the kindliest feelings. Many a memory of the past has gone with him. I am so thankful to hear that dear Sir Francis' last hours and moments were peaceful and painless, and it is precious to think of his release from cruel suffering which must have been terrible to witness. Pray express my truest sympathy to your children and to his sister and brother, and believe me always yours very sincerely,

"VICTORIA R.I."

How easily this letter could have been written by Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, or by her Lady in Waiting. "I am commanded by the Queen to convey to you the deep sympathy of Her Majesty, etc. etc." ; but this was not the Queen's way of entering into the sorrows of her people, and least of all with those who had rendered her of their life's service. It is a beautiful trait in that Sovereign's character that she spared herself in no way in following the womanly dictates of her heart, wherever sorrow was concerned. She herself knew the shadow of it, the long days when the light of life seemed extinguished and the tears of bereavement had blinded out the day, leaving her loneliness beyond the lot of ordinary women in the aloofness which surrounds a throne.

It would be difficult to forget the absolute avalanche of wreaths that came to the Palace on the General's death. It was this writer's sad privilege to arrange them in an improvised chapel wherein lay the remains. No man ever went to his rest followed by more universal respect. He had the tears of his Sovereign, the sorrow of his family the affection of innumerable friends.

VII

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WOMENKIND

(Mostly concerning the Gores of Arran and the Hays of Tweeddale and of Erroll)

Amelia, Lady Erroll. Queen Victoria's Love of a Good Story. Lady Edward Pelham Clinton as a Contributor. The late Queen at the Piano. The Earldom of Erroll and its special Precedence. A Genius for Minutiæ—Three Stories of King Edward. Lord Napier's Tea-Table Aside. Sir George Buggin and his Bride. His Widow's short-lived Royalty. Reminiscences of the Duchess of Inverness. Colonel Fred Gore hangs his Friends. My Bout of Neuralgia and Billington's offer of the Drop that Cures. Remembrances of Lady Jane Taylor. Bartolucci's Burrow in Burlington Arcade: I dig him out. Jane, Lady Ely's Thirst for Information.

IT seems as if Queen Victoria had a partiality for the great historic family of Hay. Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Tweeddale, was for some time Mistress of the Robes; and Jane, Marchioness of Ely, a Hay-Mackenzie branch of the Tweeddales, and Amelia, Countess of Erroll, also members of the Hay family, were Women of the Bedchamber. To call a great lady a Woman of the Bedchamber does not seem polite. In a Court one would expect more courtliness, but such is the official title.

Lady Erroll was the wife of the eighteenth Earl, and granddaughter of the second Earl of Arran. She was held in high esteem by Queen Victoria, and may be said to have enjoyed the affection and friendship of that somewhat exclusive Sovereign. The Queen's predilection for her is largely explained by Lady Erroll's vein of humour and

mastery of music. Queen Victoria loved a good story, and the writer remembers being told by Lord Edward Clinton, Master of the Household, that he considered he owed his position to his wife's stories. Lady Edward was the most inimitable raconteur I ever heard. No one could touch her in her especial art. For many years this writer never heard a really good thing without sending it to the Master of the Household. He can recall no instance of such a remittance but was followed by an immediate response of thanks and criticism written in Lord Edward's clear and distinctive handwriting. He treasures also acknowledgments in Gladstone's own handwriting for data collected and sent to that great man. Alas and alas for the disappearing courtesies of a kindlier day! It was but lately that, laboriously, with the difficulty of impaired sight, I sent fourteen pages of data concerning our England of To-day to one who had filled a somewhat prominent civil position; there was little civil in the response, which took a month to come and then was merely a message through a third person. Petrol carries us speedily through space, so quickly indeed that one misses the scenery, but this latter-day transit of Time loses even more that is beautiful, the courtesies which yesterday were the passports of gentlemen.

Added to her appreciation of the insinuating *double entendre*, Queen Victoria had the discrimination of the born artist touching the merits of music. She liked moreover that her surroundings should be musical, and Miss Bertha Lambart was but one of many Maids of Honour thus gifted. I have listened by the hour to the music of this harmonious lady, as her notes changed from grave to gay on the wings of her Irish fancy. Lady Erroll would often and often form one of an illustrious quartette—the Queen herself, Princess Beatrice, Lady Erroll and Miss

Edith Drummond possessing themselves of two pianos in double duet. Lady Erroll was a *petite* personage of great charm, and there were many others who followed Her Majesty's illustrious lead in their affection for her. Her portrait, one of Sir Francis Grant's masterpieces, depicts her as standing by the Arab presented to her by Omar Pasha.

The Earls of Erroll possess a distinction in precedence. As Hereditary Lords High Constable of Scotland they rank before all other subjects in their own country. Even Dukes and Marquesses have to stand aside and follow. This is all very well when your hostess is podgy and dull, for the Dukes must feel signal relief; but it must be otherwise when the Lord High Constable cuts out His Grace in handing in the châtelaine adorned with youth and beauty. So historic is this family and illustrious in lineage, that when the fifteenth Earl inadvertently kept his head covered in the presence of his King, and hastily apologized, His Majesty said: "It matters little, I feel honoured by the presence of an Erroll."

At a luncheon party given by Sir John and Lady Shelley-Rolls, I asked Lord Erroll's son whether his father had ever found hostesses unaware of his special precedence. He told me to ask his father. Shortly afterwards, at one of those charming dinner parties which have given Mrs. Eckstein a special place in London life, I took the opportunity of asking Lord Erroll this question. Not so very often, though certainly sometimes, hostesses are unaware; and it is yet another instance of King Edward's wonderful general social knowledge that at a dinner where the châtelaine was about to give Lord Erroll his precedence as an Earl, the King righted her ignorance, and the Dukes had to stand by. I may give another instance from my own

knowledge of King Edward's love of accuracy and eagle eye for anything that was wrong. A little friend of mine was Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, and whilst awaiting Her Majesty's appearance for a Drawing-Room, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, noticed that the boy had omitted the correct adjustment of the shoulder-knot, and turning to him said: "Tell them at home to look after you more carefully." On another occasion at Eton he noticed the son of a member of the Court and told him to brush his hat. Before going away he gave the boy a sovereign and told him to buy a new one.

Lady Erroll's brother, Colonel Fred Gore, the "Freddy" of innumerable friends, has been a figure in the social world for three generations. His marriage with Miss Alice Schenley, elder sister of Lady Ellenborough, has proved one of the few ideally happy marriages I have known. I was there amid the sunshine and roses of Cannes when the marriage took place, and the sunshine seems to have lingered still. Mrs. Gore is a woman with great width of heart, and of brain singularly staunch to its convictions.

The Colonel has had a life charged with interest. Like most men who entertain largely, his memory of facts and faces has been no small asset to his career. His feats of memory commenced at an early age. Born in Canada he can recall watching the flames that consumed the Senate-House in Montreal. He was then but four. The history of this burning is worth remembering. The Loyalists in that Canadian House of Commons were out-numbered, and the Opposition actually passed a bill for the repayment by the State of all losses incurred by the rebels in rebellion. The Loyalists retorted by burning the Senate-House identified with such an indignity.

At the age of nineteen Gore went, with his regiment,

to the Curragh, subsequently proceeding to India as A.D.C. to Lord Napier and Ettrick, then Governor of Madras. He could not well have had a better chief, a man charged with distinction, well-read and with a vivid sense of humour. Many witty things were said at his table. The following is a tea-table aside. One afternoon Lady Napier's mother, discussing a recent *cause célèbre*, said across the table to Lord Napier : " I cannot understand why men run after other men's wives ! " " Curiosity, dear Lady Julia," was the reply.

This Lady Julia Lockwood was one of the numerous family of Arthur, second Earl of Arran, as was Colonel Gore's father, General Sir Charles Gore, G.C.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and Cecilia, late Duchess of Inverness.

There is quite a romance connected with the life of this latter lady. She was for twenty-four hours possessed of the prestige and precedence of a Royal Princess of England. In her girlhood she was proposed to by a worthy London Alderman with the euphonious name of Sir George Buggin. A proposed settlement of four thousand a year on his daughter proved too much for Lord Arran, and he permitted the marriage. After Sir George's death Lady Cecilia, somewhat discontented with the name of Buggin (and I hardly blame her), assumed the patronymic of her mother and was known as Lady Cecilia Underwood. It was at this stage that the Duke of Sussex, son of George the Third and younger brother of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, appeared on the scene. Financially His Royal Highness was at the time in a perilously tight corner, and proposed to Lady Cecilia. They were married, and for a brief spell she was accorded precedence as Duchess of Sussex, as testified by various letters from the Royal family. But mainly owing to the hubbub created

by the Duchess of Cambridge, who refused to allow precedence to the new Duchess, it was resolved to refuse her the position, but she was much beloved by the Royal family of her own day, and Queen Victoria created her Duchess of Inverness. This is the only lady created a Duchess in her own right since Barbara Villiers was made Duchess of Cleveland by Charles the Second, though of course the great Duke of Marlborough's daughter was Duchess in her own right, but it was by inheritance, not by creation.

Such was the affection of the Duke of Sussex for his wife that he refused to be entombed with the Royalties at Windsor, directing that he should be buried at Kensal Green, where the Duchess might also find a resting-place.

A man's surroundings are the index of himself. Colonel Gore's den at Rutland Gate has many an interesting feature. Military books, memoirs and history show the trend of his reading, and of his numberless friendships there is ample evidence on the walls. We recognize Captain Percival, the host of the Duke of Albany at the Villa Nevada, where indeed that lamented Prince died ; the great Lord Salisbury, whose daughter-in-law, the present Marchioness, is also a Gore ; the Duke of Sussex, uncle by marriage ; Lord Roberts, and many other well-known faces. An interesting presentment of Lord Napier and Ettrick's party at Madras for the Duke of Edinburgh's visit depicts many a well-known face—the late Admiral Lord Beresford, General Sir Seymour Blane, Colonel "Tim" Reilly, Charlie de Robeck, General Fordyce, and of course the Duke of Edinburgh and his host. If Colonel Gore should elect to hang all his friends (I do not mean in a Calcraftan way), he would have to lease the adjoining house.

I well remember being taken by my father many times

His Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick
Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness & Baron of Arklow, K.G
Grand Master of the United Ancient
Free & Accepted Masons of England,
Colonel of the Loyal North Britons, &c. &c. &c. &c.

His Royal Highness
THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

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as a child to tea with Lady Caroline Calcraft, a daughter of the fifth Duke of Manchester, and wife of John Hales Calcraft of Rempston Hall, Dorset. How often she was indignant that her husband's old Dorset name should be degraded by Calcraft, the then official hangman.

Years ago, during the Fenian risings, crossing to Kingstown in the *Leinster*, I was a martyr to neuralgia. I was indeed in agony, and the steward was kindness itself, as was a gentleman who was near me. He had screened the light from me, and done many kind things, which encouraged me to ask him whether he had anything in his bag that would relieve the pain. "I have one thing," he said, "but not handy—a drop and you feel no more." "Oh, I should like it," I said. "Not so sure you would," he muttered, as he turned away. It subsequently transpired that he was Billington, *en route* for Dublin, for the execution of some Fenians.

One of the most interesting notorieties I ever met was Frederic Lushington of Rosière, Lyndhurst. He married Lady Margaret Hay, daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Erroll. Brought up at the Court of Naples, where his father, Sir Henry, third Baronet, was for many years our representative, and passing a large portion of his life in India where he was a Judge, he was a veritable encyclopedia of information and anecdote. I remember his telling me of his adroit proposal to Lady Margaret. They were sitting on the upper deck as they passed from Southampton to Ryde, and a long gold chain she was wearing got somehow entangled in his malacca, when he said: "It seems that our lives are somehow linked." That is how it happened.

The historic family of Hay is represented in the peerage by two Earldoms and a Marquisate, and it is a most curious

coincidence that in each name there is not only a doubling of a letter, but a double double—Ki*nn*ou*ll*, E*rr*o*ll*, and Tw*eedd*ale.

One of the great beauties of the Early Victorians was a Tweeddale—Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, Mistress of the Robes, as I have said, to Queen Victoria, and elder sister of a woman well-known in London society as Lady Jane Taylor, wife of General Sir Richard Taylor, G.C.B., at one time successively Adjutant-General and Governor of Sandhurst. Lady Jane was of a type absolutely extinct. To the instincts of aristocracy she added a very real and practical interest in progress of all kinds. She was instrumental in initiating the Military Tournament, and throughout her long life was associated with many movements of public utility. At one time she had a scheme for the emigration of women and asked this writer for a subscription. "I'll willingly become an annual subscriber if you on your part will guarantee to emigrate the women I name," was the reply. This scheme, destructive to the Colonies, fell through.

The week-end parties of Sir Richard and Lady Jane Taylor at Drayton Hall were certainly features in the London of that day. It is remarkable that a sister of Lady Jane, Lady Julia Peel, was established at Drayton Manor, and that she herself, married to Sir Richard Taylor, had a sister married to Simon Watson Taylor; and yet another pair of sisters who each married a Ramsay, one that Marquess of Dalhousie who was Governor-General of India (his wife died of *mal de mer* on her voyage home), and the other to Wardlaw Ramsay of Whitehill. Their daughter Emily married Colonel James Graham Toler. His mother was Henrietta Scarlett, daughter of Lord Abinger, and concerning this, I may recall that, having an argument

with him on some literary question, he remarked : " That's a deep subject ; I'm not sufficiently read." " You ought to be with so much Scarlett blood in you," was the retort.

There were two fine hubbubs in the Hay family towards the close of the nineteenth century, and there are many living who will remember the sensation they caused. The first closely followed the death of the veteran Field-Marshal, fourth Marquess of Tweeddale. A claimant arose who, if his case had succeeded, would have illegitimized every member of the Field-Marshal's family by his wife, a daughter of the fifth Duke of Manchester. Think what this would have meant to such influential families as the Montagus, Wellesleys, Ramsays and Peels. The sons of the great Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had each married sisters who were thus jeopardized, whilst a third was the wife of a Governor-General of India. Happily the suit failed, and the family were left in possession of their honours.

The second hubbub was consequent on the death of the Field-Marshal's son, the ninth Marquess. On the latter's death his next brother, Lord William Hay, an ex-civil servant of India, thought to step into easy succession. But to the amazement of all, his brother's widow, Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, made the announcement that an interesting event might shortly be expected. She had been a childless wife for six years, and there was much of interest and no little incredulity on the part of the many friends of so distinguished a family. Meanwhile the Yester and other Tweeddale estates were thrown into Chancery, and Lord William and his charming Italian wife were, like Mahomet's coffin, somewhere 'twixt Heaven and the other place. After some months of apprehension the

matter ended, as men said it would, and Lord William duly succeeded as tenth Marquess.

The writer has alluded to the beautiful Italian wife, who thus became the only British peeress originating from that land of sunshine and song. She was Candida, daughter of Signor Vincenzo Bartolucci. He was a rum devil. I met him constantly at Drayton Hall. He had a breezy air of *bonhomie*. He could sing a song and tell you a story like none. He called a spade a spade, and looked a rake. He had the name of having been a music-master, but mind you I was not there and do not know. He was master of many other arts when I knew him, but these were not altogether harmonious. This captivating way of his had won him a wife of pedigree and position. This lady was Scotch, and her daughters had the beauty and colouring of the South and the sterling culture of the North. I was very young at the time, and, between ourselves, was vastly flattered by the notice and unconcealed predilection which Bartolucci evinced in my adolescent favour.

One day, sauntering down Piccadilly, I saw wild arms in a hansom waving towards me, and there was Bartolucci large as life. He pulled up and said : " Jump in, my boy, and have a drive with me ; I am going to sow paste cards and buy cravats." Very much flattered by the kindness of this great man, I readily got in, and for two mortal hours we drove everywhere through the town. Finally he yelled through the trap-door, and the man drove us to the Piccadilly end of Burlington Arcade. Bartolucci then tendered me three angelic Melachrinos, and said : " Now, my boy, you sit here in the hansom and smoke these cigarettes. I go in here to the Arcade where is my hosier. From him I get my best cravats. I shall not be long." With that he bounced out, and I smoked his three cigarettes

and about ten of my own—but still no Bartolucci, and I was beginning to think that this return of his would end in smoke. I thereupon left the hansom, and, walking into the first hosier's shop I saw, I said, in a grand way: "As regards the parcel ordered by your customer, Mr. Bartolucci——" "We have no such name on our books, Sir," was the reply. I did so in several similar shops, till at last I ran my fox to earth. "Oh," I said, "he asked you to send the ties and things, but I am going there and will save you the trouble." Whereupon the man tendered me the parcel with Bartolucci's name and address inscribed thereon. (I often think how honest I must have looked in those days. Alas, for the changes of Time!) Oh, the joy of it! For I did not know from Adam where the man lived. Now I was all right, and so was the hansom man. Forthwith returning to the hansom driver (who, I thought, looked relieved at sight of me), I ordered him to drive to 183A, Half Moon Street. Arriving there, I told the superannuated butler, who evidently kept the diggings, that Mr. Bartolucci's hansom had returned for orders, and decamped as hard as ever the limbs of adolescence could lay on. The parcel I had surreptitiously placed upon the hall chair. It is an extraordinary and disappointing fact that, on next encountering Signor Bartolucci, his mien showed less of the sunshine of the South than of the austerities of Ben Nevis.

Concerning Jane, Marchioness of Ely, yet another Hay in the Queen's service, I have many affectionate recollections. How good she was to me and how anxious to promote what she always called my career. She read daily to the Queen, and was careful to include portions from my earlier books which Her Majesty had been gracious enough to receive on their publication. It was Lady Ely who

arranged, in conjunction with the Queen's able Secretary, the late General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, that special and separate audience, which could never have been obtained without such kindly influence. On the death of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, Her late Majesty's younger son, Lady Ely, knowing that I had been with him at Oxford when the Prince was at Christ Church, and also that I had seen much of him at Cannes during the weeks previous to the Duke's lamented death, sent me an invitation to luncheon immediately on my return to London. I knew at once what that meant. I had a most pleasant *tête-à-tête* luncheon with her, but cannot say that Lady Ely was very much the wiser.

VIII

SOVEREIGNTY AND ITS ENTOURAGE

Colonel Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, G.C.V.O., late Master of the Household, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, G.C.B., Private Secretary to the late Queen Victoria; and others connected with the Court

"Ode to December" sent to the Queen—Her Majesty's unique Acceptance. Reminiscences of the War—Its taking of the last Heir to the extinction of an Honour. Sympathy with Lords Rosmead, Knaresborough and Stamfordh m. Society and Men of New Types. The King's unending Work—The Overgrown Toils of Empire. A Pathetic Story—Lady Lincoln leaves her Home—Her Little Boy—She left a Tear upon his Face. Lord Edward as Mediator—He is christened "The Dove." The Bateman-Scott Baronetcies—Victorious Bout with Lord Edward. Equally descended from Charles the Martyr and His Murderer. Saved by her Babes.

IN considering the onerous life of the Sovereign and the incessant claims on his time and energies, there are two points which I think have never been mentioned. In the days, say of the Regent, what would have been thought of a Royal garden-party to which invitations numbered by the veritable thousand had perforce to be issued, and even at that leaving out as many more who doubtless had a good right to be invited? society (I absolutely refuse to give it a big S) has so swollen as to need a dispensation from Heaven, if indeed the spheres would condescend to notice it, to define its boundaries. This fact of its enlargement and the increasing numbers who imagine themselves eligible for presentment not only is an increased strain upon the Sovereign himself but on the care and consideration of his advisers. There are such multitudes in these days whom it would be injudicious altogether to ignore, and the endeavour not to overlook

them is in itself a work of art. But one's conclusions concerning people cannot be well grounded on flimsy foundations, and the stablishing of those conclusions takes time. The prescient Court official must be as ready with his judgment as he is instant in his words, and the work of collecting and sifting data concerning people, their antecedents and their interests, must be as irksome as apparently it is eternal. I should imagine that King Edward, who rarely forgot either the useful person or the individual who had rendered him a service, would be taken in after-times as a model for monarchs. It is the greatness of the great that comprehends the littleness of the small. It is also greatness that realizes that the great can occasionally be little, and it is in the ignoring of this littleness that even Crowns have at times been rendered uneasy.

It would be difficult to create in a work of fiction men more efficient for the duties they had and have on hand than those who with unsurpassed fidelity have served the latter years of Queen Victoria, the rule of King Edward, and those momentous times over which our present Sovereign has reigned. It has been no little advantage to this writer that some of these men have accorded him friendship and even affection. His life could not but have been influenced by their devotion to duty and the discretion which crowned those duties with success. It was seldom that to be with them was not to learn. In this chapter I shall tell you all that is permitted me to recall of such faithful and affectionate servants of the Throne as Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, Master of the Household to Queen Victoria and for a period to King Edward ; Sir Henry Ponsonby, Private Secretary to the late Queen, as have already been depicted the services of General Sir Francis Seymour, her Master of the Ceremonies.

His Majesty's devoted Keeper of the Privy Purse, Colonel Sir Frederick Ponsonby, displays the hereditary gift. No man could have been more fitted for his position as Private Secretary to Queen Victoria than was General Sir Henry Ponsonby, Sir Frederick's father. I had many an opportunity for noting this, and, as a frequent guest at the house of his sisters in Wilton Place, gained many a sidelight on one who so completely possessed Her Majesty's confidence. Sir Henry's personal kindness to myself is a wonder to me as I look back upon those years. Passing through his hands, I was privileged to offer to Queen Victoria the only poem ever written and printed for a Sovereign and as such accepted. It was through the late Lord Salisbury's advice that this unprecedented episode occurred. The "Ode to December" was written in a country house, the châtelaine of which was Lord Salisbury's sister-in-law. She at once sent it to Hatfield, and was more than elate with the Premier's laconic reply: "This ought to go to the Queen." December was desolation to that sad heart, for it was in the bleakest of Winter that the added chill of Death came to her in the loss of husband and daughter. Following the Premier's advice, I had the "Ode" printed and forwarded, unaware that I was doing anything unusual. After its acceptance I learnt from Sir Henry's own lips how privileged I was.

Those who constrained this writer to pen these Memoirs had some difficulty in so doing. It is not in me nor to my liking to parade either myself or my experiences. But in this portion of my recital we have arrived at recollections which tend to prove the wisdom and foresight of those who strenuously opposed the idea of my taking with me hence data which might possibly be of use in the forming of

estimates hereafter. Daily less and less are left who can make such a contrast; and, of the few who yet remain, some may never have noticed, others may be without the critical faculty, and the residue unable to write. It therefore behoves all thinkers to give of what they know concerning changes which indeed are greater than men realize.

With this in mind and in view, I would ask you to contrast the days and duties of Sir Henry Ponsonby the father, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby the son. In much they are so near: in most they are so far. It is almost impossible to realize the enormous additions to his duties which face Lord Stamfordham, Sir Frederick and others, whose counsel is an unending necessity for the Sovereign's assistance.

Lord Stamfordham has enjoyed the confidence of three regal generations. Two words define his work—decision: precision. Amongst the masses who are cruel sufferers through the Great War, none dwell more in our hearts of sympathy than do those bereaved of only sons. They in truth are the bearers of the blighted sheaves of hope, and for whom shall they now labour? It is many years since first I thought that, should such a fateful blow befall me, I wonder whether sound should not die from song and fragrance from flower. I barely know Lord Stamfordham or his fellow-peers, Knaresborough and Rosmead, but I shared in their sorrow as even strangers can.

As already alluded to, society has not only enlarged, but men of absolutely new types are in it. I have known many closely associated with the Court of Queen Victoria who could never from their hereditary and official instincts have had sufficient flexibility to comprehend the new men of to-day. Yet this has successfully been accomplished, together with the understanding of the vast interests

overseas and the different and diverse developments which seek inspiration from the Throne.

What additions these Dominions and their closer linking up with London have made to the labours of the Crown. Think how the Levees and Investitures have grown, and realize what the toil of their preparation portends. And all this work is done so noiselessly. No one would suppose that Buckingham Palace is the hive it is. Believe me that the centuries are seen in the ceremonies, toils and triumphs which nothing but the hand of Time could create.

The responsibility of sovereignty in mediæval times was great, but it was as nothing to the toil of the monarch of to-day. I have myself known three Sovereigns of this great Empire, and may state as an absolute conviction that, whatever were the qualities which individualized His Majesty's immediate predecessors, neither of them could have attempted or withstood the strain and incessant toil for the Empire which was the King's contribution to the task of circumventing the terrors of late years. Let those who come after us realize it, as we who have lived and seen. Even if this poor writer achieves little else by these Memoirs, let it stand out that it is not merely the blemish of his time that he chronicles, but something of its nobility and its worth.

We have, indeed, much to be grateful for as a Nation that the energy, tact and memory of our Royal House, as exemplified by Queen Victoria, Edward VII. and King George, are hereditary in the Prince of Wales, for whose public career one cannot say too much, and for his untiring devotion to duty. Turn to the picture which elsewhere I give of the Duke of Sussex, and ask yourself whether a man with an expression like that could attempt to achieve the momentous matters accomplished by His Majesty or the Prince.

To all who knew him, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton was held as the beau-ideal of a gentleman. In fact I do not know which man more influenced my life in this respect, he or my dear father. To know Clinton was to esteem and respect him, and his manner, so gentle and kindly, had in it at the same time a strength and character of its own. Like another Duke's son, Lord d'Arcy Osborne, although patrician in all his leanings and likings, it was impossible to detect the slightest taint of side or swagger about him. I have passed weeks and weeks in country houses where he has been, and very often was his guest at the dinner-parties he and Lady Edward gave at their house in Eccleston Square, and countless are the kindnesses I received from him. Not the least was his confidence, for I had often been at a dinner where I was the only one present not officially connected with the Court, and yet in no instance can I recall that the absolute openness with which they spoke was thereby in any way affected. This confidence with which I have always been treated, both in club life and at dinner-parties, though it is beautiful to recall, is vastly distressing to the value of one's memoirs. It is the cause of much estoppage even as one begins to grow interesting. But one sad, tender little story it is possible to relate as told me by his lips; a story infinitely pathetic and with an enduring pathos of its own. I doubt if ever Lord Edward absolutely got over his mother's leaving her home and her children. I think that that event influenced his whole life and perhaps was the mainspring of the quiet dignity in it.

Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, and Master of the Household to Queen Victoria and for a period to the late King Edward, was the second son of the fifth Duke of Newcastle, and was co-trustee with Mr. Gladstone of the Clumber estates during the minority

COLONEL LORD EDWARD PELHAM CLINTON, G.C.V.O.

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of his nephew the present Duke. His father married a daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. That beautiful and accomplished woman was therefore the daughter, wife and mother of dukes—alas for the story as told me by her son! He said that one day, when quite a little boy, his mother took him out with her in the carriage. After driving for some time they stopped at a workman's cottage. As they were nearing it the mother turned to her child and kissed and kissed him. She left a tear upon his face. She then took a parcel she had brought for the workman's wife, gave it to the woman, and walked through the cottage and out of the back door and so down the garden and across the fields to the railway station. There she entrained and was joined by her lover. Even after years, and many of them, one could see that the son lived in this scene as if it were yesterday.

It may have been a year after the telling of this story that I happened to write to him from Clayton Priory where I was then stopping with General Patton-Bethune. By return of post came a letter from Lord Edward saying he felt sure I would do him the kindness of driving some miles distant to the quiet little Sussex churchyard where his mother lay buried. Would I tell him in what state the grave was and make him any suggestions I could. Accompanied by one of the best and truest friends man ever had, Herbert Patton-Bethune, Major in the Fourth Dragoon Guards, and his sister, I drove over as requested, and the three of us gave ourselves a good hour of hard work in the weeding of that grave. I remember that there were chips and fragments of white marble all down the topmost surface, and the weeds, deeply rooted below, had cleft the jointures, so that it was grievous work. However, we decimated those weeds and left in

their place some tender tributes of the beautiful spring. Alas! it was not long after that the bright girl who helped us met her tragic death in Hyde Park, as shall later be recorded. I received a very dear letter from Lord Edward when he heard these details of his mother's resting-place.

I had an estrangement once with a very old friend who deputed Lord Edward to act as pacifier between us. I shall never forget his tact and discretion and the matter ended with all that he desired to obtain. For some time after we each dubbed him the dove, as he had certainly brought the olive branch.

Lord Edward had a wonderfully correct and concise knowledge of many things. Not by any means in a learned way, but he was a particularly safe, up-to-date guide on current matters. We had many disputations, and it was always well worth while to be worsted, so delicately did he administer the *coup de grâce*. He would, as it were, put honey in your mouth while stifling you. It would be something like this: "Yes, that is an admirable argument, I doubt if I have ever heard a better. Indeed, it would be quite perfect if you had not omitted one point——" It was that point that slew me. But, even at the risk of egoism, I must rehearse how on one occasion I did for him. Talking to me of his sister-in-law, Lady Bateman-Scott, he said: "Don't you think it very silly of her to sign her surnames Bateman and Scott?" I replied: "No, I don't; she's got two baronetcies, why should she not use them?" He rejoined: "No one else does it." I drew him on by saying: "No one else does it; I quite admit that." Then Lord Edward turned on me: "Then why should she?" "Because," I retorted, "no one else has the right; and a right is no less real because it is exceptional." "Oh, many others have the right," he said, "the Edens and the

Anstruthers, for instance, have each two baronetcies, and they don't double them in their signatures." "Your argument would be admirable, and I might say quite perfect, if you had not forgotten one point." I smiled, for "These baronets whom you mention inherit honours of one and the same name, and they could no more reduplicate them than could the Duke of Argyll who has two dukedoms of that name, whilst the Dukes of Buccleuch and Hamilton can sign for their double duchies, as they are of other names —Hamilton and Brandon, Buccleuch and Queensberry. If peers can reduplicate their honours, why should not baronets, and it does not make it less of a right because there is but one baronet who has the right to do so. The Scott title was conferred on Sir Joseph Scott in 1806. His son, Sir Edward Dolman Scott, married the eldest daughter of Sir Hugh Bateman of Hartington Hall, on whom a baronetcy had been conferred with the peculiar limitation that it was descendable primarily in the line of the elder daughter, and, should that fail, to the descendants of the second. This Bateman baronetcy, therefore, reverted to Sir Francis, third Baronet of Great Barr and second of Hartington Hall. He was, therefore, the possessor of two baronetcies of different names, a unique distinction."

On the death in 1905 of Sir Edward Dolman Scott, sixth and fifth Baronet, the male lineage of Sir Hugh Bateman by his elder daughter was extinct, and his baronetcy therefore passed to my old friend Sir Alexander Fuller-Acland-Hood, afterwards Lord St. Audries. Sir Alexander was also in remainder to the Irish barony of Bridport, which at one time seemed very likely to come his way. He was a fine guardsman-like exemplification of the Biblical truism: "To him that hath shall be given."

As mentioned elsewhere, Lady Edward Clinton was the

most inimitable raconteur of her day. She was a daughter of Sir W. E. Cradock Hartopp, third Baronet. Through General Fleetwood, whose wife was daughter of Cromwell, the Cradock Hartopps were descended from the Lord Protector. Lady Edward's sister married Lord Walter Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch. You will recollect that the Dukes of Buccleuch, but for the attainder, would also be Dukes of Monmouth, as paternally the Scotts derive from the ill-fated son of Charles II. Consequently, the children of Lord and Lady Walter Scott are equally descended from the martyred monarch and his murderer.

With reference to the elopement of Lord Edward's mother, I was once told by a peeress that, carrying a little bag containing her own personal jewels, she was proceeding across the Park on the eve of leaving her home for ever, when her children called her from the top rooms : " Mother, Mother, where are you going ? Can't you take us ? " She turned round, stood a moment and then called up : " Yes, come along." There was silence for a moment after she had told me this, and then I said : " How some words fulfil themselves—' Out of the mouths of babes Thou hast perfected praise.' "

Oh, when I think of it, the sorrows some women endure ! The fact that so many men and women have outpoured their troubles to me has no little sorrowed my life. It has always made me older than my years. How often have I marked a woman, so calm and self-restrained amid scenes of ball or banquet, the brilliancy of diamonds around her brow, the shadow of sorrows within her soul. Such women do not wear their anguish on their sleeve, and for them I cannot but think that there will be somewhere beyond the glimmer of the fitful stars a land of love which shall requite them for the loveless life.

IX

THE PASSING SHADOW AND THE LINGERING LIGHT

BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY

Recollections of Lord Salisbury, Arlington Street. My Godspeed to Curzon. Lord Houghton presents me to Dizzy. Remembrances of Lord Houghton and his son, Lord Crewe. Lord Lamington. A Scotch Judge turned out of an Hotel for Immorality. Dizzy's unique Habiliments. His lavender-tasselled Cane. A Portrait of Lady Salisbury. The Statesman speaks to Time, the Poet to Eternity. Disraeli's opinion of Poetry—the one Gift of the Gods. Lord Beaconsfield on the Limitations of an Educated Public. Lewis Carroll's estimate of Poets. Beaconsfield's great Triumph in the Lords. A Splendid Spectacle. No Semblance of Newness. The Sublime Antiquity of the Sphinx.

BEACONSFIELD, Salisbury, Gladstone! Magical names from the maelstrom of the past! When one saw these men in the fullness of their influence, could one imagine our England bereft of them? Those acclaiming crowds, that massed concourse that thronged to mark them come and go . . . where are they now, alas, where are they now? The passing shadow and the lingering light! Death passeth as the shadow of life: the soul bides, which is life's lingering light.

The man of many memories need never be alone. Beautiful things, strong things and foreseeing come to him as voices of the past. He is seldom lonely or alone.

Walks with Browning; talks with Swinburne; daring disputations with Mark Pattison; listenings to Owen; guest of Salisbury at Hatfield and of Gladstone at

Hawarden—what memories they bring to furnish these ignoble days! Would to Heaven that I could also add these few words that indeed mean so much—and of Beaconsfield at Hughenden. Alas and alas! although it is a proud recollection to have spoken with him in London, it was never my happy lot to see that unique immortality as he divested himself of the politician and guised himself as a squire.

It is indeed strange and noteworthy that these three men who dominated political opinion in the declining years of Queen Victoria's lengthy reign had an H for the initial letter of the country seat of each. It is also noteworthy that the two chief antagonists had the initial C for their London homesteads, Beaconsfield in Curzon Street, and Gladstone in Carlton House Terrace. In my undergraduate days Lord Salisbury was in a street somewhere off Portland Place; I rather think it was Mansfield Street. Thence he migrated to the beautiful house he occupied till his death in Arlington Street. It is one of the many kindnesses received by this writer from Lady Salisbury that he was invited, not only to the big things such as Foreign Office receptions, but to those sometimes very small At Homes in Arlington Street, where the great man, who for so long wielded our Imperial destinies strenuously as Foreign Minister and sagaciously as Premier, was visible in moments least encumbered.

Speaking of Arlington Street, it is memorable to me that I drove Lord Curzon in my stanhope to Arlington Street for his first interview with Lord Salisbury, an interview which resulted in Curzon's gaining the first step in his great political career, his appointment as Secretary (unpaid) to Salisbury. My last words to the man who is now Foreign Secretary in these momentous times, as he agilely

descended over the wheel, were " Good luck be with you and God-speed ! "

Dear old Lord Houghton (all gentle memories be with him ! Was there ever a man with such crisp kindliness of heart ?) was well aware that one of my surging, timorous ambitions was to stand face to face with the great Disraeli. And so, in a moment all together unexpected, I was presented to the great man. He was slowly, and with much ceremony, making a sort of Imperial progress through the crowded salons of a Foreign Office reception. Around him the envied stars and radiant ribbons from all lands : himself a being impenetrable and apart, a sardonic figure that riveted the eye and gave it rest by its very solemnity and quiet. He halted for a moment, gave me a quick look and said, " Lord Houghton tells me that you are a young poet. You must travel, and when you have done travelling you must travel again. Go south, go east. The East is the land for poets." And with that the great statesman slightly bent and passed on to other thoughts and greater men. " He said more to you than he'd say to most," said Lord Houghton's kindly voice in my ear. How little I thought then that years afterwards, when this kind man who had done so much to rescue Keats from oblivion, and indeed might be termed the poets' friend, had been gathered to his fathers, I should spend an hour watching the dawn from the upper deck of the Irish mail steamer talking to his son, the present Lord Crewe, then *en route* to take the oath at Dublin Castle on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant. This was in the early days of Gladstone's Home Rule struggles. Lord Crewe, or as he then was Lord Houghton, expected hostility from the Irish landocracy . . . and he got it.

But the Viceroy got more, for all the odium of his

onerous post—he got an Earldom. The Grand Old Man had a great partiality for the smart, handsome, well-groomed son of his old friend, and the timely death of the late Lord Crewe, Houghton's uncle, gave opportunity for the revival of that title. Of this eccentric peer I shall have much to say later on concerning a visit to him at Crewe Hall some years before his death. Disraeli's gratitude for all that the first Lord Lytton had done for him in countenance and friendship at a time when both were needed bore fruit in the Viceroyalty of India and the Earldom which he subsequently bestowed on the son of his old friend. Gladstone did much the same to the present Lord Crewe in remembrance of old days. It is not often that the sons of notable men are capable of such advancement. It is happy reading and splendid incentive to youth to find that when such hereditary talent exists it is recognized and honoured.

To these instances may be added the present Lord Lamington and Lord Tennyson. Both of these men, sons of distinguished sires, have represented their Sovereigns overseas. Lord Lamington is one of the kindliest of men, and I value the friendship he has shown me since the days when we were together at the House. It is one of the many gaucheries actuated by the Unionist Party that a man of his county position, possessions and endowments, should have been passed over for the Lord Lieutenancy of his County, especially remembering that he so ably represented the Crown abroad, and as such one would suppose would be exceptionally eligible for the position regarding which he was slighted. These are the kind of *faux pas* which for many years have undermined and deteriorated the prestige of a once great and honourable Party.

To return to the first Lord Houghton, whose friendship for me was so kindly and so helpful. It may be added that during the later years of his life he travelled a good deal accompanied by his sister, the Dowager Lady Galway, widow of the sixth Viscount, and as he told me was the subject of a good deal of suspicion amongst ignorant people in out-of-the-way places when it was realized that the ladyship with him was not Lady Houghton.

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh told me an excellent story which tallies with this. You must know that until recent years, when a Scotch lawyer (whom we will call Mr. McIntyre of Glenlawe) was elevated to the Bench, he was not called Mr. Justice McIntyre, as with us, but, taking his title from his place, he appeared as Lord Glenlawe, yet his unfortunate wife was still only Mrs. McIntyre. A certain well-known Scotch Judge and his wife went abroad, and of course appeared in the hotel lists as Lord Glenlawe and Mrs. McIntyre. The Mackintosh, seeing him next year, said, "I suppose you're off to Switzerland soon!" "Switzerland!" rejoined the Judge, "I'll never set foot there again. I was turned out of three hotels for immorality. Bonnie Scotland's guid eno' for me!" I believe that this Judge's hapless experience was the cause of altering the name and precedence of Judges' wives in Scotland. It is certainly an extraordinary paradox that a woman in her efforts to preserve her good name should resort to abandoning it, and to keep it unsullied should use another!

This is a long digression from Disraeli, but one must not neglect the lesser stars for sake of one surpassing planet.

Considering the millinery flamboyance of his youth, Disraeli's later days show marvellous self-suppression as to colour. I may say that I have seen him hundreds of times

in the Commons. One session I heard him every time he opened his mouth, and I cannot recall any occasion on which his attire was superlatively out of the ordinary. But on Sundays somehow he seemed to break loose. It is many a time that, as we all issued from the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, I happened to be behind him as he leisurely walked up St. James' to Mayfair. Leaning on the arm of Monty Corrie, the Secretary whom he afterwards recommended for the Barony of Rowton, he presented an engrossing figure. Sometimes a complete frockcoat suit of light brown ; oftener lavender trousers with gloves and tie to match and a dainty tassel on his cane of the same colour, blue-black coat and waistcoat of a lighter lavender completed his costume, jauntily crowned with a grey topper and black band. You could not mistake the man. He did not seem in the least incongruous, and had a dignity and an aloofness which made his appearance a remembrance.

This writer is inclined to think that Disraeli's career gained rather than lost by the maledictions hurled against him. In early days any brick, however miry, was good enough to cast at a man so apparently opposite to the instincts of an Englishman. The Court also was against him, for it is no secret to record that not the least of Disraeli's triumphs was his complete annihilation of that bequest of distrust which the Prince Consort bequeathed to Queen Victoria. The statesman's personal influence over his Sovereign absolutely upset all the warnings which at first dominated her dealings with him. And with this turn of the tide men ignored the epigrams and forgot the insults which for so many years had been hurled at this strange man. One of the wittiest of these denouncements levelled across the floor of the House was that of " descendant of the impenitent thief " ; and in truth it

was telling in its way, for whatever else you could imagine of Disraeli, no brain could possibly picture him as penitent. One can imagine Gladstone on his knees before the Almighty, begging remission for some intellectual misunderstanding, and even beseeching that Almighty's countenance for some conscientious turn-coatery. But Disraeli was essentially too much of a courtier to burden the gods with details. It was possible for the Immortals to find out for themselves if so they wisted; it is plainly no part of the politician to invite criticism.

Those who witnessed Lord Salisbury's later years of impressive superiority can barely realize the secondary place which he took during the lifetime of Lord Beaconsfield. There are tables of precedence as set forth by the subservience of heralds; there are tables also dictated by the ordinances of common sense. A dozen times might Salisbury be the descendant of Burleigh, and serve Victoria as his ancestor served Elizabeth, but that and even Hatfield was as nothing when he walked side by side with a man whose genius and a career of dauntless audacity held and fascinated the public eye. It was thus these two men appeared after the Treaty of Berlin and the "Peace with Honour" which gave them each the coveted Garter.

In after years, when Salisbury's great talents were undimmed by a greater brilliance, it was even then difficult to disentangle the man from his historic past. Neither Beaconsfield nor Gladstone needed a Hatfield behind them, but with Salisbury it was impossible to get away from that Hatfield or to consider his claims apart from the heritage of the Cecils. God forgive me if I minimize the great qualities which he showed and the great part which he played in political life. I speak but as a humble bystander, yet as a bystander at the man's own fireside, and I tell

you as I think, and you must take it at its worth. When all is said and done my heart returns to what his devoted wife said to me, words which I have never forgotten, and before I give them I am fain to depict for the future of time Lady Salisbury's portrait as she really was. In a sentence one might say that she was a woman who never forgot the single-heartedness of her up-bringing in the splendour of her surroundings. What I loved about her was that she had the brain power as well as the determination to render her husband's life appropriate to the dignity of his position. And so Lord Salisbury's barouche and pair, with its blue rosettes and dignified panelling, was among the very smartest in London, a London, I beg you to forgive me for saying, which was smart without vulgarity and ornate without ostentation ; when you could be dressed splendidly with sobriety and a woman had not to exhibit her knees to be chic.

Lady Salisbury said to me, " Do you know, I think that I am the luckiest woman that ever lived. I have a great and distinguished husband, who has given his life to the service of his country. From days of great anxiety the way has been opened for him till he has been enabled to represent his country with opportunities of service exactly as dictated by his earliest ambitions. I have children to be proud of, and their historic home is a joy and a pride to me. Now don't you think I am a fortunate woman ? And I have the love of all these, what could I more ? "

The great Premier, then a struggling second son, met the lady who was to be his wife in a small country church. He had aimlessly sauntered in, and, where he entered, there he stood, riveted by the strains echoed from the organ. He awaited the descent of the player to tender

his gratitude, and it turned out to be a young girl. That was how it commenced. In both senses there was harmony from the beginning, and it was not long before the daughter of Baron Alderson was engaged to Lord Robert Cecil. Their married life was passed for some time in an off-street from the Strand, and there the future Premier added to his slender income by contributions to the *Saturday Review* and other papers until the unexpected death of Lord Cranborne, his elder brother, offered opportunities for a wider career.

This is not the only story this writer has concerning the organ and the Alderson family. Not so very long ago he let his domicile to Sir William and Lady Humphrey. The latter was sister of Lady Salisbury and very like her. It may be added that most of the sitting rooms opened into a lounge hall, devised in a mediæval fashion, wherein was my beloved friend, the organ, eloquent intimate of many years.

As I remained in the vicinity some days after my new tenants took possession, they asked me to come and play the instrument to them. I said that I would not come to dinner as they kindly suggested. "When Sir William is smoking his cigar in one of the off-rooms, I'll come in and play by myself in the gallery, and you needn't listen more than you like." This I did next evening, and after playing for some time I made a slight pause, but there was not the ghost of "How beautiful!" or "Do play that again!" or anything seasonable such as any genuine soul needs as food for inspiration. There was a deadly and uncanny silence. I said to myself, "They are too riveted for words," and proceeded. After a while I gave them another chance. There was still the ungracious silence. I thereupon stole quietly to the smoking room, and there I

discovered Sir William asleep with his mouth serenely open and her ladyship slumberous with her mouth severely shut. Whereupon I took my hat, stick and cloak and, true to Longfellow's poem,

> "Folded my tent like the Arabs
> And as silently stole away."

This is what subsequently happened as told me next day. Sir William woke up, rubbed his eyes and said, "My dear, was there any music or did I dream it?" She, waking ditto, said, "Yes, I fancied I dreamt it; perhaps it was a band in the road." Then suddenly Sir William said, "My dear, didn't we ask that man in to play the organ? Where can he be?" "Yes!" said Lady Humphrey. "Go at once and find him! I remember it all now; he was playing the organ to us; see if he is out there." After Sir William's unsuccessful search his wife said, "Do you know, he's such an absent-minded man that I feel it quite possible he's forgotten that he's let the house to us and has gone to bed just as usual. Go at once and look in my room." When that was also unsuccessful, she said, "Perhaps that was not his room. Go and look in all the others." There was naturally much hilarity next day when all this was rehearsed to us.

I think I may emphatically say that everything connected with poetry had a fascination for Lord Beaconsfield. As an instance of this I may state from personal knowledge the eagerness with which he found, I may say unearthed, my life-long friend, the late Lord Byron, and this because the latter bore the name and was connected with a poet endeared to Disraeli. The great statesman was himself very near to being a poet, a seer . . . dramatic, tragic, mystic, Olympic. A bard with thunder

WHEN MUSIC SLEEPS 'TIS BUT TO DREAM OF SONG.

His Lounge Hall. Photograph by Sir James Denham.

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more than melody, but for all that, a poet. But the gods who so plenteously endowed him led him not thus far. Perhaps his heart found entrance at the gates but utterance failed him at the end. Great as is his fame and world-wide his life's work, it might have indeed been better for the endurance of his name had the power of song been his.

The statesman reaps his harvest in his life, the poet at his death! How few of the educated have I met who could clearly tell me of the great Chatham, but who is there unaware of Shelley, blind Milton, or Wordsworth, and even Goldsmith and Keats? for the statesman speaks but to Time, while the poet speaks to Eternity.

Lord Beaconsfield had the greatest veneration for the sonnet. "The best vehicle for thought," as he said, and agreed with my suggestion that if the sonnet be the vehicle for thought, lyrics are its wings. "I have all my life had the greatest desire, I might say ambition, to write a good sonnet," he said to me, and added, "I have made many attempts, but have come to the conclusion that, although conceivably it might be possible to write what might even be termed a poem without inspiration, this would be unthinkable in the case of a sonnet." "But," I tremulously hazarded, "your great life has been charged with inspirations; would they not also lead you as regards the sonnet?" I shall never forget his reply and the force with which it was uttered. "If men would more frequently follow the inspiration of the moment, there would be more of achievement. But inspiration of this kind is not for poetry. For such things a man must be born a poet, and no poet who is wise would thus waste his inspirations: certainly not in politics. Poetry is the one divine gift of the gods."

He was much interested in the story of the chance finding of Blanco White's great sonnet, by some considered the finest in the language. And on my asking did it not surprise him to find how few people know what a sonnet is, even some of the dictionaries describing it as a "short poem," the great man turned sharply on me and exclaimed, "Is there ever anything surprising in the ignorance of the public?" I ventured, "But, Sir, an *educated public!*" He gave me a sardonic smile as he said, "An *educated public!* You are last from Oxford and should know its limits."

When Lord Beaconsfield gave me this delicious opening regarding the limitations of the Don, I should not have been human had I not given him this reminiscence of undergraduate days. My tutor, Lewis Carroll, when he was first told (not indeed by me . . . that I never dared!) that I was endeavouring to edge up to the Muses, nearly had a fit, and told me that he felt pains and spasms for days. He said that for one man the poets had saved, there were millions they had damned, and that moreover if there were any imbecile inclined to be an ass, he was certain to be a young poet. This cheerful counsel remained with me and I made a resolution that I would never knowingly put myself in the way to meet the Muse, but that, if the maiden came out of her way to conciliate me, I would take her to my bosom. That was but human. This afterwards happened, and, singing as she bade me, the stave fell into the hands of Lewis Carroll. To my wonder he was delighted and prophesied such things for it, which have mostly been fulfilled, as the poem still lives. But the gist of the matter lies in this, that after Lewis Carroll had sealed it with his unexpected approbation, I faintly murmured, "I wonder what Sharp would

say!" Professor Sharp, be it known, held the position never filled by one of imagination, to wit, the Oxford Professorship of Poetry. "Look here!" said Lewis Carroll, quite angrily, "if you're going to ask what Professors and such like say, you'd better give up poetry and become an Oxford Don."

The quiet precision with which Lord Beaconsfield spoke, each word weighed without any betrayal of consideration, was one of the many marvels of the man. One realized a great force, a great mental force, behind the words, and a strong sincerity which even the manœuvres of his political career could not in any way weaken or dispel. It has been a frequent wonder to me whether the great work of his life or the personality of the worker was mostly responsible for the end which crowned a noble career. It is a difficult question. All that perhaps can be said is that there has always been something distinctive in appearance in men distinguished in the public imagination. I will mention no names, for the reader can supply them from his own knowledge, of men who have had considerable power in literature or politics, and yet there is nothing distinctive, nor may I add distinguished, in their appearance; and this explains the fact that they stop short while all but reaching the widespread prerogatives of the Great. What did not Wellington owe to his appearance? And Nelson, and Gladstone? And this is superlatively true of Beaconsfield, I thought, as I looked on the man, standing so quietly among his own Penates, his arm negligently resting on the mantelshelf, the posture pregnant with dignity and ease. I thought as I looked upon him: What need is there of labelling this man? He is himself the evidence of distinctness and distinction.

As we spoke, beneath us the interminable traffic of

London's season at its zenith passed to and fro. Under the great green trees of Hyde Park the spangled lights of innumerable carriages met and mingled with the passing night. How many were there of all the millions to whom Beaconsfield's name was as a household word who could have conjectured these quiet thoughts of his amid the cares and responsibilities as Pilot of our world-wide Empire!

It is less self-assertion than gratitude that bids me recall the countless exquisite pictures I have seen in life; pictures impossible to forget and eternal in their influence. The aged Queen Victoria in her brilliant Jubilee, a scene gorgeous as a garden and yet agleam as with the dewdrops of tears. What havocs of Time lay behind her, what uneaseful days would be hers even to the end! But no picture stands out so vividly in memory as does the figure of Beaconsfield set and framed in the brilliancy of the Lords as he made his great statement on the Eastern Question. Oh, believe me, it was not the man alone, nor even the gilded chamber wherein he spoke, nor the mixture of Norman and *nouveaux riches* who listened, that fulfilled the picture in its glory. The past added as much to that splendid scene as did the present. I could see him in the old days battling single-handed against opprobrium and unbelief. The man had everything against him except his own indomitable will. And now, through struggles manifold, he stood, the cynosure of the eyes of the world, in a chamber crowded from floor to ceiling, the Royalty of his land on the cross-benches and the beauty of England in its galleries. Was there ever so proud a moment for the rose of success that had struggled to blossom above its thorn?

And what of the man? Oh, that I had a voice to reach

afar, so that this that is in me should be realized in you, as for years it has been certain in me, that the greatness in life consists less in the work that achieves it than in the manner with which that greatness is worn. Some of you who read me have a longing for greatness. You think how fine a thing it would be, and how much it would adorn you. Have you ever thought, whether, if greatness were thrust on you, your nature has that sister-greatness which would enable you to adorn it? Beaconsfield, as he stood in that crowded House, seemed born for the dramatic part he played. There was neither acting nor pose about him. He was the mouthpiece of the moment, and his tones were certain and clear and resonant, reaching from the fathoms of a soul that nothing could daunt, dissuade or astound. He looked and spoke as if that was his hereditary part. There was no semblance of newness about him. It was the sublime antiquity of the Sphinx.

CHAPTER X

LORD SALISBURY'S FOREIGN POLICY

Ramblings in the Central Empires. Reminiscences of the Roumanian Sovereigns and my visits to them. I meet Baron von Eckardstein, late First Secretary, German Embassy. His Social Reminiscences. His Book and a Statement therein. A Talk with Lord Sydenham. His Lordship's Letter. Concise Synopsis of the Europe of the Nineties. A Diplomatist's View of the Policies of the Day. The Perilous Agilities of the Amateur Diplomatist.

LORD SALISBURY'S foreign policy always interested me: Gladstone's in itself never did; its results were another matter. One felt that Salisbury's was the work of a thinker and a diplomatist: Gladstone had little of the diplomatist, and with him foreign affairs had been no life study. Between the foreign policy of Salisbury and Gladstone was all that which differentiates Mind and Emotion. Several massacres would hardly have stirred Salisbury from a policy set and sensible, whereas one murder would obsess Gladstone to the removal of frontiers.

You were scarcely conscious of Lord Salisbury's capacity for satire and sardonic epigram when you saw him in his own rooms. He always struck me as more of a thinker than a satirist—essentially a man of thought. To my mind his real self was less satire than thought. In every sense he was a man of weight, and his conclusions carried conviction. I doubt if any Foreign Secretary of recent decades carried more weight in the Council Chambers of the world than did this descendant of the Cecils, and this

position he upheld with such dignity that one felt that the influence was inborn rather than acquired.

During Lord Salisbury's régime the Near East was always one of the most persistent of political perplexities. It was Lord Salisbury who first recognized and gave prominence to the claims of Roumania to be considered a factor of importance. Roumania for herself in the most unforeseen and romantic manner effected the rest. Under the late King, she helped to save Russia at a critical time in the Russo-Turkish War. The Russian Army, after the second defeat before Plevna, was baffled and discouraged; the Tsar was summoned to enable him to realize the situation. The Roumanian army was brought across the Danube, and King Charles (then Prince) was actually appointed to the supreme command of the Roumanian Army of the west, his Chief of the Staff being the Russian General Zotoff. The King led two divisions at the third battle of Plevna, and this signalized a new phase in the position and prestige of Roumania. The attack on the Grivitza Division was assigned to the Roumanians.

I shall never forget the welcome of King Carol in the audience he graciously accorded me. I was with him over an hour, and His Majesty accompanied me to the door and shook hands warmly as he reminded me not to be late for the visit to which he invited me on the following day. It was timed for 8.30 a.m. as His Majesty was leaving at 9.30. He had several equerries about, and a personage that looked like his Lord-in-Waiting, but what was my surprise, hearing a noise behind me as I walked down the corridor, to see the King hurrying after me with a diminutive card in his outstretched hand. "I have written you this," he said, "that you may not

be late." I reproduce this card, on which was written 8½—His Majesty meant 8.30.

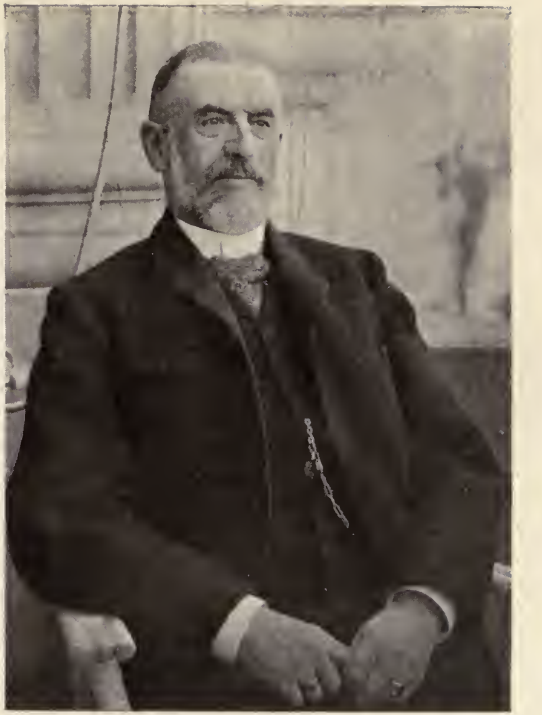
The present King was most difficult to photograph, as His Majesty kept on laughing at the stories I had told him. The one that most tickled him—"The laste taste of your dhrawers benathe your trousers"—and which he asked to be repeated that he might tell his wife—a daughter of our Duke of Edinburgh—is told on p. 174.

What a field for conjecture lies in the contemplation of what the world would be to-day had Lord Salisbury's policy been successful. It is one thing to conceive a programme; it is another thing to see it brought to birth.

Yet, with this appreciation of Lord Salisbury and his strong, dignified and manly predominance in foreign politics, we can never get away from the surrender of Heligoland. Efforts have been made to trace the part taken by the Admiralty in this proceeding. Was the Head of our maritime force apathetic or expostulative? It does his memory no credit if he was acquiescent.

When lately I spent some months in the Central Empires, and gathered upon the spot impressions of present conditions throughout the lands desolated with the dust of empire, I chanced upon a variety of people who in pre-war days had been more or less influential in the affairs of their several countries. One night I happened to find myself at dinner in company with Baron von Eckardstein, who for some years acted as Chief of the German Embassy in London during the many illnesses of Count Hatzfeldt, the Ambassador. The Baron at one time had many friends in England, and the friendship which King Edward accorded to him gave him much opportunity of estimating opinion near its fountain-head. He is, I think, the most broad-minded of leading Germans I have lately met,

His Majesty
THE KING OF ROUMANIA
From a photograph by Sir James Denham.



His late Majesty
KING CAROL OF ROUMANIA.
From a photograph by Sir James Denham.

Carol
Sept. 1907.

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and his opinions on the result of the war and German discomfiture may be summed up in the words: With so blind a move diplomatically, what else could one expect? the ambition of Germany was the courting of disaster.

The Baron spoke most openly, and was specially interesting on the social sidelights he is so qualified to give. It is a regret to me that he did not touch upon 1895 nor allude to the happenings of that year. Had he done so, I should have utilized the opportunity by asking him about certain portions of a book which bears his name, and which, I understand, was published since I saw him.

Considering that Lord Salisbury had so prominently espoused the cause of Turkey and was so fully convinced of the danger of trifling with the interests of the many nations concerned or interested, either in the continuity of the Ottoman Empire or in its partial appropriation by themselves, I confess I find a difficulty in crediting the following, especially as no one more than Lord Salisbury realized the effect there would be on the many Indian subjects of the Crown by any slight upon the Sultan, whose person is more or less sacred in the eyes of millions of Mussulmans.

In parenthesis I may add that in diplomatic circles it is a matter of common knowledge that Lord Salisbury, in the year 1895, was intent on moving in the matter of acquiring (by agreement with Germany) certain of the Portuguese Colonies, concerning the disposal of which her financial difficulties made Portugal agreeable.

"That August (1895) the Kaiser, in addition to this senseless yet most serious friction with his uncle," says the Baron, "also caused a deep and dangerous alienation of Lord Salisbury.

"Lord Salisbury had, in July, 1895, heavily defeated

the Liberals under Lord Rosebery. On my meeting him soon after at a political party at Lord Cadogan's, and congratulating him on his large majority, he asked me when I expected the Kaiser at Cowes that year, and how long he would stay. He gave me to understand that he wanted to discuss the Eastern Question with him personally, and would come himself to Cowes for that purpose. He asked me to give his private secretary, Eric Barrington, the exact date, which I duly did. I also reported the matter to my chief, Count Hatzfeldt, who, however, attached little importance to it at the time, as indeed no one could have foreseen how far Lord Salisbury's proposals would go.

"The meeting was arranged for the eighth of August on the *Hohenzollern* at a certain hour. The Kaiser waited and waited, but no Lord Salisbury. It was an hour past the time, and the Kaiser had got very impatient, when at last a steam cutter came alongside and Lord Salisbury hurried panting up the accommodation ladder, apologizing profusely for his involuntary delay. He was, as a matter of fact, in no way to blame, for the steam launch told off to bring him from East Cowes had broken down and another boat could not immediately be procured. But even if it had not been a case of *force majeure*, considerations of policy might well have induced the Kaiser to meet England's leading statesman with friendliness and to overlook the incident. Instead of which he showed his resentment markedly in his manner.

"In the ensuing conversation, Lord Salisbury came forward with a proposal for the partition of the Ottoman Empire between Germany, Austria and England. Of course, the acceptance of this bold and broad proposal must have resulted in the official accession of Great Britain to the Triple Alliance. And thus the goal that Bismarck

had been pursuing since 1875, but had himself been unable to put through, because England was not ready for alliance, would have been pulled off at one stroke. What the great economists of Germany, above all Friedrich Liszt, had perpetually preached would then have been attained. But it was not to be.

"The acceptance of this proposal would have solved at once one of Germany's most difficult problems. The surplus of its ever increasing population might have settled in the richest regions of the world, with a climate suitable for white settlers. Germany might easily have swelled to a people of over a hundred millions, instead of seeing the pick of its population continually passing over to foreign nationalities. But the opportunity of building up a greater Germany on a sound foundation was lost. German policy stayed in the rut in which it had stuck since Wilhelm's accession, a policy of pin-pricking the rest of the world and of pegging out claims in swampy and fever-stricken regions of Africa. And the last word of wisdom was still supposed to be the building a battle fleet to drive England into the arms of France and Russia, while grossly neglecting our land armaments.

"When, ten years later, I told August Bebel of this move of Lord Salisbury's, which was, of course, quite unknown to him, he clasped his hands over his head, saying: 'If that was really so, then Wilhelm and his advisers deserve to be hanged.'"

For all this clasping of hands, I, who am not a German, and consequently regard the matter from a different standpoint, feel certain misgivings with reference to the success of Lord Salisbury's projected settlement. When in doubt trump is an axiom excellent in a broader sense than that of mere cards, and I cast about me in my mind for some

court card, some specialist in diplomacy who might amend my judgment on the question.

Intellectual generosity is one of Lord Sydenham's great gifts in addition to the many which have won for him prestige, prominence and power. Utilized as is his every moment, this generosity moves him to take trouble with one's ignorance, and I have many a time benefited by the quiet, calm and illuminating way in which he would explain to me some political or diplomatic problem concerning which I was in doubt. Long before I was fortunate enough to know him, I had from time to time been very considerably assisted by the fearless, outspoken and logical criticisms made by Lord Sydenham in *The Times* and *Morning Post* on important current topics of the moment. And it is not only this small person who writes these pages who has been thus helped, but England herself has utilized his brain and experience by sending him on special missions to some of the prominent countries of Europe as well as that of the United States.

Most men with a long past of arduous labour for their land are content with the ease and laurels which await their return, but I believe that at this moment, with his incessant and courageously outspoken utterances, both in the House of Lords and in the Press, Lord Sydenham is doing as much service for the Empire to-day as he ever did in the past. It is worth recording that after he had spent years endeavouring to rouse the Government and the country to the need of reform at the War Office, the Government eventually appointed a War Office Reconstruction Committee of three, of which, indeed, Lord Sydenham was one, and he was recalled from his Governorship of Victoria to take his seat at the board. Many are re-called, but few are chosen.

It was only the other day that I thought as I sat in his room and listened to him: Good heavens! there are only two letters between Lord Sydenham's name and mine, and there are quite two leagues of land between my ignorance and his experience. Why, instead of placing a head upon my name, could he not have done so upon my shoulders?

With all this in mind I went over and had an afternoon with this distinguished man, and, as I was certain I should, I not only did learn much, but grew to look on certain political phases of the past in their proper light and value and trend. I would tell you much of this but that the fuller consideration of the matter prompted Lord Sydenham to send me the following letter. He adds to his kindness to me by permitting its publication.

Lord Sydenham's Letter

"Dear Sir James,

"I have been thinking over our conversation with the result that I gravely doubt the accuracy of Baron von Eckardstein's statements in regard to Lord Salisbury's contemplated policy in 1895. Fifteen years earlier Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury returned from Berlin bringing 'peace with honour'—a paraphrase of a saying of Cromwell which was calculated to become popular at the moment. It meant that a modification of the Treaty of San Stefano in favour of the Turks had been secured by British efforts. The main features of this temporary arrangement were the creation of the State of Roumelia under the suzerainty of the Porte and the right to garrison the Balkan Passes with Turkish troops. The first crumbled to pieces in the brief Serbo-Bulgarian War of 1885. The second proved a dead letter. Lord Salisbury's attitude

towards the Turkish question undoubtedly changed subsequently to the Berlin Congress as indicated by the speech in which he significantly referred to our 'backing the wrong horse.' I cannot recall the date of this pronouncement, but it impressed me at the time. As regards Germany, the surrender of Heligoland in 1900 may have been symptomatic of a desire for closer relations. My recollection is, however, that, owing to a mistake, we had violated some undertaking with respect to Zanzibar, and that Lord Salisbury was anxious to make amends. In any case, the cession of Heligoland gave Germany immense advantages in the Great War, and it is a curious fact that while the impossible attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles by using the Fleet was apparently sanctioned by the War Council, the relatively easy task of destroying the defences of Heligoland was — most wisely — dismissed as impracticable.

"Baron von Eckardstein states that on August 8, 1895, Lord Salisbury proposed, or intended to propose, to the Kaiser 'the partition of the Ottoman Empire between Germany, Austria and England,' and that August Bebel, when informed of this plan ten years later, remarked that, if this proposal was really made and refused, 'Wilhelm and his advisers deserve to be hanged.' You will notice that the story is peculiarly vague. Does 'partition' mean division into spheres of influence after the manner of the Anglo-Russian agreement dealing with Persia, or was it contemplated to treat the Ottoman Empire as Poland was treated in the eighteenth century? The distinction is important, although either project was, in my opinion, dangerous to the last degree apart from its cynical immorality. I cannot imagine any partition which would have been either acceptable to Germany or safe for our-

selves. Which Power, for example, would control Constantinople and the Straits—a vital point? How would the ports on the Ægean be divided among Powers each of which would require free access to the sea? What would become of Palestine? How would transit from the two Central Powers to their Protectorates or Possessions in Asia Minor be arranged? Austria alone had in 1895 a frontier marching with that of Turkey in the region of Novi Bazar. These are only a few of the questions that suggest themselves in regard to the geographical aspects of the partition. It may be regarded as certain that the German share of the inheritance of the Sick Man would be vigorously exploited and eventually turned into military occupation.

"This brings me to the question: How was the scheme to be carried out? The Turks have never been negligible as a military Power, and their best troops have always been recruited in Asia Minor. If they had been evicted from Europe in accordance with the 'bag and baggage' policy of Mr. Gladstone, they would have become more formidable than they are to-day. Their foothold in Europe has been their vulnerable point. Can it be believed that Lord Salisbury seriously contemplated a military alliance with Germany and Austria to compel Turkey to submit to the knife? It is inconceivable that he did not take Turkish resistance into account.

"If you consider the political possibilities involved in this alleged proposal, you will realize the disastrous consequences that might have followed. Russia would never have acquiesced and would have been able to oppose active resistance from her then strong position in Transcaucasia. Our possession of Cyprus, foreshadowed in Disraeli's novels, would of course have been valueless in the contingency for which it was supposed to provide, and on the Indian

frontier Russia could have given us infinite trouble. France has always jealously regarded her claims on Syria. Is it to be supposed that she would have placidly resigned herself to the partition of Asiatic Turkey? Bulgaria, after her defeat of Serbia, cherished ambitions which led her to the capture of Adrianople in 1912, and the effects upon the Balkan States generally of the opening up of great lines of communication between the Central Powers and their Ottoman territories would have been disturbing to the last degree.

"The policy outlined by Baron von Eckardstein would have permanently estranged us from Russia and France, and would probably have led to a European War. Assuming, however, that it was even approximately accurate, I can easily imagine that the Kaiser would not accept it. By 1895, German ambitions in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia were in process of expansion. The Kaiser might well have regarded co-operation in the despoiling of the Turk as not conducive to the success of his plans for German penetration to the Persian Gulf. The *Alldeutscher Blätter* on December 8, 1895, was able to state:

> "German interests demand that Turkey, in Asia at least, should be placed under German protection. The most advantageous step for us would be the acquisition of Mesopotamia and Syria and the obtaining of a Protectorate over Asia Minor.

"As far back as 1841, von Moltke had drawn attention to the strategic and economic importance of Asia Minor and the eager protagonists of the *Drang nach Osten* had long been active. In 1896 the projected Baghdad railway reached Konia, and in subsequent years the grip of the German financiers upon Turkey steadily tightened. Three

years after the meeting at Cowes the Kaiser descended with great pomp and ceremony upon the Near East and announced himself as the champion of Islam. All this and the tardy misgivings in this country form a long and complex story; but I think I am justified in believing that, when Lord Salisbury met the Kaiser, the latter was deeply immersed in schemes for the Germanization of Asiatic Turkey at least, and that the proposal for a tripartite agreement was most unlikely to appeal to him.

"I therefore come to the conclusion that Baron von Eckardstein's information is at fault, and that no proposals of such magnitude, fraught with such danger to the peace of Europe, were made by Lord Salisbury. If they were made, it could only be with the idea of sounding the Kaiser in confident expectation of his refusal. On the other hand, foreseeing troubles in the Near and Middle East, Lord Salisbury may have made some suggestions in the vain hope of securing a friendly understanding. Sir Edward Grey's efforts in this direction on the eve of the Great War are already forgotten, and his draft African and Baghdad Treaties, which were rejected at Berlin, went further in the direction of graceful concession than some of us would have approved. It is upon these negotiations that Prince Lichnowsky based his conclusive refutation of the 'encirclement' policy which the Germans have attributed to us as the justification of their military madness. Considering the powerful commercial and industrial position that Germany had built up, that she was steadily acquiring control of the industries of other nations, that emigration had almost ceased some years before the War and that Sir Edward Grey was offering fresh opportunities for German exploitation, I find the reasons for her sudden furious

attack upon the liberties of Europe more and more incomprehensible.

"Yours sincerely,

"SYDENHAM."

March 20th, 1922.

If for yourselves you could see Lord Sydenham's sanctum with its scores of books containing his brain's output, you would realize, as does this writer, the kindness of thus sparing so much of his valued time in the thought necessary to the penning of the above letter.

Having seen with my own eyes and realized with my own heart and brain the hapless state of affairs at present visible in the Central Empires, one cannot but wish that the practised, practical, professional diplomatist were more often evidenced in the nation's counsels, for, believe me, there is no more deadly danger in the council chambers of the world than the amateur diplomatist and an ignorance too gross to be cognisant of its limits.

LORD SYDENHAM OF COMBE, G.C.M.G.

Sydenham of Combe.

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XI

GLADSTONE

The Old-World Prejudices of Cliques and Classes. Days of Lukewarm Convictions. The Buddhist at the Banquet. The God of Gold upon its Pedestal of Greed. The Scene in the Lobby between Bradlaugh and the late Lord Norton. Gladstone's Part in Irish Disestablishment and Home Rule. A Luncheon Party in Grosvenor Square—An Instance of Gladstone's Marvellous Memory. My Union Speech and Gladstone's Reference to it. Browning damns the Negative—Gladstone's Rejoinder "The True Poet is his own Rule." A Ducal Reminiscence—"John, hand the Cake." Mrs. Gladstone's Openness of Nature—Her Midnight Window-Call of "Tea Upstairs." Mrs. Gladstone's Quick Changes. Lady Ailesbury's Triple Crown. The Antagonisms of Titanic Times. An Argument with Gladstone—Is the Poet deserving of Praise whom the Gods inspire? Gladstone's Silent Passage through the Streets of his Triumph.

YOU who read can barely realize the chasm which in Victorian days separated those of diverse politics or creeds. It was not a placid chasm either. It was one of vituperous enmity. In those days one did not admit to one's friendship, still less to one's intimacy, people tainted with opposing opinions. When he heard that I had been seen talking to Mr. Gladstone, my own brother-in-law considered the middle of St. George's Channel, minus lifebelt or raft, the proper place for me, or else the safe seclusion of the edifice over which he so emphatically presided as Governor of Kilmainham. He was an Irishman of the old school, but there were many of the old school who were not Irish. These days have no conception of the prejudices of the past. I do not exaggerate when I say that, despite the fact that I was

always a strong Tory, and from earliest years had endeavoured to do my bit for that decadent Party, my veneration for Gladstone as a man, and respect and admiration for his stupendous mental powers, would have brought me short shrift in many and many a house where ignorance for this, my admiration, allowed me to be received with the kindliest of welcome.

Incredulous as it may seem in these days of lukewarm convictions, hundreds of doors would have been shut to me had I written yesterday as a wider tolerance allows me to write to-day. Should we indeed call it tolerance or apathy ? I tell you, so seems it, that all that once was virile in conviction has also winged its way across the waves.

Nowadays, provided you are popular and well placed, you may believe what you will and be equally well received. This is by no means the result of a riper Christian charity, nor of that intellectual growth which engenders tolerance. Not a semblance of it ! It is more the result of the decadence of belief, and thereby the living adrift without faith or foundation. We have ceased to care for anything sufficiently to make it worth our while to guard belief with the vigilance of distrust. I feel assured that if, like the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, I turned Moslem, or even Buddhist, as did Mr. St. George Fox Pitt, I should not lose one whit of social esteem nor one mouthful at any desirable banquet. In these days you can turn your back on Christ and still be received at dinner, and at most tables you will meet the Jew who crucified Him, but not the penitent thief who shared His redemption.

Oh ye, who read me in quiet places, wherein perhaps is solitude and rest, is there not food for thought in this ? Is it not pain to read such words if they be true ? Never-

theless, whatsoever you say, *they are true*. Is it a credit to us, English born of Norman sires, of doughty Danes that swept the seas, sons of the Saxons and the high-souled Celt—how made they this land so strong? Look at each Cathedral town, and wherever a lofty spire pierces the overhanging cloud, there stand for Time the milestones of their faith, and now, believe me, there is scarcely enough of belief in one city as would overlap our wallets. The old traditions are going, even as old faiths have mainly gone, manners too, and all the gentle fascinations of sex, which in old times helped towards the continuance of our race, and nothing matters but Money! The blast of bullion, the reveille of riches, ring through the land. We have not sense nor silence for any other sound, and so it will be so long as we enshrine the God of Gold upon its Pedestal of Greed. The Press panders to it, and even poetry is not untainted. New men are manufactured by this new-made mammon, and they have neither sympathy nor knowledge of the makings of an Empire which their new methods are impotent to grasp and hold.

As an instance of the enormous change the past half century has seen in the position and prestige of religious belief, let me tell you of a scene I witnessed at Westminster. I happened to be in the precincts of the House when that famous scene was enacted between Bradlaugh and the late Lord Norton. It was during Bradlaugh's struggle to relieve himself of the oath, and right and left he dazed the eyes of the remnants of the Christian world with his denials of a God. Lord Norton was one of the most quenchless of Catholics, using this word in its right and non-Romish sense. He would budge no fraction of an inch from the Faith of his fathers, and considered all trafficking with Truth (with a very big T) a degeneracy not only of spiritual

but of Imperial decadence. He had not troubled to mince matters concerning his opinion of Bradlaugh. Had spoken right out of whatever he had of soul, and this Bradlaugh resented and violently accosted him in the Lobby. I was standing talking to Lord Norton, and shall never forget that scene. So strongly did differences of opinion then surge, that it was many weeks before Lord Norton felt purified from that vocal contagion.

It is wise, perhaps, to mention for the understanding of younger readers that, up to the date whereof I write, all members-elect, before being qualified to sit in the Commons, had to take the oath as before God. Bradlaugh, who had been elected and re-elected for Northampton, contended that it was idle to bring in the Name of a Personage non-existent, and agitated for a seat minus the onus of an oath. In these days this would be a trivial matter. It was not so in the eighties, and from one end of England to the other there was clamour, contest and consternation.

Gladstone, who was accounted the most unscrupulous politician of his time, was in my belief the most conscientious of men. It was this very conscientiousness that offered foundation for accusations of inconsistency. Intellectuality was to him as a god. His mind lived to learn, and it was not seldom that the riper light of the morrow eliminated the lodestar of to-day. He was a searcher after light, and no matter how far the summit might be, there looked he to find his beacon.

This writer does not say all this from conclusions gathered from Gladstone's speeches or books. He has had talks an hour at a time with that great man, and as a rule it does not take two minutes to probe the mental falsity of most. He would think and think and ruminate and consider before he answered a word, and this, not as your lawyer for

love of concealment, but rather for the finding of truth at its fullest. This thought I could understand if the conversation had been political, but when the talk was of Great Truths, axioms of belief, and tenets whereto clung the tendrils of intelligent progress, it was masterful to note the humble care he manifested that the conclusion whereto he arrived should be stablished on common sense and justice and logic. Of a truth his impetuosity lay rather in his rhetoric than in his religion, or in that spiritual insight which in its strong belief is even a religion to itself. Is it likely that a man can be so double-natured that in all matters of soul and intellect he serves but one God, and that in politics he recognizes Baal and Moloch and Belial ?

You may take it from me as the result of much close observance of men, that the mind which in small matters is the devotee of right will not in large be devious of wrong. And so, though I have countless wiser people against me, this is my opinion of the great man who for many years swayed our Imperial interests and was five times Prime Minister of England.

It is one of the deadly mishaps of greatness that all manner of small men can hurl the nearest brick, and that coteries of politicians can collaborate a character to suit the purports of their individual political aspirations. It is thus more than ever the duty of contemporaneous facilities for observation to speak out as they have seen and draw their conclusions as their souls enforce them. For my own part this did not influence what I thought and what I said on many a public platform. Gladstone as a man was one thing, as a politician he was another, but he threw his whole soul into each, and that whole soul was one and the same, for he was altogether above trimming it for the sake of any political end or advancement. As proof of this,

remember how he dislocated the unity of a great Party by his conversion to Home Rule. A mere place-hunter would have stood where he was, but his conversion cost him most of his friends and the superb power which had hitherto been his. A man whose mind was essentially ecclesiastic, and who had numbers of clerics as his friends, a man, too, steeped in the traditions of Oxford, he yet jeopardizes his position as a Churchman by actuating his convictions regarding the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. He had little to gain by this: he had everything to lose. Circumstances many times seemed against him, but not for those who have eyes to look beneath the surface and clarity enough to comprehend the difficulties they do not share.

Allusion has been made above to the various talks I was privileged to have with Gladstone, but what more infinitely astonishes me than the conversations is that I was ever able to edge in a word. I have seen many who may be said to have spoken with the great man, but they were never heard. Gladstone, once he was wound up, was akin to an alarm clock. You could not stop him, and the only thing that prevented alarm on the listener's part was the fact that the speech was so vehement and virile and volcanic that it was difficult to attach meaning to it. Baron von Eckardstein records that when, owing to the illness of his Chief, he was in full charge of the German Embassy, Gladstone, meeting him at Lord Cadogan's, spoke to him at some length, with never a halt, regarding the situation of the Central Empires. There were two humorous sides to this—firstly, the Baron did not comprehend a word; secondly, that Gladstone in this one-sided conversation had mistaken the listener for one of the Austrian Embassy.

This, I believe, that regarding politics, in a matter concerning which the great man had made up his mind he would address his listener with vehement velocity, nor was there either the edging in of a word nor the stopping of him. I never had a political conversation with him, so had experience of none of that. But, concerning a point of belief or truth, art or poetry, his mind might not be assuredly made up, and his utterance was slower with those pauses which sometimes rendered rejoinder a possibility. That was where I occasionally came in.

At a small luncheon party in Grosvenor Square I heard Gladstone say a fine thing. There had been talk of vitriolic vituperations lately rioting to and fro. "My memory," said Gladstone, "has no room for the venom of inconsiderables." What a fine saying this is and how excellently put! When I consider my own small life and the obstructions of the mentally immature, assuredly there would have been no room for progress had I stooped to be obsessed by them. These are what Gladstone would call the inconsiderables. But in an after talk with him he confessed that the considerables gave him pain, but, he added, men whose opinions really matter rarely attempt to wound in this way. There is appreciation of the difficulties and perhaps admiration for the endeavour, even though the achievement be not to their liking. This poor writer thanks God that the real workers of his time have been with him, and if there be anything in his work, helpful in the present or enduring in the days to come, it is due to the kindliness and the comfort of words worth hearing. I have to thank the Grand Old Man for many such, and it is a memory worth keeping with one's treasures that one so great should have noticed one so small.

At this same luncheon a noteworthy thing happened

which instances Gladstone's marvellous memory. There was much agitation at the time regarding Russia's supposed designs on the East. Present at the table was a man who, but a few days before, had returned from an extended tour. To the lady next him he gave many interesting details of his time abroad, and to these the great man began to listen, and in the end we all listened, and the traveller was speaking to the table, Gladstone completely intent. He asked the traveller many questions, and afterwards said to me: "Do you know Mr. So and So; what do you think of his account?" I answered that I had never met him before, but that his words made a great impression on me because nothing was asserted that did not seem drawn from most carefully weighed conclusions and that the thoughtfulness of the speaker's mind rendered random deductions as unlikely. "It may be taken," I added, "that the data he mentioned was open for all to see, and that the average thoughtful observer would be compelled to similar conclusions." It was less than a week afterwards that in the House of Commons I heard Gladstone include in his speech every item of importance we had listened to at that luncheon, and its effect was telling on the House. I subsequently met that travelled man and casually asked him had he seen or communicated with Gladstone since we met at luncheon. He replied in the negative. He had not seen Gladstone's speech, nor did I inform him.

Gladstone was a glutton for annexing knowledge. Whilst Disraeli gave one the impression that he paid more attention to the placing of his replies epigrammatically, Gladstone was eagerness itself to get at the bottom of your mind and rob you of its contents. He would ask you many questions and what was very much rarer would await the reply. I wonder if people realize how rare a quality this is.

A dear woman friend of mine got a neat snub from an Irish butler through lack of the quality which Gladstone so abundantly possessed. We were turning homeward from the Park when she said: "I must go round by Grosvenor Place and ask how poor So and So is." So and So, be it said, was seriously ill. We knocked at the door, and a footman appeared with the butler standing behind him. My friend said: "How is Lady So and So? Will you say that Mrs. Blank called to inquire?" She then turned to scuttle off for luncheon, but this being too much for the butler he pushed aside the footman and said: "You might as well know how her Ladyship is, she's dead, Mum." I improved that occasion by casually mentioning to my friend that I'd known her for years asking me sackloads of questions but there was scarcely a bushel of any replies that had reached her. Don't you think there are many people made in a very odd way? Some people seem anxious to impress you with what they know but never make any effort to know more. If they live long enough they run dry. It is astounding the number of dry people about. One especially notices it after one's return from a time abroad. You see people in the same old street, the same old house, the same old ignorance. Nothing has moved since your departure.

Unfortunately, the story I now tell savours somewhat of egoism, but as it depicts a noteworthy trait in Gladstone's character, it must be told. This writer's first acquaintance with the great man commenced under circumstances not at all likely to be auspicious. My brother, whose house was exactly opposite Gladstone's, saw a good deal of him. I was at the time an undergraduate at Christ Church. Party feeling ran high at Oxford as elsewhere. Gladstone's was not a name to conjure by amongst blue-blooded Tories who

are even hotter in youth than in the bigotry of age. Those indeed were days at the Union, and such as heard Lord Curzon of Kedleston denouncing the Liberals furnished themselves with memories unlikely to fade. He was amongst the few orators that England has of late produced, and I should say was a speaker from his birth. I should like to hear what his nurse has to say on the subject. I am inclined to think that Curzon was in the Presidential chair of the Union, that youthful nursery of debate, when a motion "That in the opinion of this House Mr. Gladstone has ceased to merit the confidence of the country" was put down as the subject for discussion. The House was crowded from corner to corner, and the gallery contained several noteworthy members of the Gladstone family. There was Talbot, Conservative member for the University, who had married a Lyttelton ; and his brother, Warden of Keble, afterwards Bishop of Rochester ; there was Herbert Gladstone, and I think Henry, and one or two of their sisters. It was about the time that the Army and Navy Stores, lately instituted, was arousing great animosity amongst retail traders, and various co-operative stores were being started throughout the country to the anticipated detriment of the old-fashioned establishments.

He was at the time attempting to obtain the suffrages of, I think, Greenwich, and the local tradesmen had approached him asking him if he dealt with the co-operative stores. To these he judiciously replied that he would not dream of doing such a thing. After the opener of the debate had made his vehement speech, there naturally followed the counter denunciation from the Liberal side, and then, as was arranged by our Party, my turn came. Of that speech I recollect nothing save the ending, except that it was vehement and vitriolic. I wound up by de-

claring that Mr. Gladstone need make no merit of not dealing with the Stores. What merit forsooth was his for such negation? Why need he deal anywhere? He had ample sustenance for a lifetime in the eating of his own words on the Eastern Question. I then sat down and there was much roaring in an excited House and considerable laughter in which the Gladstone family joined. The point is this, that in a few weeks, when my brother brought me across the street and presented me to the great statesman he, being himself a Christ Church man and ex-President of the Union, and as such taking a natural interest in Oxford, exclaimed as he took my hand: "I hear that you have been making yourself merry at my expense at the Union!"

Mr. Gladstone, I should say, had little capacity for humour unless streaked with satire. It was not easy for him to see the humorous side of a thing at first sight. He might subsequently do so, but it would be an afterthought. It would be difficult to declare that there was any super-abundance of humour in any of his Cabinets. There was in truth a depth and breadth of intellect in them that would be a stultifier in any Cabinet of to-day. You cannot easily reproduce the intellect, for instance, of Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne), or of the Duke of Argyll; but it would be prominently unfair to delete Ward Hunt from the list. He was a man, as I remember him, with whom it was impossible to be dull, and who would always see the glimmer of humour which lit the twinkle of your eye. If not a large man intellectually, he was distinctly great physically, scaling over twenty stone; but there was no corresponding ponderousness in his utterances. Ward Hunt was successively First Lord of the Admiralty and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it was when he had been accused of some slidings in connection with his Admiralty

administration that Mr. Punch was witty at his expense. At this date, I cannot recall the exact words, but the sense of them ran as follows: "Change of name by Royal Licence —Ward Hunt to Ward the Slipper." You will find an account of his son in an after chapter entitled "Concerning Sports and Sporting."

And now I must try to record a few of the many noteworthy things this great man said to me. Alas, that no book was kept at the time, and alas that so much is lost! I laughingly once said to him: "Are you aware, Mr. Gladstone, that they say you don't know the number of your own door?" He turned quickly on me those eagle eyes of his and said: "And what if it is so! I never burden my mind with anything that anyone else can tell me. I burden my mind *with what they can't.* You must recollect," he continued, "that there is a limit to what the brain can hold. Any Red Book can tell me the whereabouts of my house, but there are many reference books that cannot give me what I want, and it's those things I keep in my head." How often this saying has held me as I have turned out from memory Time's trivialities by the sackful! How equally have I laboured to affix indelibly in remembrance things which once lost could never be replaced! Later on in this volume the instincts of very gratitude will necessitate the recording of great sayings by great men which I myself have heard, sometimes indeed addressed to me, and assuredly my life has been the richer for them. Such, in truth, are the things worthy of remembrance.

Another time I told him of what Browning had said to me. That great poet strongly laid down that no negative should be used where you could possibly assert the affirmative. I was absolutely astounded, for that seemed to me to reduce poetry to prose. "Along his lonely

way no floweret bloomed nor song of bird uplit the shadowland." "Surely, Mr. Browning," I said, "if you delete the negative you force me to say in very bald fashion 'the traveller's way was jolly drear and it was deadly silent all round.'" Nevertheless the author of "The Ring and the Book" persisted in his anathema of the negative. All this I rehearsed to Gladstone, who asserted: "Rules are not made for poets; the true poet is his own rule."

No man was ever more carefully looked after, not even Wordsworth by his sister Dorothy, than was Gladstone by his wife. I don't think that Mrs. Gladstone had one thought in life beyond and except "dear William." But I must say that I felt it painful beyond words to hear so great a man alluded to as "dear William." It sounded an infinite bathos. I can recall but one similar spasm which always agitated me when I heard the late Duchess of Rutland allude to her husband, a Cabinet Minister as well as a Duke, as "John." The first time I heard it, it sounded unusually crude. I was the only person at the tea table, and the Duchess turning to the Duke said, "John, hand the cake."

As, seemingly, we have touched the fringe of the humorous, I may as well mention incidents of which I was often the unwilling spectator, and indeed there was little option left to the observer, such was Mrs. Gladstone's openness of character and mind. Before the Gladstones' move to Carlton House Terrace, they occupied the house which, if my memory does not mistake, was so long the residence of that great man, Sir Charles Lyell (who, by the way, appeared in feature to be as much the descendant of the monkey as did the famous Darwin. When you got to their minds, it was another matter). This writer was

at the time frequently the guest of his brother, whose house was immediately facing that of the Gladstones. My bedroom exactly confronted theirs. Mrs. Gladstone had an absolute mania for fresh air. Every window of the house was open, including those of their bedroom, and blinds were an inconsequent superfluity. Mrs. Gladstone was also a devoted and perhaps indiscreet tea-drinker, and her veneration for this orgy was actuated at times so awkward that, what with blazing internal lights and windows unblushingly unblinded, the common public took their share in the domestic felicities. It is often and often that I myself have seen the revered figure of Mrs. Gladstone unroyally disarrayed, as she leant over the windowsill and communicated to Henry or Herbert, as they twiddled the latchkey at the hall door, that there was tea upstairs.

Of course, every odd story in London that could not be mothered on Mrs. Learmouth or Lady Beaconsfield was peremptorily roosted on Mrs. Gladstone. Thus, when the latter lady was bidden to a " dine and sleep " at Windsor, it was strenuously asserted that the Premier's wife, to avoid the bother of superfluous luggage, wore her dinner dress under her outer, and so was likely, in theatrical phrase, to consummate a quick change. No one loved such recitals more than Queen Victoria, and I remember that my yarn concerning that wonderful personage known as " Maria Marchioness " (the then Dowager Lady Ailesbury) was repeated to her. The story was that Maria Marchioness, being one of a large house party at Eaton Hall, and finding that in the haste of packing she had no time for bandboxing her head-gear, made an *ensemble* of her three hats, and wore them as doth the Pope his triple crown. It was a wonder to her friends this unusual pontifical appearance, as she disappeared from the ducal residence.

Mrs. Gladstone, unlike Lady Salisbury, had little organizing capacity, and the *ménage* in the metropolis was equalled only by that at Hawarden, and there was much of happy-go-lucky in a heart and mind more than filled by solicitude for the care and well-being of that great man, her husband. Very otherwise were the distinctive qualities of the great man himself. I shall never forget his showing me round the library at Hawarden. Every book had its place, and he knew them all. And such was his knowledge, even of trifles, and such his kindliness of heart and capacity for saying the gracious word (and may I be exempted from all charge of vanity in the recital, for such kindliness is a thing of gold that should not be ignored), that he actually said to me, a person of no importance: "Here *I* sit; and there, not far, as you see, are *your* books." These beautiful traits of character are amongst life's memorable things, and as such how can they be left unrecorded?

Mr. Gladstone's love of poetry, and indeed knowledge of it, was sincere and large. He had much of the Homeric in his temperament, and a joy, if not indeed a gladness, in country life, which was more than a wonder in one whose great work was mostly amid the masses of mankind. But whereas most would have taken their joy in country life from the rose, the lily, the crocus, or the daffodil, his Homeric fancy centred more absolutely in his oaks, and, if perforce he felled them, it is as likely as not that he persuaded himself it was for their good. There was much of the oak in the Grand Old Man himself, and there were not wanting many amongst millions whose one desire was that he himself could as easily be felled. But an equal was needed to do so, and where indeed was that antagonist to be found? Disraeli had many a try at it. It is indeed

past comprehension what would have happened if there had been no Gladstone for Disraeli and no Disraeli for Gladstone. They were as weights counterbalancing each other in the swinging pendulum of politics. Nothing in the petulant anger of these days can in any way approach the polish and precision of those barbs winged across the table, the unerring shafts of subtle satire. To-day as I walk along the misty streets, and all of beauty seems to have irrevocably passed, my mind turns backward as I walk, and again I see that crowded House electric with the animosities of men as they fought out the antagonistic issues which agitated those Titanic times.

Mr. Gladstone not only delighted in poetry, he frequently tried his hand at it, not always with success, it is true, and one cannot but think that had Mrs. Asquith's proclaimed respect for him been as sincere as it sounds, she would have withheld the stanzas of which she was the inspiration.

I had the supreme satisfaction of winning over the great man to agreement, although at first he argued in every way against a statement of mine. The assertion was as follows: From earliest youth I have firmly held, as indeed riper experience forces me to hold more strenuously now, that, whereas, in all other walks of thought or achievement, the man who furthers progress, or gives added excellence either to Art or Beauty, is deserving praise in proportion to achievement. He is the originator of that by which we are enriched. Wherefore to him all honour. This honour he has not obtained otherwise than by the uphill thorny paths of long labour, frequent disheartenments and all the discomforts and discomfortings of time and tears.

But with the poet it is infinitely otherwise. One

supreme electric moment of inspiration may make him famous for all time. Burns would have fulfilled his life in following the plough had not the gods spoken to him in whispering wind and revelling rill. My contention is that the man is nothing without the inspiration. Is it not therefore the inspiration that we should crown? It is a veritable truth that, when the poet descends to mechanism, or the astute prominence of intellectuality, from that moment poetically he is dead, and only the skilful and somewhat laboured writer is born. But when man ceases to be altogether himself, and yields himself as a cipher to an intuition, if not an inspiration, beyond the grasp or ken of ordinary mortality, then for a spell he mixes himself with the Divine, and has a message of Beauty and Love and Purport for the ailing souls of men. And where are those beautiful spirits to whom rightfully belong our laurels and our epitaphs of brass? They indeed are the realizers of some beautiful thought, and not the poet who poses as its author. To some gentle spirit, invisible except in dream, belongs the inception. Its whisper in the poet's ear is inspiration; but the man is only the medium, the deathless spirit is Time's singing voice.

I told Gladstone of the small place the poet deserves in the praises of men. He was at first greatly amused, but when he realized I was in earnest, his language was distinctly antagonistic, and in every way he belittled the idea. "I confess," he said, "that I am unable to deny the fullest praise to any who enrich our thoughts or add to knowledge, and the poets must share in our gratitude in proportion as they contribute like other men." Turning sharply, almost fiercely, on me, he said: "And why would you rob the poet? Has he no share in this? Has *he* done

nothing ? " I thereupon trimmed a little by adding that of course the poets deserved some consideration inasmuch as, unlike the rest of men, they placed themselves in a position wherein there was possibility of being in touch with the Infinite. It is the noise of life and Time's incessant turmoil that strangles many an immortal utterance. We cannot serve two masters, and it is in that endeavour that we experience the futility of thought. " Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile," was not said of flowerless lands of arid sand. Rather was it some secluded spot, filled with the waiting silence, ready and receptive for the distant Voice.

This talk with Gladstone happened in a wonderful way. Past midnight I was sitting in the Gallery of the House of Commons. Looking down I saw the great man gathering his papers and he passed behind the Speaker's Chair. An inspiration came to me. As hard as I could I descended those stairs and was round at the Members' Entrance. There, to my delight, I saw Gladstone emerging. Living opposite to him, and knowing he was an ardent prowler by night, I gathered my courage in my hands (remember I was very young) and went up to him and said : " Mr. Gladstone, if you are walking home, may I walk with you ? " He said : " Certainly, come along." And we walked through St. James' Park, past Marlborough House, up St. James' Street, across Piccadilly and into Bond Street, and so to the regions of Cavendish Square. It was not long afterwards that at Hawarden, referring to this walk and talk, he said : " I think I am with you in that idea of yours. When you told me about meeting the gods halfway, the thought seemed feasible, and I may say that I am partially with you." Years afterwards, indeed it was, so to speak, but yesterday, I included this conception of the Poet in

the following sonnets contained in "The Gates of Dream." If you care for them, here they are :

TRANSMITTED SONG.

Within the music of familiar things—
  The sea, the night-wind's whisperings to the pine—
  The Poet hears an utterance divine :
And singeth as the Voice unto him sings :
His song ascends on spiritual wings ;
  They're not his own, these songs that sing and shine
  Amid the roses and the jessamine,
And in the silences the twilight brings :

They're not his own, those voices from afar,
  'Tis only his to listen and respond ;
  Singing in him, there sounds the Great Beyond,
As light wherewith the gold sun crowns the star ;
  And, as his spirit waxes firm and fond,
He gathers echoes where the great songs are.

TRANSMITTED LIGHT.

We praise the moon, and call her Queen of Light,
  And poets have made sonnets to a star,
  We say, how wonderful their glories are,
Revealing the sweet loveliness of night !
We say, that but for them, our blinded sight
  Would be imprisoned in the night's grim bar,
  But, led by them, we reach high Heaven afar,
Like Love, their lustre makes life's shadow bright :

But, of themselves, they have no lustre ; they
Are plenished by the sun's immortal ray :
Their light, transmitted from the sun, is blent,
Shining from continent to continent :
  And thus the poet is but voiceless clay,
But for the pinions to his music lent.

But the sadder part of the Poet's life has yet to be sung. I doubt if any Poet's life has been reasonably happy. There is always the loneliness when the song has passed and the wing is not swift or strong enough for the uplifting.

LIFE'S SWEETEST SONG IS WHEN THE NIGHT IS NIGH.

This, of the poet is sad truth to say—
  If he hath wings they are but seldom spread;
  He hath less store of smiles than tears unshed;
Living by night, he loses half life's ray;
His soul chafes ever to be on its way;
  And when by some fair fancy he is led,
  'Tis to be left in a far land unfed,
To grope through darkness back to desolate day:

  Oh, Mighty Dead, ye know it more than I:
The richest roses have the ripest thorn:
  Life's sweetest song is when the night is nigh:
Yet, would ye change for any monarch born?
  All things are nothing, forgotten and gone by,
That supreme moment when Song meets the Morn!

And alas and alas, that the Great are not as Immortal in visible form as they are in fame! It was a drear night when altogether accidentally I happened to be on the District Railway at Westminster about midnight. I saw on the platform a diminutive little crowd of men. Asking I was told that the remains of Mr. Gladstone were awaited by this circuitous method of transit from Euston Station. And so through the starlit night the great man passed through the silent streets, the scene of so many a crowded triumph, to the honour and dignity of his rest in the Abbey amid the Immortals of his land.

COLONEL FRED GORE.

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XII

CONCERNING SPORTS AND SPORTING

The Ineffaceable, Irreplaceable, Rollicking Soul of Sport. A Sport at Birth is Sportsman to the End. The Two John Watsons—A Tree-Climber and Builder of Herons' Nests at 70. The late Lord Harrington. Harry de Windt. Colonel Seymour Vandeleur. Sir Hercules Langrishe. The late Christian Allhusen of Stoke Court—A Story of a Statue. A Politician as a Sportsman—Recollections of Walter Long. Colonel Fortescue Tynte and his Salmon. "The Call of the Broom." A Baronet dines with a Crossing-Sweeper. An Estate saved by a Spaniel. The late Lord Guilford. The late Sir John Astley and his Wager. Inspiration in Sport as well as in Art. A Peer does me over a Dog. Dog Loss recouped by an Extraordinary Bet. The late Lord Cunyngham. His Bet originates the "Roadways of London."

TALK of your politicians; eulogize your poets; but what would old England be without her sportsmen? They are the inherent heart of the nation. Its throb vibrates around the race-course, quickens to impetuosity at sight of "bullfinch," and marks as it were the very heart-beat of life around the boxing-ring, and when the footballers seethe and surge from goal to goal.

Though the war deletes many an honoured tradition and the demarcations of our olden delights are eradicated or removed, and many dreams lie numbered with the dead, one thing that Time can never erase or any age enfeeble is the ineffaceable, irreplaceable, rollicking soul of Sport!

And what will not a man do for it? Although mayhap we ride to Death, we shall outride Dull Care. The

mother-in-law is forgotten and the wife's last utterance, which somehow never is her last.

Joyous as the lark we rise at dawn, so be to reach the covertside in time. Vanity at the start as regards our spick-and-span turn-out, there is no trace of it on our return, begrimed by mire and defaced by mud. At dinner we will even stoop to mendacity, so that as none were ahead of us in the race none shall surpass us in romance.

Oh, what sacrifices will we not make to you, ye gods of Sport! Jeopardizing life and limb is as nothing. We seek no reward. There is no crown at stake. As the duck swims or skylark sings this is our nature, and so it is that whether in the tropic zones or forests where malaria reigns, within the trenches or battling up the bristling sides of citadels, the quenchless courage of the Briton stands him good.

A sport at birth is sportsman to the end. "Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety." These words addressed by Domitius Enobarbus, the friend of Antony, to Mæcenas, the intimate of Cæsar, refer to Cleopatra. With apologies to the Bard of Avon I alter the personal pronouns. No modern words could be more appropriate in describing the sportsman's imperishable instinct.

I will tell you a wonderful story, which illustrates how the instincts of sport outlive the inroads of time. During my many visits to Castle Howard, the Irish place so beautifully situated above Moore's celebrated "Meeting of the Waters," I used constantly to ride over and see that dear old veteran sportsman, Mr. Booth, father-in-law of the well-known John Watson, Master of the Meath Hounds, and polo player. A wonderful sport was dear old Booth! Greatly

interested in a lake I was building, he said he also must have one, so we set to work at his place. When the lake was created, he was mad to have herons there, and moved heaven and earth to engender a heronry, but all to no avail. He thereupon, being well over seventy, collected twigs and sticks, and, affixing them to his back, essayed the task of climbing the pine trees. This, notwithstanding the difficulty and peril, he successfully accomplished, and when at the summit built the most seductive of nests. We then secreted ourselves and watched; we saw several supercilious married couples pass, but finally there came along a lazy honeymoon pair who ostensibly wished to spare themselves all unnecessary trouble. They were sick of house hunting. Here was a residence ready made. To spare them further fatigue old Booth had bought some eggs and these he had placed in the nest. The lazy ones were infinitely satisfied, and in due course hatched out a brood which they had the insolence to call their offspring.

Many are the tales I could tell of the John Watsons, a family infinitely to the fore in everything appertaining to sport. John Watson senior was M.F.H. County Kilkenny, while John Watson junior was the Master of the Meath Hounds. When the senior was well stricken in age Kilkenny played a polo match against Meath, the father being against his own son. There was the loss of an eye somewhere, and I forget what equal catastrophe befell the son.

Who that has watched him can ever forget Lord Harrington of almost equal age playing polo at Hurlingham? He had most excellent polo grounds at Elvaston Castle, his place in Derbyshire. White's Club, that ancient resort of sportsmen, had no finer sport than he, and he was a bit of an author too, as testified by his book "Polo Pony

Stud Book" (Vol. I). It seemed a pitiable paradox that his brother Fitzroy, who predeceased him, was heir to this, howbeit his outdoor exercise was mostly in a bath chair.

Good old Harry de Windt, the well-known traveller, is several times over a sportsman, and has followed his bent in many a distant clime. Further than this one of the best pals a man could have, and his books are a joy to many.

Colonel Seymour Vandeleur, Irish Guards, my brother-in-law, had a fine collection of lion and tiger skins shot by himself in many a distant wild. His friend, Sir Cecil Lowther, brother of the late Speaker, accompanied him to unknown portions of Africa, with the consequence that we have maps of many distant untraversed territories, for which Vandeleur received the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

There exists no more breezy sportsman in the land than Sir Hercules Langrishe of Knocktopher Castle, Kilkenny. I have never laughed so much in my life as when I watched Herky's departure from an evening At Home I gave some years ago in London. This departure took place on the top of a four-wheeled cab, Sir James and Lady Langrishe, his parents, being inside. He is Master of the Kilkenny Hounds and has won the Queen's Cup at Cowes. A typical Irishman, I cannot believe that Dull Care could ride with him.

A wonderful old sportsman was Mr. Christian Allhusen, an energetic Dane, who amassed a large fortune in the manufacture of chemicals. He was an old man when I knew him and showed me great kindness and affection, and I have great esteem for his memory and admiration for his plucky career. His ardour as a sportsman was not equalled by his capacity, and to this day I can remember

my feelings when for the third time in succession I drew him as next neighbour in the butts grouse-shooting. Although commercially he was a man of illimitable integrity, he was absolutely unconscionable as a sportsman. He would fire at your birds and sometimes claim the grouse he missed. This cross-firing necessitated the cutting of fresh turf and the building up of the butt so as to preserve our lives. "We've got to keep our heads," as my keeper wittily observed. But the misfortune of the matter was that, the added turf being supremely dry, the vigorous moor breezes raised the granny of a dust which found its way into the shooter's eyes just when the approaching bird made perspicuity of vision a momentous necessity. At Mr. Allhusen's place, on the borders of Buckinghamshire, I often shot over his well-preserved coverts, and as his years increased, was frequently the only guest invited to accompany him. He would shoot along certain drives, at the end of which he would be assisted on to a small cob, and thus transport himself to the next shoot. For his age he was a wonderful shot, and to the last evinced the greatest pleasure in the sport.

I cannot but recall the episode of a statue. It appears that Mr. Allhusen throughout youth and maturity was most orthodox in his ideals of art. But as age crept on, these ideals were considerably amplified. The misfortune was that Mrs. Allhusen's ideas were not on the move, and she retained to the end those rigours of unwelcome to anything expansive in conception or execution or that in any way showed signs of fidelity to fact in pictorial or sculptural art.

At this stage the old gentleman made a tour in Italy, and there became enamoured of a life size similitude of a nymph in the nude. This he annexed and had it trans-

ported to Stoke Court. There was naturally a great fore-gathering of the family for the unpacking. Those were evil hours for Allhusen.

Now I must tell you that, when you descended the staircase arrayed in your dinner toggery, you passed through an apartment which was an ante-room to the dining-hall. It was in this apartment that the guests assembled previous to the announcement of dinner. In its centre was a circular ottoman enclosing a pedestal. It was upon this pedestal that our host elected to enshrine his new love. She was manifestly conspicuous. There were no other statues in the room to bear her company and share with her the prominence of her generous beauty. She enthralled and held your vision, and the young girls did not like it. Neither did Mrs. Allhusen. She absolutely refused to go in to dinner. She came to me, with tears running down her cheeks, and said, "Mr. Allhusen is fond of you, cannot you influence him to remove this disgusting statue?" I ventured to remind her that all was beautiful in art, and that art atones for audacity. "Art fiddle-sticks," she fiercely rejoined, "it is nothing less than disgusting."

I recall from memory, so cannot claim to be accurate, a paragraph in a letter from the poet, Byron, as quoted in Moore's Life, which recorded a scene witnessed by him in a picture gallery. An old lady with elevated lorgnette had been gazing at a presentment of a damsel in the nude. Dropping her glasses, she turned and said: "Oh, the vulgarity of it!" to which the poet said, "Madam, the vulgarity is less in the picture than in the remark."

The old man made, I am told, fifty-two wills, in none of which, save the last, was his grandson mentioned. The ultimate testament left his grandson the house and estate of

Stoke Court, considerable shares in the chemical works, and seven hundred thousand pounds of ready money. I remember the old man telling me as we were sitting *tête-à-tête* over the madeira, of which he was such a connoisseur, the story of how he would most certainly have missed the great fortune he enjoyed but for the generosity of a friend. (He left, I believe, over a million.) The works were at Newcastle, and the times were bad. Week after week the plucky proprietor experienced more and more difficulty in finding those inexorable week-end wages. At last one Saturday came when this was an impossibility. Every contrivance of credit had been exploited, and the man, confident in the possession of a great property, was nerving himself to see the wreckage of his labour; and alas for those long years of spirited self-sacrifice! The broken-hearted man wandered down and stood on the bridge watching the sluggish flow of the dark waters beneath. After a time, he heard his name called out in breezy tones, "Hello, Allhusen, what the devil are you doing here? I've lost my connection and am stranded in Newcastle for an hour. What a chance our meeting!" The end of this providence was that the friend helped Allhusen over the stile, and from that day there was no looking back. And it was a matter of millions that the old man left. How many moneyed men are there, I should like to know, who, if they lay adying could thank God for the talent or the genius they have helped! I was staying at Stoke Court shortly after the grandson's succession, and he and I were bidden to an evening party given by Mr. Bryant (of Bryant and May). Naturally the young heir was of interest to the matrons, and indeed not seldom to the maidens. Next morning at breakfast his mother asked him how he had enjoyed himself, and with questionable

taste he rejoined, "It would have been passable but for the mothers." For the life of me I could not avoid saying "What can you expect, Henry, if you will go to the house of a match-maker?"

In my boyhood a great sportsman in Ireland was old Warburton, whose cousin, Dr. Warburton, Dean of Elphin, was afterwards to become a great friend of mine. There was the difference of the zones between the kinsmen. What old Warburton knew not of a horse, was unknowable. I should doubt if the Dean had even been on the back of one. He was accounted the best judge in Ireland, which is saying much of a land where men study their mounts as monks ought to study their Bibles. When I was in my teens I remember his saying to me, "When the Divil wanted to carry off more lies, he invented the horse, and on a horse he saddles more lies than you could pack in a pantechnicon. If the Lard Leftinint came to you and on his bended knees towled you a yarn of a horse, tak' me advice an' walk away an' don't belave a word he says!"

A few years later he did me a good turn. I was at the Curragh with my brother-in-law, and intended going over by the night mail *en route* to Oxford. About noon a man passed me in a cart. I took a great fancy to the horse. Stopping the driver I asked him, would he do a deal. Paddy was nothing loth, and I told him to drive round to Mr. Warburton. Warburton confided to me, "You get that horse, if you have to carry him to Oxford." The horse accompanied me that night to Holyhead and we arrived together next day at the University. I ran him at Aylesbury, where he was jockeyed by a nephew of the Duke of Westminster, Robert Shaw Stewart, now a Reverend Divine. He (the horse, not the Divine) was the best cross-country mount I ever set legs across, and showed

the lead on many an occasion over all nasty Irish bits that stopped the way in miry days.

I bought him atween shafts for twenty-two pounds and subsequently sold him at Tattersalls two years later for over three figures.

There was a great to-do at Oxford in my time. During the longest run of that or any other season Lord Dungarvan, the present Lord Cork, had the misfortune to override his mount. As his father, the late Earl, was then Master of the Buckhounds, there was considerable prominence accorded to the catastrophe, and people from the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals poured into the University city by trainfuls. Oh, there was a nice pother about that!

Walter Long (now Viscount Long of Wraxall) was a great follower to hounds in his younger days, and rarely missed a meet. Many men deny themselves much for their native land, and I have often thought that the strenuous political work done by Long throughout the length of his life must have cost him many a pang in the loss to him of the sport he loves.

Walter Long, after he had "gone down" from the House, remained up for the hunting (this seems an Irishism but isn't), and in those days devoted the time subsequently concentrated to the pastime of politics to the playground of sport. He was most liberal in mounting his friends. He had many friends. All the Longs are sportsmen, and Walter's grandfather, old Mr. Hume-Dick of Humewood, used to go careering over the estate on a cob when he was eighty.

What memories the mention of the Kildare Hunt revives in most of us! What sportsman is there that does not consider his past impoverished if he has not had

experience of its runs ? It was difficult to find a man in the county who was not a born sport.

It was worth hearing a late popular Master of the Hunt, Colonel Fortescue Tynte, relate how he caught a salmon in a hillside cottage. It appears that he was on the upstream side of a bridge, casting for salmon in a pool underneath. Suddenly he had an overwhelming rise, and the fish started off at full fin down stream. Aided by the torrent, it went at a terrific pace, and the Colonel, to ease his tackle, followed as best he could. He ran along the tow path, or waded river-side of the bushes, for some time, till suddenly the salmon, leaping out of the water, made up a bit of a hill slope and landed in a cottage. The Colonel left his rod outside, and led by the trend of his tackle followed into the cabin, and found his quarry under a bed. It proved to be a mongrel terrier, and the owners threatened to summon him for trespass and injury to the dog, but he retorted that as a magistrate he must summon them for being in possession of his property under suspicious circumstances, and there the matter ended. But I must add that there was some difficulty, not unattended by personal peril, in regaining possession of the embedded fly.

I recall another story which years ago was round and about Kildare. It was connected with my dear old friend, Archdeacon de Burgh, with whom years after I so often played chess. The Archdeacon of Kildare was at the time of the story only a curate. Mr. Beauman of Forenaughts had four daughters. They were mighty sportswomen, and to be met with at every meet. Notwithstanding this attraction, they were at the time all unmarried. One afternoon Mr. Beauman turned up at the Kildare Street Club in Dublin looking very woebegone. "What's wrong, Beauman ?" said an antique crony. "The Lord has

struck me a grievous blow," responded Beauman. "The divil he has!" rejoined the antique, "and what's that?" "Maurice de Burgh, the curate, has proposed for Henrietta." "See here, old man," said the antiquated one, "go home and on your bended knees pray the Lord Almighty to strike you three other blows like it." Kildare Street Club was the scene of many a ready witticism. I can recall another. A well-known aged sportsman, when quite stricken in years, had married a young wife. One day he came into the Club jubilant. "Mrs. S—— has presented me with a bouncing boy," he said. A friend, taking him into a corner, whispered, "Tell me, Tom, whom do you suspect?"

The audacity of the native-born Irishman is mostly past belief. There was a well-known rake of a man with a genuine Irish name which most elderly Irishmen will spot, for besides his own nefarious celebrity he was the son of a very respected and well-placed clergyman. He (the son, not his Reverence) came to see my brother-in-law, and after his departure an overcoat was missed. Weeks after, the late owner of the coat met the new proprietor wearing it, but of course it was altered and done up. Whereupon Gildea says to him, "You don't think I can't recognize my coat though you *have* turned it inside out?" "Faith! call me anything that you like, but don't dare to say that I'm a turncoat. For all I may do, I'm honest to my principles." Such is the aplomb with which an Irishman can meet a compromising situation.

The late Sir William Eden, who was at one time Master of the South Durham Hounds, had the family instinct for sport. He was always exceptionally well mounted and I have been told that most of his horses were thoroughbreds. He once asked me, did I find that his brother had much of

a temper. I told him he had his share. Whereupon he said that his father, the late Baronet, would have been alive now but for his infirmity in this respect. It appears from what his son told me that the former Sir William was going out hunting, and his valet brought him odd hunting boots, which put him into such a violent rage that he died of apoplexy in his chair. I am glad to say that what Sir William called the "Eden temper" does not seem to have been inherited by the many members of the family whom I have known.

Another peculiarity of the family is that they represent the only peerage taken in nomenclature from America, inasmuch as Sir Robert Eden of Maryland married the only sister and co-heir of the last Lord Baltimore. In addition to this collateral representation, I don't think I should be far wrong in saying that the Edens possessed the only baronetcy named from America, as they have a baronetcy of Maryland as well as the older creation. The Independence of the American States was an impoverishing matter for the Eden family, robbing them of large portions of Maryland, though the shorn honour is still held by the head of the family. Sir William supplemented his sporting proclivities by taking up Art, and for many years had a châlet at Paris Plage, where he devoted himself to painting. His wife, a daughter of Sir William Grey, was one of the most beautiful women of her time. Their daughter is the wife of Lord Brooke, heir to the Earldom of Warwick.

Before passing to other subjects I am constrained to give you an extraordinary story traditionally repeated in the Eden family. It was often told by Sir Frederick Morton Eden and by his son, the Primus of Scotland. It appears that Sir Frederick, passing to and fro across St. James's

Square to his Club, would often stop and give the tattered crossing-sweeper a shilling. This went on for a matter of years, till one day, as Eden was passing along, the crossing-sweeper said to him, "Would you mind, Sir, if I spoke to you for a minute or two?" "Not at all," responded Sir Frederick. "I am going to ask you, Sir, a very strange thing, but I hope you will humour me. I want you to come and dine with me to-morrow night," adding, "I will give you a damn good dinner." Sir Frederick, needless to say, was flabbergasted and fairly taken aback. He fumbled out, "Well, I don't know about that; do you want me so very much?" The matter ended by the baronet consenting to go, and he was given the address, which, to his surprise, was a very good one. The following evening, to his additional amazement, he entered a beautiful, well-ordered house, and was met by his host in full evening toggery. It turned out that the man was a gentleman by birth, who had fallen on hard times and taken up the crossing in St. James's Square, which he had held for many years. After he had been there some time and had grown accustomed to his calling, a distant cousin left him a competency, but what he quaintly termed "The Call of the Broom" was too irresistible for him, and back to his tattered clothes and crossing he needs must go. Did you ever hear a stranger story? I really think he deserves a place amongst the good old sports.

Proficiency in any particular species of sport rarely comes to a man unless undertaken early in life, but I can give you a strange instance to the contrary. Frederick Morton Eden, a son of the Primus of Scotland, and for many years heir presumptive to the Windlestone Hall estate, and its brace of baronetcies, was a Wet Bob at Eton, and consequently had never played cricket when he matriculated

at Christ Church, Oxford. Yet, *mirabile dictu*, he won his Blue and therefore played for the 'Varsity. I should say that this is almost a record. Eden scored another success, much noised about at the time, when he won a wager against Sir John Astley, commonly known as "The Mate." Astley was one of the best known sportsmen of his day, a good, all-round man and a soldier, and Crimean veteran, who ended his military career as Colonel of the Scots Guards. Reputed to be the fastest hurdler in the Army, Eden was apparently injudicious enough to challenge him. The contest accordingly took place to the discomfiture of Astley, whereupon Sir John declared himself as dissatisfied, stating that had the length of the course been different, the result would have been otherwise. Eden's reply invited Astley to choose his own course and length and replay the match. This was done and Astley was infinitely more worsted in the second match than in the first. Whilst upon the subject of this match, which made no little noise at the time, I might as well give you what I consider to be an interesting sidelight on the sporting proclivities of the day. About a week before the second match was played, Eden was at his tailor's, and casually made inquiries regarding his account. Being informed about this matter and requested not to trouble about it, "unless," added the man, "you would like it double or quits; for really, Mr. Eden, I know well what you are, Sir, but I can't think that Sir John won't come in first this game; it's almost against reason with all the practice he's had in the game, and he's on his mettle too." "All right," said Eden, "done with you—double or quits." The day after Eden's second victory he received from the tailor his bill receipted. Now will you tell me why I haven't a tailor like that? Lord! what a well-dressed man I'd be, and even my relatives

would begin to think I could write a sonnet! It shows the all-roundness of Astley's antagonist, Eden not only won his cricket Blue as stated, but rowed in the Christ Church Eight, was a wonderful shot, and with all these gifts, had sufficiency of brain to gain for himself a Fellowship of All Souls. The Fellows of that day were all men of distinction: the late Lord Salisbury, the Premier, was one of his contemporaries. It may not be generally known that a man desirous of a Fellowship of All Souls had to prove "Founder's Kin"—and one is safe in saying that birth was an essential. It might assuredly be called the first club in Europe.

The late Lord Guilford, himself maternally an Eden, was a prominent sportsman, and the devil across country. He possessed a picture which, though indeed not much of a painting, used often to rivet me. I loved looking at it, for it had a pathos of its own. It appears that in early Georgian times, when the prevalent craze for wagering was at its height and the ruin of many a noble family, a dispute arose between a North of the day and his neighbour as to which estate was the best as regards partridge, and a wager was actually made that both estates should simultaneously be shot over and the winner should possess both properties. The day was fixed and the event took place, with the result that North lost by one bird. The painting depicts the whole party in their laces and ruffles, as they sat over their port after dinner. A flunkey has opened the door, and a very dear old spaniel, a love of a dog, is seen laying a partridge at the feet of his master. The bird made a draw: the dog saved the estate to the Norths.

The late Lord Guilford had a long minority, as had also his son, the present peer. The late man constructed a race-course at Waldershare, his place in Kent; and it is said that there used to be races at midnight, bare-backed, the

riders being in the nude. Of the many mad things recorded of those sporting days, I must recall this. Guilford had a large party at Waldershare for some forthcoming racing fixture in the park. A friend of his, who was a member of the house party, suddenly declared his intention of returning to town. Whether there was a lady in the matter I do not know. Guilford was very irate and told his friend that he could do what he liked after the races, but he'd be damned if he budged an inch till then. In spite of everything that could be done, the man left. As he was leaving, Guilford said to him, "You don't think so, but as sure as you're alive, you'll be at the races." After he had gone, Guilford telegraphs to Canterbury, stating that there had been a large robbery of plate in the house, the suspected man being so and so (giving a minute description of his friend), and adding that he might possibly be in such and such a train that stopped at Canterbury, *en route* for London, and if so, would they return him to Waldershare for identification.

The same evening the police arrived at Waldershare, bringing with them the departed guest. Whereupon Guilford, assuming great rage, turns on the sergeant and says: "What the devil do you mean by bringing here one of my oldest friends, a man of great position and honour? I never heard of such a thing—it is a disgrace!" So Guilford was right, his friend was at the races after all. History, however, is silent as to what the guest said and the language used by the alleged lady who awaited him.

On Guilford's tragic death his only sister, Lady Flora, who was also a wonderful rider to hounds, said to me, "We all are wearing black for poor Gil, and you must wear a little of it too. I have knitted you these," and she gave me a beautiful pair of silk wristlets, knitted in stripes of

black and old gold. Would you believe it, the first time I wore them was for her dear self, for she died suddenly but little time after, as I shall tell in another chapter.

Speaking of wagers, I don't think I know of a more extraordinary bet than one I had concerning a rabbit. I was sitting one day in the library at Castle Howard, when a rabbit at a considerable distance from us aggravated me. I accordingly sent for my rook rifle. Several men present advised me not to waste a cartridge as the distance was too great, and one and another said : " I bet you what you like you don't hit it." I replied, " If you give me decent odds, I'll back myself to do for him." Now the wonder is that I replied in those words. It is extraordinary, as I had not the slightest premonition of what afterwards happened. Two bets were taken at five to one in quids that I did not kill the rabbit. The rifle arrived and I made my shot from the window-sill and the rabbit dropped, and a couple of minutes afterwards you could have seen four men tearing down the slope to interview the remains. Now a strange thing happened : looking at the mortal remains we could discover nowhere sign of shot or shell. But near where the nose was, some two inches towards the Castle, there was a puncture in the ground as from a bullet, and we all came to the conclusion that unless the cook found evidence of lead when skinning the animal, the flint must have been struck up by the bullet and catching the nose killed the vermin. Now does not this show you how careful you should be with words. If I had backed myself to shoot the rabbit I should have lost my bet, but I was richer by fifteen thickuns as most assuredly without question I had done for the rabbit, and the beast was killed sure enough. I may add that the nose is one of the rabbit's most vulnerable parts, and in my boyhood I have killed with an ordinary catapult.

Let me tell you another rabbit story. It lights and warms me whenever I am dull and dismal. It happened years ago, and yet to this day I can hardly think of it without laughter. I was a guest at that beautiful estate, Islandmoor, and the day after my arrival I asked my host whether I might take my gun out with me on chance of a stray rabbit. "You can take your gun and mine too, and as many guns as you like, and welcome, but you won't find a rabbit in the place!" "Lord!" I gasped, "you don't tell me that! Why the place used to swarm with them!" "Ah, since you were here I've got a Scotch steward, and things are very different now, I can tell you: McTaggart prides himself that he's not left a rabbit on the estate." "Dear me," I returned, "he must be a good man, but, if you don't mind, I'll take my gun, for I feel sort of lonesome without it. I can't bear walking about the covert-side without a gun, unless" (I added) "you supply me with some beautiful vision to comfort me." "I've got none of those here handy, thank God!" he laughed, "so you'd better take your gun, but, mind me, you'll have no sport."

Shortly after luncheon I was to be seen going through the haggard. I chanced upon my host and the steward. The man, after the manner of most successful Scotch stewards, turned rather over-brusquely and said: "What's that?" pointing to my gun. I was kind enough to tell him, whereupon he opened upon me in the most vehement manner. Said I might as well go to the house and leave it there, and seemed quite annoyed if not insulted at the idea of going to look for rabbits in any place that he managed. I laughed and told him that I'd still keep the gun as I liked having it with me, and passed on. Not so very far distant I came upon a little public roadway which bisected the estate. In this lane to my unspeakable joy I discovered a sort of

pedlar man with a donkey cart, and in the donkey cart a number of freshly-killed rabbits. It was not five minutes before I had purchased seven. I then went into the coverts and fired seven shots, and thereupon returned to the haggard. Not attempting to stop to speak to McTaggart, but proceeding with my seven rabbits, I chillingly said to the man: "Don't tell me that there are no rabbits at Islandmoor." McTaggart was nearly beside himself with fury, and to this day, unless he belongs to a lending library, he probably supposes that I did shoot them. But it is really a drama which you should have seen and acted to realize the joy it gave me. I never professed to be a good shot, though I may say that in both senses I succeeded in bagging those seven rabbits. I do occasionally grass a good bird, but that is by a species of poetic inspiration. That is the only way I can account for it.

A year or two ago my son Vivian, then aged thirteen, certainly had an inspiration in a shot he made. One morning at Denham Mere we were appalled to find that a dear guinea-fowl, who loved seclusion and was within very measurable distance of hatching out a nest of fifteen eggs secreted by her away down beyond the little lake, had been ruthlessly slain, and her eggs trundled into the ditch. A stoat was suspected. The boy reconnoitred, but could find nothing except a number of empty shells. He thereupon disappeared within the brambles and waited. After about half an hour he heard a light step. The sound almost inaudibly approached. Then he saw a bramble slightly move, and, considering it good enough, fired. In about five minutes he burst into the smoking-room with a face more like Heaven than it is ever likely to be again, bearing in his hand an almost decapitated stoat. So you see there may be inspiration in sport as well as in art.

No one who has ever seen Lord Ripon shoot in his de Grey days can ever forget the wonder of his kills. He has the reputation of being the most marvellous shot of his time, although George Hunt, a son of Ward Hunt, a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, ran him close, and was said to be the only man of whom Lord de Grey was apprehensive as a rival. Another son of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer does him credit—Admiral Tom Hunt, who did good service in the Boer War by annexing a large quantity of gold which Kruger was sending surreptitiously out of the country wherewith to warm his old age elsewhere.

To return to my reminiscences on the subject of wagers, let me mention a curious incident. Racing wagers are a species of entertainment I have largely left alone since I left Christ Church; but the few bets I have made in later years have stories connected with them. Here is rather a strange one.

One day I was walking along the Front at Brighton. I had with me a little gem of a Pomeranian, quite a young 'un. Many noticed the pup, and amongst others a curious looking individual who was accompanied by an infinitely more curious looking lady and a terror that looked like a bookie. To my consternation they came up to me, the curious looking man saying: "You are a friend of my father's; may I introduce myself?" He then mentioned the name of a well-known peer who indeed had been a very dear friend for a matter of more years than I care to recollect. This friend had often told me of the trouble his son was to him, and the terrible grief for the family that the said son should be also his heir. (Not long after the son duly succeeded to his father's peerage.) You can imagine therefore that this rencontre was not one that I considered desirable. It seemed that the curious-looking lady had

THE ASSASSINATOR OF THE STOAT.

VIVIAN DENHAM
Aged two.

From a photograph by his father, the Author of this Volume.

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fallen in love with the dog (not the first stray dog she had fallen in love with by the look of her) and her companion wished to purchase it. I did not want to part with it, but remembering that there were four other puppies about the same age at home and that the cook was becoming slightly cantankerous, I agreed to a deal. During the afternoon the man came up to my place and gave me a cheque for ten guineas and took the dog. On the cheque being presented my bankers informed me that according to accounts received by them the drawer of the cheque presented had not had an account at that bank for fourteen years. I therefore had to deplore the loss of the dog and the money, and be it said neither were ever recovered.

Some three weeks afterwards I was proceeding to London with one of the most orthodox and proper of men, Sir Frederick Saunders, and in company with him was passing through the station at Victoria, when to my horror, and palpably to Sir Frederick's, the terror of a bookie rushes up to me, mentions my name and desires a few moments of confidential conversation. You could have knocked Saunders down with a feather, and he scooted. I walked off with the man wondering what Sir Frederick would think of it. The terror turned out to be the dreadful person that was with the woman and the purloiner of my dog that day on the Front. When he had drawn me apart he said: "See here, Sir, you were dreadful done over that dawg and I want to make it all square for you. The City and Suburban, as you know, is being run to-day: now, Sir, you go and back So-and-so and you'll get your money you've been robbed of. The horse is a cert." I said: "Do you know that if I'd backed every cert recommended to me, I should now be in the poorhouse?" He rejoined, and indeed spoke very earnestly and appeared as honest

as a man like that could look, "I tell you, Sir, that this is a cert, and all I want is to see you righted." I thanked the man for his evident kind intention and left him with all possible speed.

Walking across St. James's Park, I turned the matter over in my mind. The man spoke quite honestly and did not seem to have anything to gain in the matter. He had not given me his address, nor made any request that I should communicate with him if I won. Moreover he was no longer in Brighton; and altogether I thought it would be well to mention the matter to Hewitt. Hewitt was the invaluable hall-porter at White's Club, and during my thirty-five years' membership of that venerable institution his sagacity had on many occasions been useful. Nevertheless this was the first betting transaction I had ever essayed at White's, for, needless to say, it is only fools who go in for racing on half knowledge, and full knowledge is all but a profession in itself. Hewitt informed me that the horse was a good one, that it was quoted at eleven to one, and that he thought from the man's disinterestedness that there was a good sporting chance. Accordingly I put a sovereign on, which if I won would pay for the dog and leave me a residue. Subsequently I proceeded to a luncheon party and afterwards to a lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn. When all this was over and my mind completely charged with luncheon and law to complete forgetfulness of the City and Suburban and my interests therein, I was all but upset in the Strand by an absolute avalanche of newspaper urchins yelling out "Winners! winners!" I then remembered my bet and annexed a paper, where I saw that I had won. I had been on my way to the House to hear a debate, but this win changed everything and I thought I would go up to White's and garner my gold. On arriving

at the Club you can imagine my feelings when Hewitt announced that all the field had passed the wrong side of some post and that the race had to be run again. I naturally wished I'd never been born, and thought to myself that racing was the ruin of England. Previously I had on my way up contemplated the possibility of starting a stable. I was slightly comforted, however, when Hewitt assured me that the stewards had decided that the race was to be re-run at the previous starting prices. As he was telling me this, adding that he had small hopes that, taking into consideration the strain already put on the horse, it was unlikely he could again show such good form and repeat his victory. As he was saying this, the welcome news came through the tape that for a second time the horse had won. Some days later I told this story to Sir Frederick. I wonder if he believed me!

It is a most noteworthy thing what numbers of men are veritable prophets in the case of others, but the moment they put money on for themselves they cease to be seers. Lord Carnwath, who possesses one of the oldest of the Scotch Earldoms, is somewhat of a sufferer in this respect. There is a saying that he actually gave twenty-one winners to his friends without having himself a look-in. He would probably maintain that the results would have been quite otherwise had he done so, which is a pity, as he deserves good luck.

I will not burden these pages with reference to the bets made by myself and others regarding the Oxford Newdigate Prize Poem, a series of wagers initiated at long odds by the present Lord Newton, who was a veritable atheist as regards my chances. I would rather tell you of a matter concerning Lord Cunyngham and other members of White's. Before recounting these particular wagers I should like to

mention how I first met Cunyngham, and what came of it.

I first met him at Cadiz when he was Lord Mount Charles, familiarly known as Monte Carlo. He and Probyn, a friend of his, were in the Rifles, and came over from Gibraltar, where they were stationed, for a week at that seductive Andalusian town, where at the time I was staying. He soon made himself very popular in the place, initiated by the exhibition which he and I gave as to how the English waltz was danced—this being at the invitation of a very beautiful Spanish hostess at an equally beautiful dance she gave.

There was not an English lady, be it said, in the whole town to help us; so at the hostess's earnest entreaty there was nothing for it but that we should show them the steps.

But the minds of Mount Charles and Probyn were less interested in balls than in baccarat, and against my entreaties they insisted on attending functions of the sort held every night in some different locality. The particular night I record the play was, if you please, in the house of a priest, and you had to give no less than three countersigns before you could be admitted. They made me accompany them, though I plainly told them that from what I had heard of these dens, nothing would tempt me to play. It was not long before they were thoroughly cleaned out, their losses topping a hundred pounds. Financially they were stranded, and that in a strange country and without friends. In their need I took them to my banker, and had actually succeeded in getting £100 for Mount Charles when this untoward thing happened. The notes were already on the counter and Mount Charles was asked as a finale to the transaction to affix his name in a big book. He did so, with the simple word Mount Charles, with

White's Club, St. James's Street, London, as an address. The name looked very naked I allow, but nothing like as nude as it did to the banker. Rather crossly he asked Mount Charles to add more. "Oh," said Mount Charles, "if you want the whole bally basket of tricks, here it is," and he wrote Earl of Mount Charles. Whereupon the banker made a wild swoop to the counter and in a jiffy collected the notes, thrust them into the safe, which he shut with a reverberating bang, as he said: "Lords indeed, I'll have none of them here, I know that sort too well," and not a stiver would he give Mount Charles. As I had a letter of credit to the banker, I succeeded in getting a hundred from him, which I handed my friend, and the curious part about the story is that he lived to so amply and so generously repay me.

Some time later I was myself at Gibraltar, and shall never forget my messes at the Rifle Brigade, and the wild hilarious times we had. I then left for a spell in Tangier and thereabout, and grew so enamoured of things buyable there that I was a frequent purchaser. This seriously depleted me. One beautiful purchase I made I simply must record, as it has ever since been a joy to me. I must admit that I frequently visited the opium dens, where you sat on the floor on sacks not over wholesome, and smoked from the most diminutive pipes I have ever seen. The effect I may say was heaven. In parenthesis let me say that on mid-seas between Tangier and Gibraltar I cast away into the waters a large stock of pipes and opium which I had brought with me from Morocco, so fearsome was I, despite the temporary heaven, of the fate of De Quincey. But, to retrace. One night as I sat in the opium den, a little bit of the terrible bundle on which I sat moved and slid down. It was a dirty, dusty and deplorable bundle, but

something tempted me to peel it further, and then I discovered, scarcely seeable through the grime, some beautiful and seemingly ancient tapestry. I speedily replaced the portions I had opened and simulated an unconcern I did not feel. Later on I asked the proprietor what he would take for the old bundle. Of course he thought I was mad, but for once I wasn't. I've had that bundle as a *portière* for years, and it is only imbeciles who have not envied me the possession.

But, to return to his lordship at the Rock. I arrived at Gibraltar, as rocky as its name and, shall I say, as stony. Mount Charles gave me all I wanted, so you see that even in this world one sometimes reaps one's deserts. Now you know how first I met Lord Cunyngham as afterwards he became.

One night at White's, led on by Cunyngham, a number of members were chaffing me about what he called the damned rot I wrote. "What is the bally use," he said, "of poetry? Nobody understands it and nobody wants it. And what the dickens is the use of going out of your way in a pile of words, which no one has ever heard of, to say a thing which a sensible man would have done with in a sentence?" And so they all went on, and we were having a good old ragging time when Cunyngham leaned over and said: "Now why the devil can't you write something useful? Something, for example, that we want to know and would be wiser to know. I bet you what you like that you couldn't do anything in the way of statistics or general knowledge!" Mind you, this was all pure chaff. I retorted: "Give me long odds and I'll try it." I entered down a considerable number of bets at very long odds that I would not write a book that should be entirely informative and statistical, and written to supply

a want actually experienced. When all was apparently settled, Cunyngham, who had a strong vein of Irish humour, produced a roar of laughter by saying: "The poet will write this bally work, but what knowledge have we that he'll find any one that's bally fool enough to read it?" When the laughter had subsided I turned on Cunyngham, and said: "Well, though the bets are booked, I'll meet you, and we'll add that the bally thing must go into a second edition within a year." The bet stood at that.

The cycling craze was then in full fashion and the motoring industry was on the quick move forward: there was much need for an accurate and economical road book. This night at White's saw the birth of my "Roadways of London," a little red book with maps which subsequently I was sick of seeing on the stalls. It went into a second edition in ten days: it was sold for a shilling, and I made several times four figures by its sale, and the bets paid for printing and publication. I was wise enough to keep the copyright in my own hands, whereby every single one of many pages of advertisements wandered my way instead of adrift. It is a most extraordinary thing and somewhat tear-shedding that from the moment you cease to write literature you begin to get prosperous and are considered brainy by your relations.

XIII

BEYOND THE FOOTLIGHTS

The Fall of the Curtain. The Garish Lights. The Jerking Back into Unwelcome Reality. Tree as a Personality. Wit—the Offspring of Intellect: whilst often Humour is the Bastard of Ignorance. Boots by Telegraph to New York. "The Laste Taste of yer Dhrawers benathe yer Trousers." Tree's Language of the Foot—a Veritable Footlight. Moral Courage the Divinity of the Brain. Depreciation of Poetry. Wyndham's Appreciation of Poetry. A Criminal Wishful for a Better Life. Mrs. Stannard and the Crinoline. "Women should not make more of themselves than God intended." Irving's Victory over his Voice. Others have possessed the Public Eye, *Irving Filled it.* Irving by the Bath-Chair of Toole. Toole's Bishop who could not get into Heaven. Greatness is more Rare in the Wearing of the Laurel than in the Earning of it.

HAVE you ever experienced that plethora of vacuum that comes upon one when some familiar figure who has filled your eyes and enthralled your being is suddenly severed from you by the fall of the curtain? The world of dream has gone and the garish, vulgar lights are upturned on the house. We are jerked back into unwelcome reality.

If we feel this at the curtain's ordinary fall, what must it be when that curtain is death? The curtain has fallen on many a dear familiar name of the past. Years ago we could not imagine London without its Irving, its Herbert Tree, its Charles Wyndham, and dear little Johnny Toole. Alas, that they are all gone beyond the footlights!

It is with a sad heart that I place on record my own remembrances of them. But it is all the same a heart full of joy and gratitude that my life was lived with theirs

and that thus I was accorded opportunity for receiving of the gifts it was theirs to give. No soul could be altogether empty that was illumined by these men. Each had his individual sphere and his own separate field of intellect. The world was richer for them and it is in gratitude I write.

Tree was a commanding personality. He was not a great man, but near it. He stood upon the threshold and had some of the light from the Halls beyond. He was indeed a big personality, for he was as engrossing with an audience of one (if he liked you) as he could easily be with a houseful. That is large praise.

Tree was at times very witty, and, when in the mood, extraordinarily good company. But a great number of his witticisms and epigrams cannot stand being looked into. Contrast these with similar things from Sheridan, and you are conscious of the difference. Fox and Grenville, walking down Bond Street, meet Sheridan, to whom Fox says: "Hey, Sherry, we were just talking of you, wondering whether you are most knave or fool." Sheridan takes an arm of each and says: "Well, do you know, I'm a little betwixt the two."

You can turn this upside down or inside out and it remains perfect. But do the same with the following from Tree and you will note the difference. "*Humour is the love-child of Intellect.*" Now if there is one thing more certain on earth than another it is that wit is of necessity the offspring of intellect, whereas humour may be the bastard of ignorance. The most killingly humorous things I have ever heard have been sayings, the humour of which was consequent upon the ignorance of the speaker.

In a wild part of Kerry, right away amongst uninhabited hills, they were constructing a long line of telegraph posts

and appending the wires. A portion of these posts abutted on the cabin of a man who was a woodcutter and cobbler. He comes up to the foreman and says: "An' now, would yer tell me what all them naked trees are that ye are planting?" "Oh," responded the foreman, "they are to hold these wires and through the wires yer can speak wid America and get an answer whilst yer wait." "Begorrah! that's fine," said the cobbler, "and d'ye say that they'll take parcels?" "Faith! it's me opinion there's nothing they can't do," was the reply. The next day the cobbler comes to the foreman and says: "Bedad, them wires is the most extraordinary invintion, and a grand savin' of ixpinse in packin'. See here now, I made my son Michael, who is in New York, a grand pair of new boots, and last night I got a bit of a ladder and hitched them on to the wires, and would yer believe me, when I came out this morning, there was Mike's old boots that he had sent me back!"

Here is another instance of humour originated not by intellect but by ignorance. Going down to Buckinghamshire for a garden party in the middle of a London season, we went down in London dress. I had white spats on. During the afternoon my host asked a number of us to come and see the young pheasants, telling us that he had a very good Irish gamekeeper. We had hardly appeared in the preserves when the keeper much excited came rushing up to me.

"Excuse me, sorr; come this way, come on, sorr, quickly this way: get into the bushes where the ladies can't see yer." He was dreadfully agitated, and for fear he should have a fit I followed him into the laurels. Leaning towards me and whispering: "I would not for the life of me the ladies saw yer, for yer've got the laste taste of

yer dhrawers showin' benathe yer trousers." How the women laughed when I told them this !

Tree was very whimsical. One week-end he came down to the " Métropole " at Brighton, at which hotel I happened to be staying. On Sunday night we sat up till all hours and he was most amusing. The talk turned on palmistry, and Tree, who would usually take some unexpected turn or twist opposite to everyone else, asserted that there was much more character in the foot than in the hand, and that, in fact, the foot speaks in a way that no hand does. Tree left Brighton, knowing that I would not be in London for some time, but on the Monday, after Sir Herbert's departure, I got a wire from Lady Seymour saying that she had been given the Royal Box at His Majesty's, and would I come up and see the play. I wired grateful acceptance. Now, mark you, I was the last man Tree expected to see in the theatre. At a very solemn part of the performance, when Tree had half fallen across a chair in an agony of grief, he looks up sideways at the Royal Box, raises his hand to his mouth as if lifting a tumbler, and gives a jerk or two of his leg round towards the Green Room. From this I gathered that if at the next *entr'acte* I went round behind the footlights, I'd find a whisky and soda. I accordingly went to Tree's room, and he said : " Now, didn't I tell you that there's much more language in the foot than in the hand ? "

Tree was a man of infinite resource and very considerable ability, and what especially endeared him to me was his indomitable courage. How many careers have been lost through want of it ? Moral courage is the divinity of the brain. But in many things Tree was most appallingly deficient, and, unless he took to it, most difficult to teach. Could anything be worse than Tree's delivery of blank

verse ? I don't say that there exist many who can do much better. It is surprising how many educated people there are who have not the faintest conception of how poetry should be delivered. They mostly make a singsong of it till you feel like being aboard a fishing smack in a storm. And that feeling of *mal de mer*, engendered by some evil parson at a penny reading, is (I am convinced of it) at the root of the prevalent apprehension of poetry. Sir Charles Wyndham had this feeling to such an extraordinary extent that he turned on me one day with the query: "What in the name of Heaven is the use of poetry ? When I want to go to the station, do I ask the policeman in rhyme ? " I retorted: "My dear friend, if *you* wrote the rhyme, the constable would take you in charge." This finished that conversation.

But to return to Herbert Tree. At his request I was present at many a rehearsal. When it was prose I was comparatively comfortable, but never shall I forget the agonies of *Hypatia !* I believe that poor Kingsley would have gone mad, and there would have been an earlier end of him. But perhaps foreseeing this he died before his time !

The dramatizing of prose is too often the addition of ditch water to good wine, and Christian men should be careful how they do it ; but unfortunately there gets daily less of Christianity in literature. People think that because lines don't rhyme they should therefore be easy to write. On the contrary, it seems to me debatable whether blank verse is not almost as difficult as is the sonnet. It is few even amongst poets who are successful in either, and, few as these be, those who can adequately read them are even less. Poor Tree was specially bad, but in his defence I should say that he was a criminal wishful for a better life.

He besought me to give him lessons. This for all my sins I did, but I had to stop him so often that I grew weary and he grew irate. No progress was reported. Where progress did come in was owing to a very happy thought. I got his secretary to type the blank verse as if it were prose, and thus made Tree proceed with the sense of the lines rather than stop at the end of a line, as doth every idiot, whether there is a comma or no. Why on earth should people pause at the end of lines unless there is a comma, colon or stop ? That is a question which can only be answered in Heaven.

Tree was in many respects an autocrat, and his modes of showing it were not always precious to his company. He would permit nobody but himself to adorn the centre of the stage. On one occasion *The Seats of the Mighty* was being rehearsed. Through the negligence of the actor-manager the centre, momentarily unoccupied, was seized by Lewis Waller, who jubilantly exclaimed in an aside : " Ha ! I'm here at last." " You won't be there long ; you'll be shot soon," retorted Miss Janet Steer. A second or so later Tree turns round and, seeing him there, calls out, as indeed was in the play : " Shoot that man." This forthwith happened, and Waller was carried off as dead. " A brief triumph," said the stately Miss Steer.

I saw a good deal of Sir Henry Irving, and on various occasions had supper with him at the Garrick, and on the stage at the Lyceum. I can remember nothing he ever said which deserved lasting rank in epigram or repartee. He could hardly fail to be interesting and often impressive in what he said, but he seemed in himself to exemplify what he once said to me that the life practice of rendering other people's originalities seems to sap the originality of oneself. He added : " Is it not strange that if I wanted

a slight alteration made in a line or the slightest addition to it, I have to ask someone like yourself to do it ? " I told Irving that what might be said to be the converse was also true, that very few original writers on any large scale had good memories for rendering the writings of others, and explained it in this way, that, having in themselves the power of composition, they were prone to gag or improvise, when strictly speaking they should be recollecting the lines they set out to remember. Now, the man who cannot gag or improvise is not beset with either the temptation or the power to do so.

Irving was keenly alive to humour and satire, and I well remember his enjoyment of a passage of arms between this writer and Mrs. Stannard. It was after supper on the Lyceum stage that, as I was talking to Irving, Ellen Terry came up to me and said : " Mrs. Stannard is most anxious to make your acquaintance. She wants you to use your influence to revive the use of the crinoline." Mrs. Stannard then came up and I was introduced to her, and she came to the point at once, saying : " I do want to see every woman wearing the crinoline ; won't you help me ? " To which I said : " I am very sorry, Mrs. Stannard, but I do not think that women should make more of themselves than God intended." Mrs. Stannard, be it said, was the author of a book much in vogue at that time called " Bootle's Baby," and wrote under the *nom de plume* of John Strange Winter.

One thing is little known about Irving which to know and realize is to largely augment our admiration for the man. Demosthenes, clambering uphill, with pebbles in his mouth, in order to obviate the difficulties of oratory, is no less an instance of what the genius of determination will effect in surmounting a physical obstacle than was

Irving's spirited victory over his deformation of voice. Speaking in his natural tones Irving's voice was an alto, thin, unconvincing, and at times grotesque. To use it in deep-souled tragedy would be to court disaster, and of this he was painfully aware. In all those splendid scenes which we have seen, wherein tragedy was voiced, and possessed our souls, the man who thus controlled us was ever remembering to keep his head lowered as the only method whereby he could deepen his tones. Try it yourself and you will see what a different timbre is in your voice according to the angle of the head. When you think that the great actor had this of which to think, in addition to remembering the libretto, and possessing his soul for the output and display of those words, is indeed to largely increase our wonder and love for this indomitable man.

My impression always was, and in memory even more so, that Irving was a great man, the only great man I have known on the English stage; others have possessed the public eye, Irving filled it. There was something noble in his nature, and all he did he did greatly. We shall not look upon his like again.

It was a picture in pathos to see this great man by the bath-chair of his life-long friend John Lawrence Toole. Sunday after Sunday he would go to Brighton to walk by that friend, long after that friend's failing powers had ability to recognize him. What could well be more terrible or more fraught with the tears of tragedy! Time after time I witnessed their quips at the Garrick. They were as boys together, hitting and scoring against each other without an iota of animus. As an instance of their badinage, this writer cannot avoid reproducing a story which must be known to some of you, but really should be

known to all. Irving and Toole were always inventing stories or sayings against each other, but this of Toole's must surely be said to cap the series.

One day Toole came down to the Garrick simulating great weakness and lassitude. Some say that he had even powdered his face to obtain a corroborative pallor. Irving and a number of other actors, noticing him, said, "What's the matter with you, Johnny? You don't seem yourself!" "Oh, I've had an awful night, I dreamt that I was dead and on my way to Heaven. I did nothing but walk and walk along that straight road. And there, away in the distance, were the Golden Gates in front of me. I got up to them at last and made a good knock, when up gets St. Peter and opens to me. 'What do you want?' says he. 'Please, Sir,' says I, 'I want to get in.' 'And who may you be, may I ask?' 'Oh,' says I, drawing myself up a bit, 'I'm Johnny Toole, the actor, of Toole's Theatre, London.' 'Very sorry,' says St. Peter, beginning to close the gate, 'but we've no actors in Heaven.' Whereupon he double-locked the gate and left me. I was very angry, but thought, well, as I have come so far I might as well sit down and see what goes on; it might come in useful when I get back to town. I sat there for some considerable time and many people of all sorts passed by. And some got in and some didn't. I quite felt for the poor old Bishop who probably had a wife and large family, who had to go back to his home again, and I wondered what he'd say about it in the Diocese. Then to my amazement whom should I see walking up the hill but dear old Henry Irving, and I said to myself, now I'm in for a good time, I'll see Henry turned off! I stood up to watch the thing. What was my consternation when I actually saw St. Peter let him in. It was not long before I rushed up to the

Gate and gave a very loud knock which soon brought out St. Peter. I says to him, says I, 'Look here, Sir, it's not fair nor honourable; you would not let me in because I'm an actor, and then you go and let Henry Irving in, whose theatre, the Lyceum, is bigger than mine.' 'Oh! Henry Irving!' said St. Peter, '*we don't call him an actor here!*'"

Irving added to a noble greatness of soul a princely generosity of heart. It was many a time that the poor out-at-elbows actor was helped by him. He had little of the arrogance of success, and in this was essentially great. Greatness is more rare in the wearing of the laurel than in the earning of it. There is no superiority in your great man. What is superior in him he does not tell you; it is you that discern it. And in this there is a relationship between all that are truly great, that they bear themselves with that dignity of modesty which in truth is no affectation, for they know of heights beyond which only in their dreams they reach. However much the world may blazon their triumphs, their own souls record the measure of their failures. This writer has seen multitudes of men, many of them labelled with Celebrity or Fame, but their greatness is less in inherence than in hearsay.

In estimating greatness, one considers less what the man has done than what the man is. It is conceivable that from some mind might emanate a work that echoes down the ages, and yet, apart from it, the man might have a petty soul. Such are not the souls of the Great! What of such is visible within the souls of Beaconsfield, of Gladstone, of Tennyson, of Kitchener, of Shaftesbury, of Owen, of Irving? Ah! how I feel it when I traverse other lands, the bountiful France, the lonely Alp-lands, the Italy of Romance, that the heirs of England can never be diminu-

tive or poor, whose motherland conceived such men as these. They in themselves would make an Empire great. They are incentives for all time, something wherewith to raise the standard of the years unborn.

And oh, ye Gods, the lights and shadows mingling in the folds as falls the curtain upon Irving's life! He was the Cardinal in Tennyson's *Becket*. With open hand pressed to the weary eyes, he exclaims: "Into Thy hands, O God, I commend my Cause!" and they ring the curtain down upon the privations, the struggle, the suspense, the aims, the laurels of a great life, and there remains for him but the repose of the Abbey and the remembrance of a people.

XIV

THE GRACIOUSNESS OF GRATITUDE

Gratitude the Gold of the Gods. "Where are the Nine?" The Empress Eugenie's Gratitude to Sir John Burgoyne. The Story of Her Flight. The Unlatched Gate and the Open Heart. The Story of how Mr. Milles-Lade inherited Nash Court. A Return from the Dead. A Husband's Repudiation of his Bride on Bridal Night.

GRATITUDE is the gold of the gods; the gracious blossom of the beautiful soul. In days of old a God in human guise walked our human ways. His heart was heavy with our sorrows, but His soul was illumined with the recollections of Light. He laid His tender hands upon the sightless eyes, and they that dwelt in darkness saw once more the long-lost features of fond wife and child, and all the generous glories of the world. One day He met ten blinded men, and gave them back their sight. One came and blessed the Master, but through the long-drawn centuries of Time—*Where are the Nine?* Their descendants crowd the land. No race has ever had a progeny prolific such as theirs. You will meet them everywhere, in tropic climes and frozen zones; in cities and in solitudes, and every spot where mortals meet. In sooth it is a thankless world, and most of our gratitude is reserved for the leaving of it. Wherefore it is that, like intrinsic gold, the beautiful rare gratitudes of men are of all earthly things most precious. The pilgrim in the passage of his days takes note of them. They are as the occasional flowers growing within the shadows of a wood.

I love to think of them, and gather a bunch or so from memory.

When the widowed Empress of the French sat down to portion out her property, thinking of friends and relatives in all the beautiful things she had to leave, the Gold of Gratitude was in the gift she left Sir John Burgoyne.

A woman gently nurtured, used to delicate apparel, can you picture her as she was huddled out of Paris, with old clothes on her, borrowed for complete disguise? And so, with dire memories of Marie Antoinette, and all the beautiful brave women whose proud heads had been lowered on the scaffold, this sad Imperial lady reached the sea.

Through the courtesy of Colonel Sir Frederick Ponsonby, who has given to the public a letter written to his father, Queen Victoria's trusted Secretary, we are enabled to glimpse for ourselves the anxieties and horrors of her passing from the land o'er which this tragic fugitive so regally had reigned.

"Windsor House, Ryde,
"*September* 15 (?), 1870.

"My Dear Ponsonby,

"I am very glad to give you a short account of the extraordinary circumstance of my bringing H.I.M. the Empress over in the *Gazelle*. I am especially anxious that it should be known that all that occurred was by the most pure accident, as I fear an impression has got abroad that I was in Deauville Harbour 'waiting events.'

"Lady Burgoyne had been abroad for some months, and I went in the yacht to Trouville (Deauville Harbour) to meet her on the 24th August. We were detained there by bad weather and head winds longer than we expected,

and so much did we wish to get away that on two occasions I was ready for sea, and had the pilot on board, but by his advice did not go to sea. I mention these details to prove that I am not mixed up in foreign complications.

"On Tuesday, the 6th September, at about 2 p.m., two strangers came on board and asked to be allowed to see an English yacht. I happened to be on board, and myself showed them over the yacht. One of them suddenly asked to be allowed to say a few words in private; he then informed me that the Empress was concealed in Deauville, wishing to be conveyed to England, and asked me if I would undertake to take her over on the yacht; after consulting with Lady Burgoyne, considering the scanty accommodation on board, I at once agreed to her request, and it was considered advisable that Lady Burgoyne should remain on board, as her landing might create suspicion.

"It was arranged between the two gentlemen (Dr. Evans, of the Rue de la Paix, and his nephew) and myself that I was to meet them at a certain place on the quay at 11 p.m. that night to settle at what time Her Majesty was to come on board. We met and settled the hour for five minutes past 12 (midnight). Oddly enough, at 11.30 p.m. I had the honour of a visit from a young Russian gentleman, to whom I had only been introduced formally, who brought 'a friend of his from Paris who was anxious to see a yacht.' I had the pleasure of showing them all over the vessel except Lady Burgoyne's cabin, and have little doubt that he was a spy, who suspected something. I carefully watched these two persons safely over the railway bridge back into Trouville, and while I was doing so, Dr. Evans, the Empress and Madame le Breton came up, and I immediately took them on board. The Empress was very much agitated and sobbed bitterly, and on my saying to her, going over

the side: 'N'ayez pas peur, Madame,' she replied in English, 'I am safe with an English gentleman.' I then introduced her to my wife, who told her the last three days' news, and read the papers to her.

"At 7 o'clock we left the harbour, and had very heavy weather, with a nasty sea running, but the *Gazelle* is a very fine sea boat and behaved splendidly, but I fear the Empress must have suffered frightful discomfort, although we did all in our power to make her comfortable. I landed with the Empress at Ryde a little before 7 on the 8th, and she left at mid-day, via Portsmouth, for Hastings to join her son. If Her Majesty the Queen should speak to you about this occurrence, I shall deem it an immense favour if you will thoroughly explain that my part in it was entirely from accident, and that previous to 2 p.m. on the 6th I do not think I ever heard the Empress's name mentioned while I was in France. The Empress had no luggage of any sort or kind, and what she had to undergo in her journey from Paris to Deauville had far better never be known. M. de Lesseps had nothing whatever to do with her escape. I believe Prince Metternich planned it, and Dr. Evans carried it out most skilfully.

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"Montagu Burgoyne."

Sir John Burgoyne, in the above interesting statement, is more than modest in recounting his own share in what may be truthfully stated as the saving of the Empress's life, and there is also a remarkable reticence regarding the part he played in the navigation of the yacht during that fearful night. He is silent also concerning the destruction that befell other ships less fortunate than his own.

In the dead of night, when the storm grew to a gale,

the intrepid Baronet insisted in taking the place of his pilot, and obviously it is not right that posterity should be ignorant either of his courage or his skill.

But a little way from his surging craft the immense ironclad *Captain* foundered further south, turning completely over, with terrible loss of life.

Had the *Gazelle* likewise foundered, it might have remained one of the mysteries of history what had become of the beautiful Empress. She was seen by none to leave Paris. All the witnesses of flight were with her—Evans, his nephew, and Madame le Breton, and, so well were the plans for departure laid, that not a soul witnessed the embarkation. Storm darkened the night, and the winds were gathered for impending gales, and the very crew, which transported her from shore to yacht, would have perished with the noble heart which was instrumental in the rescue. Of that night, and all its happenings to the sad woman who forsook her throne, there might well have remained no mortal tongue to tell.

This may possibly be controverted if it be clearly proved that there were any who accompanied Her Majesty only so far as the seashore. It has been asserted that such is the case, but it seems unlikely that the sagacious forethought, which planned that secret departure from Paris, would unnecessarily have impeded its progress, or endangered its success, by the presence of one single needless person.

It was a lovely morning in spring, and an old woman walked slowly along a lane. She chanced upon a gate which gave her feeble fingers difficulty in the opening. A young man came riding by, and, courteously dismounting, opened the gate for the aged pedestrian, and raising his hat rode on.

Years afterwards the old lady died, and left her entire property to the young man, in remembrance of his courtesy. The man is an Earl's son, and has added the lady's name to his own. He is Henry Augustus Milles-Lade of Nash Court, Faversham, son of the first Earl Sondes, and brother of the present peer. She was not of the Nine.

A curious story comes back to me from my childhood; a story that was noised throughout Dublin years ago before this writer's birth. It is a story which exemplifies the difficulties of gratitude. A man had a young and beautiful wife—God took her. A valuable ring, which could not easily be taken off the lifeless hand, was to be buried with her. The remains were taken from the house to the Church. An old butler, a family servant loved and trusted, naturally knew of this ring; it was of diamonds and valuable. Concealed by the cloak of night, he went to the Church, and opening the coffin, amputated the finger, and returned with the ring.

He had not long re-entered the house when there was a ring at the bell, and opening the door, clothed in her grave clothes of white, stood the dead wife! It appears that she was in a trance, and the amputation caused the flow of blood which woke her. Now what was the overjoyed husband to do? Was he to prosecute his servant for theft, or reward him for the restoration of his wife? The man was pensioned but never again seen.

An old Florentine romance of mediæval days recurs to me. An exquisite girl of noble birth was in love with a young Count, whom her parents considered too poor. They accepted for her the offer of an ancient Marquis of good estate. The marriage duly took place. It was a long-drawn ceremony on a stifling day in June. Suddenly towards afternoon a faintness overcame the bride,

and to all appearance she passed away on her marriage eve.

The bridal party (can't you see them passing through those olden streets ?) in long procession bore her in her nuptial robes to the Church, wherein they left her lying in state beneath a coverlet of bridal flowers. There she lay two days awaiting burial. To her came the olden Marquis, and her parents and her friends, and knelt and prayed. To her also secretly and alone came the lover whom she loved ! In the mid watches of the second night the Marquis was awakened from his sloth. He sat up and listened. Through the open casement of that sultry night a well-known voice crept up to him and said : " It is thy Zola, come to thee from the dead ! " To whom, passing to the casement, he returned : " Avaunt, oh Spirit ! trouble not my dreams ! " And straightway turned him to his couch and slept.

Then she, the bride, recovered from her trance, wended her weary way to where her parents dwelt. " Mother ! " she called, " it is thy Zola, give me peace and rest ! " To whom her parents, coming to the window, said : " Avaunt, oh Spirit ! trouble not our rest ! "

Then, with tottering steps and slow, that beautiful, homeless form passed downward through the darkened street to where her lover wept his long-drawn dream of pain. " Dear love ! " she called, and tears were in her voice, " it is thy Zola, give her peace and rest ; save but for thee rest is not anywhere ! " To whom her lover said : " Art thou Love's spirit ? Come and dwell with me ! " and passing downward through the darkened corridors he opened to the light of Love.

It is a traditionary story, from those mediæval days, that Zola's was the one sole instance of divorce granted

by the Pope, which nullified her marriage with the repudiating Marquis, legalizing her union with the faithful lover.

To come to more prosaic times, wherein the commonplaces of the world, the grovelling search for gold, and the glorification of inanities, have neither soul nor brain for poetry, I come to some instances where gratitude is rather experienced than expressed.

The brother of the first Earl of Norbury was in possession of Beechwood, an ancient Toler property. This he bequeathed to his daughter Lady Osborne, wife of Sir Henry, eleventh Baronet of Ballylemon. Sir Henry, after her death, married again and left a second family. For a century Beechwood continued in the possession of the first named Lady Osborne's descendants, but her line was extinguished on the death of Sir Charles Stanley Osborne, fourteenth Baronet, who bequeathed his property to his wife, the baronetcy passing to a descendant of the aforesaid Sir Henry Osborne's second wife. The old Dowager Lady Osborne considered it hardly right to leave Toler property to Osbornes who had no Toler blood, and most generously left it back to Colonel James Graham Toler. His son Captain Leopold Graham Toler, the present Squire of Beechwood, is the second heir presumptive to the earldom of Norbury. He was one of the earliest of prisoners, and remained in brutal captivity the entire length of the war. Lord Norbury showed an example in self-abnegation equalled by none. Using a unique gift for carpentering, he went out as an ordinary mechanic, and though naturally inured to ease and comfort, gave of his best for the benefit of the Motherland.

Exceptional as was his skill, it is his example that counts, and so long as the Motherland has sons as he, we may fearlessly face the furies of the future.

Others may know of more, but this writer is aware of only one instance beyond that already cited of testamentary benevolence so honourable and so unique.

The Longs of Hurts Hall in Suffolk, possessed, in addition to their own family property, the beautiful historic estate of Glemham Hall, for centuries the home of the Norths, Earls of Guilford. The late Mrs. Long, although she had sons of her own, actually left the place back to the Norths, with its splendid old hall, and rooms full of rare and ancient furniture, pictures and tapestries. When stopping there, this writer often said that Lord Guilford could scarcely do less than have some tablet or bust placed in the olden church to commemorate a beneficence whereby he so largely benefits. Of those ten blinded men restored to sight (perhaps you can remember better than I), but was there more than one that returned to render thanks ? Verily I think that, with the exception of thanks rendered as the forerunners of expectation, gratitude is the rarest of beautiful things. Alas and alas, where are the Nine ?

XV

RIGHT REVEREND RECOLLECTIONS
(And, sometimes, Very Reverend)

Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester: the Bishop's Profane Cigar: Gratitude that did not end in Smoke. A Bishop's At Home. I am introduced to a "Mongrel." The Dean of Manchester and his Unique Appointment. Lord Braybrooke Hereditary Visitor to his own College. A Magnificent Dignitary, the late Dean Liddell of Christ Church. The Chaperoning of a Young Nun. The Dean's Dilemma. Recollections of the Bishop of London. I visit His Lordship at Fulham Palace. Walsham How, late Bishop of Wakefield. An Archbishop in Trousers. Bishop Stubbs and a Conundrum. A Mitre in Dispute—a Scene at Crewe Hall. A Toss-up for a Wife—Lord Congleton Wins and Marries an Armenian. Bishop Stubbs annexes Rhoda Broughton. Bettering a Bishop in Argument. A Lawn Meet.

IT is with difficulty that I believe it. It is incredible that I that am not seldom the child of Satan have been so often on terms of friendship with a Right Reverend Father in God.

The kindness of many such has been to me a privilege and pride. What I have learnt from their exalted lives, their erudition and their dignity no man can say. It needs no mean diffusion of qualities to be a bishop. A prelate must needs possess a *soupçon* of piety, a genius for organization, a temper serenely controllable, and a mastery of mind unbiassed for the adjudication of diocesan difficulties. Such men are not easy to be found, yet, thank God, they are so frequently procurable.

If, in addition to these unusual qualities, a bishop should be by birth a gentleman, a man of the world, and a prelate who can pilot us across the maelstrom of the

mundane, as well as to that realm afar, distant and unknown, we have in truth a man whose friendship is an abiding memory.

This writer was privileged in the friendship of a man who, in addition to the many qualities we have mentioned, was the possessor of a strain of eloquence rarely equalled on the Episcopal Bench, but also of a vein of humour absolutely unique.

It was during my frequent visits to Foster Grey Blackburne, Archdeacon of Manchester, whose house indeed was a home to me, that I first met and frequently encountered that remarkable man who was Bishop of the Diocese.

Looking at Dr. Moorhouse, one was not long without the certainty that here indeed was a prelate with many of the elements of greatness. His commanding figure, upright as was his life, gave him an unusual dignity, and the speed with which he put you at your ease betrayed the kindness of his heart and the courtesy of his character. I have listened to him on all sorts of occasions ; to his pulpit utterances, so forcible, so well-balanced, at times so oratorical ; to his speeches at ecclesiastical councils, and to arguments addressed to meetings which were purely municipal, that I was enabled to gauge somewhat the capabilities of the man with an added sense of his completeness every time.

It was a sight to see the Bishop and the Dean together, both men of such commanding height. They made any Cathedral procession imposing. The Dean, an Irishman, whose brother was a Baronet and M.P., was little behind the Bishop in his sense of humour. To hear those dignitaries as they downed each other in repartee was a lesson in the flexibilities of language.

What won for this writer the Bishop's heart happened

in this wise. Just after luncheon one Sunday the Archdeacon came to the smoking-room in rather an agitated way saying, " I've just had a letter telling me that the Bishop and Mrs. Moorhouse are coming here to tea, and, do you know, I haven't such a thing as a cigar in the house ; do you happen to have one ? " His Lordship was a vehement smoker and loved a good weed. I allayed as far as possible the Archdeacon's apprehensions, telling him that if there were a cigar in Bury he could trust me to unearth it. I therefore departed hopefully into the town of a hundred thousand inhabitants. My first venture was naturally to the principal tobacconist. Of course I found the shop closed and timorously rang at the side door, and a portly person in Sunday finery responded. She was the tobacconist's wife. When I asked her, could I have a good cigar, she nearly collapsed, and I thought she would have a fit. With a gasp she said : " Good gracious, Sir, don't you know that this is Sunday ? " I said : " I should never have troubled you, Mrs. Trimmer, but it's not for myself and it's a matter of importance that I should obtain a good cigar, and " (thinking a dose of flattery might do something), " there's not a man in Manchester, let alone Bury, who is such a judge of a cigar as your husband is." " Lord, Sir, if it was for the Prince of Wales himself, Mr. Trimmer would not sell a cigar of a Sunday ! " I then rapidly conjectured that nothing short of making a clean breast of the situation would in any way avail me. Whereupon I said : " Dear Mrs. Trimmer, it's for the Lord Bishop, and if I've got to steal one, a cigar I must have." You never saw such a transfiguration in mortal. " Oh, Sir, it's for the Lord Bishop, is it ? If you don't mind coming this way, will you come into the shop and I'll give you half a dozen of our best for the Bishop to choose from ! "

I returned triumphant and laid my ungodly offering before the astonished Archdeacon.

When the Bishop was smoking his cigar after tea, in a low voice I imparted to Mrs. Moorhouse how that cigar had been procured. She said: "Oh, but you must tell the Bishop that!" I did so. His Lordship's gratitude did not end in smoke. Some weeks afterwards he came again, and this is what he said to me:

"Mrs. Moorhouse and I have an At Home next Thursday week. It is an evening affair. We should so like you to come, but I think it my duty to warn you that there will be clergy in a very large majority. It will be very much out of your line, but we do hope we shall see you. You will get the usual card, and come if you can."

Naturally I thanked him very much.

When the evening came, after greeting Mrs. Moorhouse who was at the head of the staircase, the Bishop came up to me and said: "I've asked the Dean to find you a layman to talk to." And turning to Dean Maclure he said: "Now, Mr. Dean, find him something satisfactory."

It was a very large At Home. They seemed to have unearthed all the parsons in Christendom. There were also the parsons' wives and many of the parsons' daughters. It took us some time to find a layman. At last I was introduced to Dr. Tristram, the well-known Chancellor. After awhile I encountered the Bishop, who asked me had they found me a layman. "I very much regret having to tell you, my Lord, that Mr. Dean has grossly deceived me. He said, 'Ah, here is what we're wanting,' and introduced me to Dr. Tristram. I was at first quite satisfied, but as we talked I was conscious of suspicion, for his conversation showed me that he was a species of clergyman I had not previously encountered. I now find, my Lord,

that he is a mongrel, for as Chancellor, he's only half and half.'" The Bishop told this story to everyone, and for a long time after the unfortunate Chancellor was always alluded to as the Mongrel.

We have referred to Dean Maclure. There is this of interest concerning him, and as far as I am aware unprecedented. In the year 1890 the Archdeaconry of Manchester fell vacant. It is a dignity in the gift of the Bishop, and Bishop Moorhouse gave it to Mr. Maclure, vicar of Rochdale. He had hardly done so when the Deanery of Manchester fell vacant, which is in the gift of the Crown. The Crown bestowed the Deanery on the newly made Archdeacon. Consequently the recently appointed Archdeacon, who had never taken office as such, was Dean of Manchester, and the Archdeaconry again fell back into the Bishop's hands for bestowal.

A curious coincidence, which in all probability will never recur, deserves mention. The Lords Braybrooke are hereditary Visitors of Magdalene College, Cambridge (which by the way is not pronounced Maudlin as is the sister College at Oxford of the same name, where the Prince of Wales was in residence). When Dean Neville succeeded his brother as Lord Braybrooke, he must have felt at times a little beside himself, for he was at one and the same moment Dean of the College in residence and also Visitor to Magdalene.

The Dean of Christ Church of my day was a splendid specimen of a dignitary, and looked born to the position of Head of that imposing corporation. Member of an old family, Dean Liddell has all the predilections of an aristocrat and badly bore the plutocracy. He was a man with whom you could not by any possibility take a liberty, and to be invited to the Deanery was a distinction, a distinction

not devoid of terror until the Dean departed leaving you to the gentler atmosphere of Mrs. Liddell.

It is a glad memory to this writer that he utterly routed the Dean on one occasion. The Dean showed little animosity, inasmuch as he subsequently gave a breakfast in the writer's honour; but that is another story.

You must know that the undergraduates of Christ Church have seats apportioned to them up the centre aisle of the Cathedral, which is primarily the College Chapel. These seats facing each other are about four rows on either side, and beyond the fourth or upper row there is a stout velvet rope separating the undergraduates from the general congregation.

On one occasion the venerable Canon Pusey was advertised to preach. The Cathedral apparently contained every nun in Christendom. Behind me as I sat in the upper row was a dear old nun somewhat stout accompanied by quite a picture of a girl also in sisterhood orders. The black and white exquisitely framed her face. There were not many such in that mediæval city, and I conjectured that I should derive more benefit from that sermon if only I could face the other way. After a while the old lady, standing there in that crowded Cathedral, showed evident signs of fatigue. I thereupon out with my pocket knife and cut the rope. It was natural for a gentleman to offer the old lady his seat, and I took her place and chaperoned the young nun.

You must know that, unlike other Colleges, the members of the "House" wear white surplices except on days called "Black Prayers," when they wear gowns. This particular day was a day of "White Prayers." You could not imagine how grotesque it looked to see this dear old black-robed nun wedged in among the surplices. The

Dean opposite looked thunder at me, and I could see that I had made an impression.

After the sermon was over and we all trooped out, a verger came up to me and said: "Mr. Dodgson's compliments, Sir, and he would like to see you." (He was dear old *Alice in Wonderland*, my mathematical tutor.) Then it was the Proctor's compliments and he would like etc. etc. And then it was a message from the Very Reverend the Dean. I saw them all—or rather they all saw me—and the Dean said it was a very serious case and there would be a meeting to discuss it, and subsequently I was summoned to attend the Deanery on a certain day. The Dean then informed me that this very serious matter had been carefully considered, and the Governing Body had determined that I must "go down" for the remaining portion of the term. The London season was then in full swing. I said to the Dean: "I bow, Sir, to your decision, but may I be allowed to ask you, Mr. Dean, whether it will not be thought strange in London that a man has been sent down from the House which has been for centuries celebrated as the nursery of gentlemen simply for his courtesy to an ancient gentlewoman?"

I heard no more about that going down.

On two occasions it was my good fortune to be invited to meet the Bishop of London (Winnington-Ingram). At the first house party he stopped three days, at the other, four. Charming to talk to, he is a man of singular kindness, but as a conversationalist he is not what the late Bishop of Wakefield was, the late Bishop of Manchester, or Dr. Stubbs, Bishop, first of Chester and ultimately of Oxford. There was more of reticence than of revelation in his talk, and though his courtesy veiled it, he seemed to care but little for subjects other than his own.

He may possibly possess those gifts, but whatever he has of epigram or repartee is obviously suppressed. One evening, I remember, the talk turned on the laborious life of a bishop, and the difficulty of attendance at the Lords, in addition to the duties of diocesan work. Knowing that it was said of his Lordship, I know not with what truth, that he gave a lift home in his carriage to artisans and mechanics, I tremulously ventured the assertion that when in bygone days the salaries were voted to the several sees, such salaries were estimated to meet the expenses and style necessary to those who, by Act of Parliament, were peers spiritual, and that, in the estimation of the public, a prelate had always been a personage, and the great respect in which he was held would survive even the partial obliteration of religious belief. This is explained, I argued, by the social position of a bishop, a respect originated and maintained by the style in which, by Act of Parliament, he was enabled to live. The Bishop suggested, rather than stated, that a minister of Christ, which indeed is the principal thing that a bishop is, should not show such differences as Parliament intended. The Bishop of London is altogether unassuming in his manner. He would not allow of a carriage to be brought out to carry him to the station. Although four hundred miles from London, he had but a Gladstone bag for all his belongings, and it was with every conceivable degree of difficulty that I was able to wrest from him this luggage and, under continual protest, carry it to the station. This writer has carried the bags of various prelates, but reluctance on the part of most of them has been far from robust.

It was one of England's rare days of summer. To live was a joy; for the flowers were there to meet the sun. The river tarried in its race and forgot the nearing sea.

Many thoughts were mine that June day of that year of grace 1921 as I lingered along through Fulham churchyard and the approaches to the venerable palace.

The presence of one outstanding tombstone, massive and commanding, brought to mind many memories that were not exactly ecclesiastic. Under that great memorial block rested all that was mortal of the last Viscount Ranelagh, who assuredly at his burial must have found himself in closer and more continuous proximity to a Right Reverend Father in God than was ever his experience in the lengthy course of his elastic life.

Some great men have left a memorable name by mighty deeds. Lord Ranelagh will be remembered so long as polo and tea-drinking survive, without any such deeds of greatness or of brain, mainly by the fact of his name being associated with a club whereto Mayfair largely resorts on the Saturdays of its season.

The noble viscount and his varied career provided strange ante-rooms of thought for a privileged, pre-arranged visit to the dear Bishop of London. It was but at Eastertide that this writer had been received and blessed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Thinking of his Eminence one could not but contrast that radiancy of rose colour which so splendidly robed him with the exquisitely dignified purple which cassocked the Prelate as he emerged from his sanctum to receive me.

The slight, well-knit figure, so excellently controlled by exercise of many a manly sport (his Lordship is exceptional in tennis, golf, rackets ; and one has to be up early to overtake him as a cyclist or pedestrian), so well befitted those ancient rooms and the dignified taste with which they are furnished. Flowers were everywhere, and an open grand evidenced the domesticity of the man. The open case-

ments brought you no suspicion of the strife and strain of that London which was so near and yet so silent.

I cannot avoid giving this instance of the Bishop's tact and kindness. Bringing me into his own room, wherein was a large desk, he did not seat himself opposite it, with a chair beyond for me. As I made for that chair, awaiting his gesture to be seated, he said : " No, you're not here on business, we are here to have a talk. Let's be comfortable." And he wheeled two armchairs side by side, and there we sat.

The spring was there, and so was this its sunlit hour. I took with me its brightness and the encouragement of that kindly blessing which, indeed, I can never forget, it is not in me to omit that in all the diffidence of self so strongly imposed on one by the apathy of these days, the soul of me could scarcely have tasted of survival were it not for the recognition and affection of such men. Assuredly the nearer a man gets to greatness, the more liberal is he with that counsel and encouragement which ennobles the lives of others.

Dr. Walsham How, late Bishop of Wakefield, was a charming personality, most easy to talk to, and he would enter into your life, not caring to dwell upon his own, and seemed interested in all things new to his experience. It was a great privilege to spend three days with him.

Archibald Campbell Tait looked as if he had been born an Archbishop, and Benson was not much, if any, behind him. It is the writer's great loss that, beyond being at his garden parties at Lambeth Palace, he never knew this most interesting of our prelates.

I once sat next to him under the most interesting of circumstances. He was seated in the front row of the stalls at the Comedy Theatre. The light was dim, almost to

darkness. As we awaited the rising of the curtain, two men entered, and one took his seat beside me. When the curtain rose, my attention was occasionally distracted from the play by the efforts of my neighbour to put his legs under the seat or anywhere unobservable. They appeared to give him incessant anxiety. When Act I. was over and the light turned on, it was His Grace of Canterbury who was next to me, with the unusual adornment, not of breeches and gaiters, but of trousers. His son was with him, and they were vastly amused with the play. The Archbishop attracted attention by his modest efforts to avoid it.

Talking of Archbishops, I remember long ago reading the life of Archbishop Whateley. He had been the pupil of the Bishop of Bangor, to whom he was wont to write, "My dear Lord Bishop," the Bishop writing to Whateley, "My dear Whateley." On the latter's elevation to the Archbishopric of Dublin, the Bishop of Bangor wrote to him: "My dear Lord Archbishop, I must indeed congratulate Your Grace, etc. etc." or some such like words. Whereupon the Archbishop wrote and remonstrated with him, to whom the Bishop replied: "As one consecrated to so high an office, it is not in me to address Your Grace otherwise, and I cannot think of doing so."

Once, telling Bishop Stubbs this story, I asked him what he would do should an old curate of his be consecrated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury? Stubbs thought a moment and then said in his abrupt way: "Conundrum —I give it up!"

When one considers the power and prestige of an Archbishop and the prominence accorded to him from the earliest ages to this present day, a position far in advance of that enjoyed by a Bishop, it has always seemed to me

strange that when, even prior to mediæval days, the mitre was designed, it gave no distinctive token to that of the Archbishop differentiating it from the canonical headgear of the Bishop. There is but one exception. The Bishops of Durham, who in their day were Princes of the Church, have a ducal coronet surrounding the rim of their mitre.

I remember that, when years ago I was at Crewe Hall, that more than eccentric person, the late Lord Crewe, a brother-in-law of the kindly Lord Houghton, showed me over the house of which he was so justly proud. He explained to me the beautiful stained glass panes illustrating in colour the armorial bearings inherited by him, and others collateral to his family. In process of time we came to the coat of arms of that Lord Crewe who was Bishop of Durham, a mighty man in his day. Most hazardous of me and highly injudicious considering I knew the impetuosity of the late peer (a man who would order up dinner an hour before the time if he felt hungry or order it to be kept back if he were not, and this in a houseful of guests), most inadvisably I said: "There's something wrong about those arms." Lord Crewe got instantly inflamed and peremptorily shouted: "'Tis not! There's nothing wrong in my house." With as docile an air as was possible I ventured to tell him of the ducal coronet to which the Bishops of Durham were entitled. "'Tis not so! That's absurd. Why should one bishop have what another hasn't? I tell you it is not so."

Lord Crewe had a good library. I said to him: "If you see it in a creditable book on arms stating the fact, will you believe it?" "Of course I will, but such a book does not exist." I asked him to send for a certain volume wherein is a statement of the fact. This book he sent for, and as I sat down to find the passage, he glared at me as

with difficulty I endeavoured to unearth it. The search took considerable time, and all the while his lordship continued to jeer at my attempts, saying, "I told you that you could not find it. I knew it was not there. Don't you ever tell me again that you know anything that I don't." In a very quiet voice I said to him: "If you will be kind enough, Lord Crewe, to read this passage you will see what is the heraldically correct design of the Bishop of Durham's mitre." He had been marching up and down the room like a caged tiger, but, taking the volume from me, he sat down and studied it. He then rose up and flew at me, both hands extended, and in the humblest manner you could imagine, implored of me to forgive him. You never saw a man in such a state.

This gives you a very fair idea of a most extraordinary man—urbanity itself when in the mood and sometimes quite otherwise when not.

Canon Henry Blackburne, who held the living of Crewe Green, quite close to Crewe Hall, and officiated also at Lord Crewe's picturesque little chapel within the House itself, told me that he had never had a word with Lord Crewe all the years he had been there. It never seemed to me that all those extra prayers in that private chapel had much visible effect on the noble owner. But some seeds take a good time to sprout. One never knows.

One of the most extraordinary men, a man infinitely learned and with a directness of utterance occasionally unorthodox and always original,was the famous Dr. Stubbs. It was at a dinner party at the Deanery that I first met him. He was then Bishop of Chester, some years before his translation to Oxford.

Dean Darby was an imposing-looking Irishman of a well-known family, the Darbys of Leap Castle, and a near

relative of the celebrated John Darby who founded a religious persuasion of a people who call themselves Darbyites, near relatives, I understand, to the Plymouth Brethren. John Vesey Parnell, second Lord Congleton, from whom I experienced great kindness as a boy, was once travelling with John Darby in America. It was a species of proselyte tour. Afterwards it was borne in upon them that their influence would be greater if one of them were married. Whereupon his Lordship and Darby tossed up and the lot fell upon Congleton, who consequently married an Armenian lady named Khatoon, daughter of Ovauness Moscow of Shiraz. This was his second wife, who was dead before my day ; he married yet again a third wife, by whom, when he was between sixty and seventy, he had one daughter, Mrs. Mandeville of Anner Castle, Clonmel, a great let off for the brother who succeeded him. I used to see a great deal of the Lord Congleton of whom I am speaking when the name of his cousin, Charles Stewart Parnell, was in everybody's mouth as Irish leader, and you could not make Lord Congleton more angry than by talking of this cousin as Par*nell*, which the head of the family asserted was absurd, the emphasis being on the first syllable—*Par*nell.

The mention of Clonmel reminds me of one of the most prompt of witticisms on record, and quite worth repeating, though in its day it was known to many.

That witty Judge, Sir John Toler, first Earl of Norbury, when told that Sir John Scott had been created Lord Clonmell (the name of the title, unlike the town, having its last letter doubled), said : " Johnnie was always grasping —give him an inch and he'll take an L."

The only instance of this Lord Norbury having been himself scored off is the following. Being on circuit as

Judge of Assize he found that he had left his slippers behind. He sent a message down to the Attorney-General who had rooms below asking for the loan of these necessary articles. The Attorney-General was well known to be anxiously awaiting elevation to the position occupied by the Judge, and on receiving a letter of thanks from his Lordship replied: "Mr. Attorney begs to thank his lordship for Lord Norbury's letter just received, and begs to say that it seems only right that his lordship should use Mr. Attorney's slippers as Mr. Attorney hopes to be soon walking in his lordship's shoes."

But to return to the Dean of Chester's dinner party. I was happy in bringing in that versatile and charming lady, Miss Rhoda Broughton, whose books "Cometh up as a Flower" and "Red as a Rose is She," were then much in vogue. The Bishop sat on the other side of her, and he certainly somewhat neglected Mrs. Darby whom he had handed in, for the three of us bandied words throughout the dinner. The Bishop unbent more than I ever afterwards witnessed in talking to Rhoda Broughton.

It was many a time I had walks with his lordship. His belief, or should it not rather be said unbelief, was startling to a degree. He had little faith in the Old Testament, or indeed in much that is orthodox. One day he startled me by saying: "Show me a man with ready speech, and I reckon him as ready fool," adding afterwards, "I have never met a fluent speaker who was not shallow. The only possible exception may perhaps be genius, but who dreams of meeting genius nowadays?" This writer presumed to argue the dictum, and for about a quarter of an hour discussed the subject. The Bishop was amazingly adroit in his defence. At the end I said: "I would not presume, my Lord, to apply to you your own expression,

but don't you think your own readiness in attempting to discomfit me proves the destruction of your dictum ? " He stopped short, looked at me for about half a minute, and said : " 'Pon my word, I think you have me there ! " I don't think I have ever been so pleased in my life. It was indeed rare for anyone to get the better of Stubbs.

The Bishop was celebrated for his dry and caustic wit, a humour infinitely sardonic. He was greatly tickled by a story which I told him of my very dear friend Major Patton-Bethune. The latter was a member of a large house party, which numbered a Bishop among the guests. One morning he and the prelate were driven in the same carriage from the house to the railway station, his lordship *en route* for a consecration, my friend entraining in an opposite direction for a run with the county hounds. They had each their necessary toggery in their respective kit bags. When the Bishop got into the vestry to attire himself, he found that he had a complete hunting kit, and the Major on proceeding to change found himself possessed of the episcopal lawn.

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It was a lawn meet.

XVI

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Banqueting with Kitchener and Chamberlain. First Impressions of a Great Personality. A Big Man surrounded by Small Men in Great Office. Complacency equalled only by Ignorance. Tantalus they bound in Chains, Kitchener in Tape. Kitchener's Hairbreadth Escape from Capture. Disaster anticipated in Egypt. Kitchener justifies his Appointment. Kitchener as Diplomat and Road-Maker. The Patriarch's unavailing Obstruction. The Mystery of Kitchener's Death. The Secretive Shadows of the Night. Heroes that pass, holding the Golden Bough. Virgil's Beautiful Picture exemplified.

IF one would accurately estimate celebrity's degree of greatness, commend me to the sacred dinner hour. We carry not with us to the festive board the sordid surroundings of the day. We abandon care and those manipulations of mind whereby we manœuvre ourselves into sorrow or success.

A dinner, the smile of your hostess, the brilliance, the expectation and suspense utterly ostracize from memory the burden of the day, and there is a relaxation of feature and perhaps of brain, which shows a man as he is rather than as he appears.

And, although I make no wild assertion that the grape goes further than it ought in the arousing of intellect, I cannot but recollect a couplet of my youth :

> "The butler guides with masterly control
> The flow alike of vintage as of soul."

The experience of a life has but emphasized the veracity of this seventeen-year-old assertion. *In vino veritas* is

as true to-day as it was in the long ago when Erasmus quoted the old Latin proverb in *Chiliades Adagiorum.*

It is a matter of never failing wonder how dull our dinners are. If the woman we hand in be a frivolous fool, the man of mind is utterly lost. There remains nothing for him but the enticements of the chef. If one cannot propitiate the brain, by all means pamper the body. What multitudes of mortals are met, each with their own specialities of nonentity. We wonder whether such inanities of intellect are not assumed as a cloak. It seems unbelievable that it can be otherwise. That astute observer of life, the late Lord Byron, was wont to say that dullness at a dinner party was the sign-manual of birth (how otherwise would it be invited ?) and would almost tearfully entreat this writer to reserve his epigrams for the privacy of his pillow.

I am a great believer in first impressions. To tell you the truth, I often hark back to those first impressions, and contrast them with the verdict of the moment. It is frequently that the first impressions are the more correct. I am now drawing from what I then thought when for the first time I sat face to face with Kitchener at dinner. It was additionally helpful that further up the table was Joseph Chamberlain. Never in the history of humanity were two mortals more dissimilar !

Not even in the presence of Beaconsfield, one of the most constraining influences of the age, did one so distinctly realize the presence of a commanding individuality.

The appearance, attitude, utterance, all bespoke a man born to be great. There was no manner of doubt about it. Greatness was written large despite the modesty that would deny it. There are some things that even art cannot conceal—the soul's littleness, or the soul's strength.

And, mind you, strength is admitted by silence even as it is amplified by speech.

When Kitchener was not speaking there was often a wonderful look of the beyond in his eyes as of one to whom the deserts of Time are familiar, and but occasionally lit by the oasis or the mirage. It was the belief in these oases that was the keynote of his mental mastery. Thousands of us see the sun and it blinds our eyes. We each have our small Khartoums which we never reach; but there was no desert, however broad and drear, that could stay the man that Kitchener was, or more than fitfully delay his destiny.

As there is much that is compelling in Kitchener's career—its early years of suspense, its time of toil, the indomitable courage of its progress, the fame and brilliance of its crown—so there is sorrow, the fidelity of a lifetime in the one love of his heart. In it there was pathos, even unto tears. It was the story of love and loss, but even in loss more dearly loved.

There was in that passion a heroism greater even than that contained in the endurance of his Desert days. It was his lot to love a woman who was as emphatically devoted to duty as was he. This woman had been adopted by a wealthy relative, who after the engagement fell incurably ill. It was not possible, so argued the girl, to desert her in her enfeeblement, and so the man went on his lonely way, and had the dreary desert for companion, where no skylark sings, and where the vulture wings upon his hungry way. The blossom of life was not for him, its interludes of love and rest; but what was his soul's loss was England's salvation in the East. In later days, after the cares of State, his car might frequently be seen starting from the historic Palace where he lodged, west-

wards to the house of the elderly woman whom he still loved. He leant upon her counsel. She was a woman of rare mental balance. He never sought her sympathy in vain.

This story has been by some denied, but nevertheless it is true. We are safe in saying that the goal in Bolton Gardens, where so often tended that car during the strain of the Great War, was the home of the one woman whose influence was an abiding feature in the life of Kitchener.

This intimacy of mind meant much to him. In addition to her rare common sense she was possessed of humour even more uncommon. Excellent is her definition of the man who sought her advice so frequently. "Never was a man truer to his name. Outwardly cold and hard as steel, he encloses beyond human sight the embers, the warmth, the fire he will not show. Was ever man better suited to the name of Kitchener!" And again, when he was elevated to an Earldom as Earl Kitchener of Khartoum and Viscount Broome. "Very suitable," she laughed, "every kitchener should have its broom."

Regarding Kitchener's title, it is no breach of confidence for me to retail what was told me by a friend of the great General. This friend was with him at the time when Sir Herbert Kitchener was elevated to the peerage. The new peer had the greatest difficulty in selecting his title. He hated the name Kitchener, and kicked strongly against the pricks in eternalizing it in his title. Finally Lord Salisbury had actually to telegraph to him to hurry up about his decision. When the telegram arrived, Kitchener, the above-mentioned friend and some others were seated together, and the friend, turning to the baron-designate, said: "Don't you think Kitchener of Khartoum sounds very well? The Khartoum sort of tones down the Kitchener." "I don't think it is a bad idea," was all that

Kitchener said. He evidently thought well of it, for those are the names by which his barony was patented.

Years and years after these troublous times have passed, the future historian may care perhaps to have it as from the eyes of one who looked upon Kitchener what the man meant and seemed to his contemporaries. At that dinner, if there were one thing wanting to accentuate his aloofness from other men, it was present in the proximity of Chamberlain. Here you had the successful, dapper politician; the doer of many fine and some great things; the man of indomitable resource and courage; and all honour be to him for that, for moral courage is one of the most inestimably precious of the gods' gifts to men. But in Chamberlain there was no hallmark of greatness. Success was written large upon him; but the Great in their own souls have no success; they know the greater for which they strive.

England utilized to the full the influence and prestige of Kitchener's name. What that was at the time, history will scarcely realize, but it is no less a certainty that Kitchener's resignation would have meant the fall of the Government. And with the fall of the Government the wreckage of that unity in which lay our sole hope of victory. It will be almost impossible for posterity to realize what this one resignation would have meant during some phases of the war. The country had a wide-spread belief in Kitchener. I very much doubt if Wellington himself had ever the country so thoroughly at his back as had Kitchener. And in those crucial moments to possess the country's confidence was to possess the country's gold, the gold, be it remembered, not only of treasure but of human blood and tissue. For a spell of time the talisman of one man's name drew 'neath the banner of England the youth and the valour of the land. In this respect

alone no patriot heart memorialized at St. Paul's more lastingly deserves this nation's meed of praise. That this hero's immortal dust lies not within the triumphant sound of anthem and of evensong takes neither from the laurels of his life nor the tears of his passing. The gods know where to keep the lion-hearts they love.

And yet all of this wonderful prestige was infinitely less due to what he did than to what he was. It was his name that did it, for the man himself was getting past the work. It was work unspeakably uncongenial to him. He was too great, and his life too charged with big things to have patience with littleness. This big man was surrounded by small men in great office. Their complacency was equalled only by their ignorance. The sloth of bureaucracy and the tardiness of official movement were things irksome beyond words to a mind that would conceive a railway in a night and construct it on the morrow. Tantalus they bound with chains, Kitchener in tape.

With regard to Kitchener's pre-war days, there are a few things worthy of mention.

Here is an incident from the South African War. Allusion has already been made to Kitchener's resource. There exist on the earth a fairly large proportion of resourceful people, but unfortunately with the majority of them there is little of alacrity in their resource. It is alacrity that prevents you being too late. Kitchener did not err in this way. On one occasion the Boers miraculously found out that the Commander-in-Chief would be in a certain train. To this day nobody knows how this knowledge was obtained, but obtained it was, and the Boers accordingly made ready. At a certain point some miles distant from a small encampment of our men whereto Kitchener was making they took up a few rails, which

naturally caused the engine-driver to pull up. Instead of wondering what was up with its consequent waste of precious moments, Kitchener at once rushed to a horse-truck, and his Aide (with whom he was travelling alone) following him, they hastily saddled their horses. The train had barely drawn up when the two men were well on their way. Meanwhile scouts from our encampment, having their suspicions, had given information, with the result that a party of men went out to meet the Commander. Kitchener rode for all he knew, and, most fortuitously meeting the men who were on the lookout for him, escaped capture by the veriest of hairbreadths. But it was his own resource and alacrity which saved him, for it was a case where the fraction of a moment made all the difference. The capture of Kitchener at that time would have spelt a significance in the war and its ending beyond conjecture.

After the brilliance of his military campaigns and the iron force of determination which propelled events in the Soudan, it was a matter of apprehension to many as to whether there was enough of the diplomatist in this man of steel for the delicate position whereto he had been appointed as Administrator in Egypt. Those who knew the land of the Pharaohs shook their heads. It was the square peg in the round hole, and disaster was confidently anticipated. Those who knew Kitchener thought otherwise.

Kitchener, to the surprise of all save those who knew him, was a born diplomatist with a mind especially adapted for the subtleties of the East. His resource was conspicuous. I may give an instance. Europeans interested in the well-being of Egypt, and anxious to attract more visitors to that country, banded themselves into a Syndicate and determined to approach his Excellency on the subject. For representative at this interview they could not have

made a better selection than Mr. Wild. To him was allocated the delicate mission which approached Lord Kitchener. When the day of the interview arrived and Kitchener had heard all that could be said regarding the necessity for the well-being of the capital sunk in Egypt, and the necessity which was urged upon him to exploit the extraordinary advantages of Cairo, Upper Egypt and the Nile, pointing out that almost every class of the community was benefiting by the advent of visitors, Kitchener, be it recorded, was splendidly observant of the rights of the natives, and would countenance no undertaking unless they had a probability of full share in its advantages. Satisfied of this, he was ardent for the progress of the land he administered. He apprehended great difficulty in the subsidizing of one corporation to the exclusion of others. The interview then terminated. A few days later it transpired that the State Railways had come into the Syndicate, by which the Syndicate secured many of the advantages of which they were desirous. Thus by the diplomacy of Lord Kitchener, whilst he could not give with his right hand, he had dowered with his left.

As an instance of Kitchener's determination and foresight, reference may well be made to his genius for road-making. When he took office in Egypt, there was a half-made road which was intended to connect Cairo with the health resort of Helouan. Helouan is a watering-place some twenty miles from Cairo, additionally popular on account of the possession of sulphur springs. It was no use to Cairo without the means of getting there, howbeit there was a railway with infrequent trains. One day Kitchener ordered the convicts out with orders to make a road, instructing them to forge straight ahead, and not to stop until they reached Helouan. After a while the road chanced

upon the property of the Greek Patriarch. His servant stood there with outstretched arms, telling Kitchener's engineer in charge of the work that he could not proceed across that land. To which the latter replied, "My orders are to go straight ahead, and straight ahead I go. If the Patriarch has anything to say on the matter, he had better go and say it to his Excellency." That was how Kitchener did business in Egypt—is it likely that he would either comprehend or tolerate the bureaucracies of Parliament Street?

Kitchener died two years too late. His life was finished when his name was the talisman of enlistment. The brain whereon the Afric sun had beat was growing weary. The work was distasteful to him, the routine and monotony of it, and the ceaseless talk when action was inevitable. England needed his name and England got it; but, in getting it, she martyred the man.

Sir Frederick Ponsonby tells me that Kitchener, being asked what hours he found best for work, responded in his own terse way: "To give out I like the morning; to take in give me the night." I think you have much of the man in that sentence.

Strange as it may appear, there are some who still persist in discrediting the death of Lord Kitchener. It is undeniable, as they assert, that there is any proof of that death, not even the finding of a fragment of the ship. No man stood by his bier; neither priest nor lover received his last sigh. Where, in the whole world-wide, is his mausoleum? You will remember that the battleship, wherein he was gallantly proceeding to Petrograd, sank unseen by any, and that no soul whatsoever saw sign or symbol of that deadly strain and stress within the secretive shadows of the night.

This incredulity on the part of so many is incredible.

But these disbelievers are harking back to mythological times depicted by Virgil. For ye who read may remember that there is no degree of human distress wherefor the divine gods have not their own celestial comfort. And so, turning to the Æneid, I find that the great heroes of the earth, if but they gather of the Golden Bough, may pass unchallenged across the tide, none thwarting them nor saying that they must divest themselves of human guise, exchanging the dust of mortality for the spirituality of the spheres. No, but they pass as ever they were, unchanged in any respect, to continue in Elysian lands the grandeur and the greatness of their human progress. It is indeed significant that although in mythology all the great passed to Immortality, it was the Heroes alone and none others who passed onwards even as they were. This is what the great poet depicts: "Deep in the shade of a tree lurks a branch, all of gold, foliage alike and limber twig, dedicated to the service of the Juno of the shades; it is shrouded by the whole labyrinth of the forest, closed in by the boscage that darkens the glens. Yet none may pierce the subterranean mystery, till a man have gathered from the tree that leafy sprout of gold; for this it is that fair Proserpine has ordained to be brought her as her own proper tribute. Pluck off one, another is there unfailingly, of gold as pure, a twig burgeoning with as fine an ore. Let then your eye be keen to explore it, your hand quick to pluck it, when duly found; for it will follow the touch with willingness and ease, if you have a call from Fate; if not, no strength of yours will overcome it, no force of steel tear it away."

And, therefore, may it not be, even as of old, that this man, who assuredly was a Hero, gathered of the Golden Bough, and, deathless, passed beyond?

XVII

IN TOUCH WITH THEIR EXCELLENCIES

Vicissitudes of Diplomacy. Social Eccentricities of Thrift. London's Indebtedness to American Women. A Dinner Party to meet Lord Sackville and Browning. The Poet as a Rescuer. Sir Augustus Harris lends me a Chair. A Diplomat under a Pew. Sir Henry Dering's Adventure in the Abbey. The French Ambassador's Narrow Escape. A Comic Mistake at an Embassy. An Honest Man who was yet not "Honourable." A Duke's Witticism. Foreign Office Receptions. A Bewildering Collection of Orders. Lord Galloway's Marvellous Memory. Sir Arthur Herbert and his Early Days. K.C.M.G.—"Kindly Call Me George." Lord Newton at Christ Church. Religion as a Ladder. The late Lord Kinnaird as Diplomatist, Philanthropist and Banker. "The Wholly Worldlies and the Worldly Holies." A Story of Surreptitious Twins. Count Mensdorff, the last Austrian Ambassador: Will there ever be another? How to tell a Lie whilst speaking the Truth. The Belgian Minister—"And where do you Preach, Sir?" Lady Ashbourne's Anger. Dear Lord Li: Celestial Instance of Eastern Evolution.

AFTER the war I spent some months in the Central Empires. When, previous to leaving London, I met the representatives of Austria, Germany, and other inimical countries, accredited to the Court of St. James, the thought passed through my mind: What superhuman moral courage (or effrontery) must needs be in the man who represents a late enemy in the metropolis of a victorious Empire. He cannot stay away from functions, as can you and I, should we feel ourselves *de trop*. He is forced to put in an appearance however certain he may be of a frozen reception.

The great diplomatists that have been accredited from time to time to the Court of St. James have been a great feature and in both senses a colouring of London society.

Their distinctive Stars and Orders at great functions, the charm of their manner, and the general interest they inspired were a definite addition to the dramatic make-up of social life. That is largely past. It will take years to right it. Let us hark back to earlier days when animosity or distrust were rare in the meeting of men accredited to our Court.

Those who remember the closing decade of the Victorian era will recollect that kindly American personality, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. She was accounted wealthy, and had a charming house in Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair, where she entertained considerably, and one was always sure of meeting interesting people at her hospitable board. A woman of considerable generosity, and artistic proclivities, she had several small eccentricities of thrift most incongruous to her character and her wealth. It was habitual to her, for instance, to ask five people to an opera box which held but four, and this though well she knew that Sir Augustus Harris would permit of no extra chair being placed therein.

One day I received a cordial letter from the lady asking me to dinner to meet Lord Sackville, then our representative at Washington, his beautiful daughter, and Robert Browning, the poet, the party afterwards to proceed to the opera with Adelina Patti in *Faust*. You may well believe me that I sent a ready acceptance. Americans were always dear to me, for from my first of social days I had recognized my indebtedness to the many bright vivacious cosmopolitan ladies who had illumined the dullness of our insular dinners. To meet our Ambassador would be to find oneself in touch with the nursery of much brilliance, and to sit with Browning would be a remembrance and perhaps a revelation. This writer had long known the poet and owed much to his help and generous sympathy.

The eventful dinner duly took place. Our hostess, with her habitual Transatlantic charm, made us thoroughly at home. The party was too small to be ceremonious and she made us all feel at our best, which, believe me, is the whole art of entertaining. Our English way as often as not consists in the hostess making *herself* feel at best. His Excellency, whom I had not previously met, proved himself to be that distinctive style of English gentleman whom no Foreign State succeeds in reproducing, but otherwise he showed no marked individuality. His daughter, the present Lady Sackville, was in the gleam and glamour of Andalusian beauty; a type of girlhood gladdening to look upon. As for Robert Browning, he was as usual much more the successful diner-out than the poet, and there was pronounced lucidity in all he said. He evidently kept his jewels for home wear, for I can recall nothing of prominence in any word that he uttered, a thing impossible had one spent the same time with Gladstone or with Swinburne. But he was so kindly, with never a trace of vanity or egotism, and seemed so to enjoy himself that one was forced to bear him company. It may be well to add that at that time this writer had not reached his thirtieth year, so you can well imagine the kindliness of those men, then playing an important part in life, to one but barely on life's threshold.

We had a brief oasis of anecdote after the ladies withdrew, and then Browning, drawing me aside, said: "Mrs. Bloomfield Moore is taking Sackville and his daughter with her in her carriage: will you come with me in my hansom, and I think it will be well to get off before they do." We did so, and awaited their arrival in the vestibule. When they came, I, as naturally last in precedence, followed at the tail end of that little procession that mounted the staircase *en route* for the opera box. When we met the upstairs

official, he let the four others pass but collared me, saying that there were only four chairs in the box. I did all that man could, but he was a beast and would not let me pass. I knew Gus Harris personally, so scribbled a line on my card and sent it down to him, standing there meanwhile whilst all the elect passed by. Presently I was conscious of a great clamour down the passage, and I could hear sounds of "Where is he?" and out came Sackville and Browning to know what had become of me. I told them about our hostess's evidence of thrift, and then Browning said a thing that to my dying day I shall never forget as one of the kindest things a great man ever said: "But, see here," he exclaimed, "why should you stay here more than I?" "Let's toss up," was the thoroughly English solution of his Excellency. At this critical moment, Heaven be praised! there came a message from Sir Augustus telling me that certainly I was to have a chair, so the three of us wended boxward followed by an attendant with the needful, and Mrs. Moore simulated surprise at the cause of our absence Surely the consideration of those two men, one great in himself, the other great in his position, is something worth adding to one's remembrances.

At the time of King Edward's Coronation my wife and I were at an afternoon party in Eaton Square. There were many prominent people present, and amongst others Sir Henry Dering, at that time our representative in Brazil. He was a charming personality, travelled, cultured, and cosmopolitan. In addition to what he was in himself, he was of added interest to me personally as head of the Derings, one of the few pure-bred Saxon families who had retained their county prominence from days long anterior to the Conquest. The Dering Baronets of Surrendon-Dering trace back to the year 880. It says much for the vitality

of a race that even that eleventh century invasion of the Normans could not obliterate or repress their vigorous continuance. Sir Henry and I talked a good deal by a side tea-table. After a while he said: "No diplomat dead or alive ever had the experience I have just had." He then told me that he had been wandering round the Abbey looking for some family tablet, when suddenly he was conscious that they were going to begin a rehearsal of the Coronation. It will never do, he thought, for the King's representative to be turned out of the Abbey by the police. "I was not going to take that position," he said. "It would have been much better if I had, for what do you think I stupidly did? I hid myself in a pew, so that the attendants should not see me. And there I actually saw the whole show. Old Ponsonby-Fane did the King, and I can tell you it was as good as a play, and it is not every diplomat that has a box which is really a pew; but only fancy the headlines in the evening papers if I had been discovered and ejected!" It was common knowledge that every possible precaution had been taken to keep this rehearsal secret and prevent any account of it appearing in the Press.

I recall what might have been a most disagreeable episode. It stands to reason that when representatives of Foreign Sovereigns or States are kind enough to accept your invitation (and it is the object of every true blue hostess to subpœna the Embassies), that these exalted people anticipate your tact that they do not encounter anyone at variance with or discredited by their respective countries. This writer recollects a particularly brilliant season in the eighties. The French Ambassador was a remarkably popular personage. At the same time General Boulanger was giving his government a good deal of trouble, and took the

opportunity to visit London, where he was lionized by a small section of the community. My brother's houseboat, the *Iris*, was moored off Henley for the regatta, and for this function the French Ambassador accepted my invitation, and was on the upper deck after luncheon, when whom should I see in the distance through my field-glasses but Colonel Hughes-Hallett, late M.P. for Rochester, and General Boulanger. They were in a small rowing-boat, and seemed making for the *Iris*. I forthwith told his Excellency that I had a particular liqueur which I should like him to sample, and it awaited him in the tent ashore. I got him below, and towed him to Lady Seymour, asking her to keep him engaged for a bit. I told the servants to place the liqueur in the little tent across the gangway, and as I led my guest shoreward from the barge the General was boarding the *Iris* from the river. I believe that, like flies, some diplomats have eyes at the back of the head. Over our liqueur in the tent the ambassador said with a twinkle in his eye: "You did that very well; it is seldom that our French poets have *savoir-faire*." The kindly compliment was well worth the anxiety it cost.

Another remembrance of the French Embassy. In London at that time there was a certain member of the Leveson-Gower family whose father was an Honourable, but he himself was not entitled to the designation. If I am fortunate enough to have foreign readers, I may say that whilst in America or the Dominions the word Honourable prefixed to a name may denote a member of Congress or Senate, or even some official position, in England it almost always means that the holder of it is a son of baron, viscount, or earl, and when that holder is a lady she may possibly be a Maid of Honour with precedence next to that of a baron's daughter, if not the daughter of a

baroness or a viscount. Now, this particular Mr. Leveson-Gower, not being the son of a peer, was ostensibly not entitled to the prefix, and yet, for some reason I never could fathom, he was very frequently accorded it on the envelope. Lord Byron was one day at the French Embassy, and was talking with some of the attachés, one of whom was getting out invitations for a forthcoming function. One of the cards duly enveloped and addressed lay on the table. Byron, looking at it, exclaimed : " Don't send that ; he's not Honourable." Towards the end of the season the intended recipient wrote to know why his name had been omitted in all of that season's festivities at Albert Gate. The attaché, although he knew that the would-be guest, not being honourable as he had been told, was plainly a person better omitted, felt in so delicate a matter, since write he must, that the letter had better be drafted by the person who warned him. He therefore wrote to Byron, saying : " You know that gentleman about whose honour you advised us has been asking for a reason why he is no longer invited, and we should very much like to know what we should say, and what he has done that he is no longer a man of honour." This humorous matter was very speedily cleared up, and the honourable gentleman, who yet was not an Honourable, was restored to his previous position on the Embassy List.

It would not do to leave my recollections of Albert Gate without recording the witticism of a well-known French duke of the *ancien régime*. Someone mentioned in his hearing the name of the then Ambassador and Ambassadress from the French Republic, M. and Mme. Waddington. The Duke was heard to mutter under his breath : " Beaucoup de *Wadding*, mais peu de *ton*."

The Foreign Office receptions, especially in the days of

Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, were brilliant functions. As is natural, the distinguished people entitled to Orders wore them, and the coveted Garter was a deep and intrinsic background to the various crimsons, yellows, azures and emeralds of multitudinous Foreign decorations. I had a great friend whose memory on such matters was little short of miraculous. I have seen the late Lord Galloway sit down on the day following a reception at the Foreign Office and, without notes of any kind, write an article which included the names and colours of the wide variety of Orders worn by the different diplomatists present, including Chinese, Japanese, Siamese and all the lesser Eastern States and Anglo-Indians present, and the four or five different Orders of Knighthood of our Indian Empire. When one adds to this, that Lord Galloway was never forgetful of the ladies and was equally good at recording their dresses, trimmings, colourings, necklaces and particular shape of tiara affected by all best worth knowing in the womanhood of London Society, it was a great mental achievement. This I have always reckoned to be a very marvellous feat of memory equalled only by those of Colonel Hughes-Hallett or W. W. Story. The memory of both these men was remarkable. Story could enforce his opinion by quoting half a page of Milton, Dryden, Tennyson, or Pope, and he occasionally bewildered you by clinching an argument from a classic in the original; whilst there was not much of Shakespeare that Hallett did not know. Lord Galloway utilized his wonderful memory by writing for the "London Day by Day" column of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was also a contributor to the *World* when that paper was written by gentlemen, and was a power in the social land. Fallen from its high estate (for it is some years since the disappearance of that popular journal), it is an unmistak-

able loss to those who love good reading and the knowledge and whereabouts of notabilities. There is room for a good paper of this sort in the London life of to-day, but where are now the men with that junction of brain and birth which is an essential of such writing ?

In Undergraduate days at Christ Church, Oxford, I may be said to have lived all but in the atmosphere of budding diplomacy. For a couple of years there was but the staircase landing between my rooms in Peckwater Quad and those of Sir Arthur Herbert. Humbly, and at a distance, I always considered him a man of mark. He had the reserve of a great man and the tact and courtesy of what is best in public life. This remembrance of him illustrates the peculiarities of English education, and the reserve with which even at earliest at Eton and afterwards at Oxford men treat each other pending the familiarities of friendship. Simply because he was a trifle senior to myself and somewhat of a recluse in his habits, we would pass each other dozens of times a week, sometimes on the landing simultaneously shouting for our scout, and otherwise encountering each other, without so much as a " Good-morning " between us. This state of things continued until Herbert's departure for the successful diplomatic career which awaited him, and it was only when we met constantly in the social world of London that he came up to me with extended hand, saying, " Don't you think this has gone on long enough ? We ought to know each other by this time." Sir Arthur has been decorated with the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George for his diplomatic work, especially as our representative in Norway during the not altogether easy times following that country's severance from Sweden. American readers will remember him at Washington.

Alluding to the K.C.M.G. and the ultimate G.C.M.G. with which Sir Arthur was honoured, I cannot avoid mentioning a witticism of the late Sir George Reid, which I have always thought one of the smartest things ever said by that ready wit. It does not so much matter whether some of you have already heard it—it will bear repeating. Sir George was in Australia when he was created a K.C.M.G., and the majority of Australians were at their wits' end to know what the initials meant. At last someone asked the recipient, who, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "Oh, the K.C.M.G. means Kindly Call Me George!" This witticism was the more telling inasmuch as the distinguished Mr. Reid was widely known by that designation, and few were cognisant of his Christian name.

The outside public unconnected with ribbons and decorations are not aware of the advantage to the recipient by a promotion from a Knight Commandership to a Grand Cross. The former entitles the holder to a star or emblem dependent on a ribbon with the colours of the Order and worn round the collar showing under the tie. But the Grand Cross entitles the holder to wear the broad ribbon of the Order across that portion of the shirt which otherwise is visible. I asked Sir Richard Temple once if he did not find his Grand Crosses a great saving in shirts! The Grand Cross of the Bath entitles the holder to supporters to his family arms, and all Orders give the recipients of a Grand Cross some magnificent mantle or other in which the colours of the Order are usually blended. The mantle, if the recipient be a man of commanding height and carriage, renders him an imposing spectacle on Chapter Days.

The portrait which I give elsewhere of Lord Sydenham of Coombe depicts him wearing the mantle of the Grand Cross of Saint Michael and Saint George. I never could

understand why King Edward made such a point as to the angle at which the Ribbon should be worn. Previous to his finding on the subject it depended across the shirt from a start made close to the neck. His late Majesty, however, laid down that it should start its descent as from the shoulder, which indeed looks well enough when the Ribbon is worn over a uniform, but worn with an evening dress coat seems not nearly so neat. King Edward made a great point of this, and was instantly observant of the fact if worn in the old way.

Another budding diplomatist at Christ Church in my time was the present Lord Newton, celebrated even then for the humorist twist with which he could contort even a grave subject. Known then as Tom Legh, he appropriately had beautiful old-world quarters in Tom Quad, and many a time at his windows we have endeavoured to encompass the impossible by finding the large arena of the Quadrangle vacant of humanity. It is said that the Quadrangle has never been seen empty. Often and often we were very near a success. The last man would be just disappearing through the splendid gateway under Tom Tower when the venerable Dr. Pusey would come out of his doorway, or the lovable Dr. King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln; and often with rapid strides my tutor, the brilliant author of *Alice in Wonderland*. Lord Newton was known in those days as Red Legh, to differentiate him from Charlie Legh of Adlington, whose raven locks caused him to be known as Black Legh. In contradistinction to the wit of Red Legh, Black Legh was one of the most humorous men this writer ever met, and beloved by all who knew him.

Although the late Lord Kinnaird was never an Ambassador or even Minister, he was long enough in the

Diplomatic Service to qualify him for the varied and sometimes conflicting rôles of partner in a great Banking House, Member of Parliament (before he succeeded to the peerage), and stand-by of all religious beliefs, home and foreign, that were anti-ritualistic. His training in the Diplomatic Service must have been of daily use to him, for they are not few who would made a ladder of religion to elevate themselves into social or financial security.

The At Homes, given by Lord and Lady Kinnaird in their massive old-world house over the Bank in Pall Mall East, were prominent features in the social world. Numbers of the elect who would not drink champagne at a ball were not averse to doing so when the supper was savoured by the presence of a Bishop. This sort of thing originated Lawrence Oliphant's witticism, "The wholly worldlies and the worldly holies."

About a century previous the Kinnairds had figured very differently in the religious and social world. The Lord and Lady Kinnaird of the day being childless, their desire for offspring was not lessened by their dislike of the heir. At this juncture Scotland was animated by the announcement that her Ladyship had given birth to twins, both of them boys. The horizon of the heir looked gloomy. He was apprehensive, not to say suspicious. He might have stood one baby, but a second seemed coming it a little too dramatic. He commenced proceedings in Edinburgh and the case excited frantic interest, especially as it transpired in evidence that the gardener's wife at Rossie Priory had somewhere about the same time increased her family, and it was a coincidence that she also had twins.

Just as the case was nearing its close, and seemed going against Lady Kinnaird, a messenger arrived who had ridden post haste from Perthshire and announced to the Court

that there was no need for further proceedings as both twins were dead. The case was consequently finished without a verdict. It has always struck me as strange that both of the poor little babies should have died simultaneously.

As a boy of fifteen and for many years after I attended those parties of Lady Kinnaird's, given in those very self-same rooms where Byron the Poet used often to come to chat with his friend Douglas Kinnaird. It was there that he sometimes stayed, and in them some of the Hebrew melodies were written. I once in these very rooms quoted a line from those immortal melodies which perhaps might have been written in the very scene in which we were centred, then graced by a considerable collection of well-bred London listening to a Christianized barbarian relating his experience of the "Work." His gestures, his garb, his vehemence and impetuosity seemed to recall the line,

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold."

The late Lord Kinnaird was one of the kindliest and most cheery of notabilities I have ever met. He could never do enough for those under his roof, and he gave you the impression of a man whose one aim was the happiness of his fellows. His mantle has well fallen on his son, the present peer, and it seems difficult to associate the suavity of his nature with the Thistle which so worthily has been bestowed upon him by the King.

Perhaps the most popular of Foreign Representatives with our own Royalties were Count Mensdorff, the Austrian Ambassador, and the Marquis de Soveral, for many years Portuguese Minister, who, after the fall of his Royal Master, elected to remain amongst us in an unofficial capacity. I was privileged once to have tea *tête-à-tête* with Count Mensdorff in his fine house in Belgrave Square and had

opportunities to examine and admire his Excellency's marvellous collection of autographed etchings and photographs of Royalties. Through the Duchess of Kent's (mother of Queen Victoria) first marriage, the Count was related to King Edward, and was much esteemed by him and by all likely to admire a sportsman and a gentleman. But when this is admitted everything is said. The days are past for anything especially advantageous in individualities exceptionally ornate. The Count had little depth, and I may add, less width. Born of a princely family, the present head of which is his nephew Prince Dietrichstein, he is by the very nature of his surroundings precluded by education, taste and inherent instinct from the capacity which enjoys that larger outlook necessary to the politics of to-day. It is less his fault than his privation. A bachelor himself, he belongs to a Teutonic Order for assisting the wounded. This Order insists on celibacy, except in such cases, nowadays numerous, where a great family is in need of an heir. A friend of this writer, just returned from Austria, tells me that Count Mensdorff takes life now very seriously, a fact which will be much regretted by the many friends whom he left in England. He is hopeful of restoring the equilibrium of Europe by means of the League of Nations, but within all these energies brought to bear upon this anticipated salvation, his heart returns to England, which will ever remain his spiritual homestead.

This writer had many an interesting talk with Count Hatzfeldt, especially in those darkened days when his Excellency was compelled to go about in a bathchair. I used often to walk alongside or sit beside him in some quiet spot. He told me that the duties of diplomats were largely inconvenienced, if not harassed, by the ignorance

of obstreperous women. In the United States the art of entertaining (for in truth it is an art and few there be that master it) is infinitely easier than it is with us. In America, it seems that it lies mainly in the discretion of the hostess where she places her guests and the order in which they enter the dining-room. The English hostess has no such pleasurable choice ; as likely as not, and indeed very frequently the case, the unfortunate host has the two dullest old derelicts right and left, simply because the one happens to be a Duchess and the other a Marchioness. So near, and yet so far, his envious eyes encounter those of the beauty of the season, but she is merely an Honourable and perhaps not that, and so there is no chance for him that day. Well, supposing that the hostess has an Ambassador for her guest. The latter, as representative of Royalty, would take precedence of all titular rank in this country, and he would sit to the left of his hostess, who, as likely as not, may be an extremely stupid woman. Failing that, there may be a gauche personage of exalted precedence who gives his Excellency no chance on the other side. One or other of these ladies are almost certain to ply him with questions which no sane woman would dream of doing. I remember once in the eighties when the Eastern question was very much alive and it was not unintelligent to be a " bear " of Russian securities, that an exalted personage went about saying that there would certainly be no war with Russia. Asked why she held this exceptional belief, she said : " Oh ! I sat next the Russian Ambassador at dinner the other night, and I asked him, and he told me there was not the slightest chance of it." Can you imagine any woman with such child-like confidence as to expect the truth under such circumstances ? The old diplomatic usage in the case of such questions

is, that the onus of the lie passes from the teller to the occasioner, and, if there is any penalty hereafter for falsehood, the lady will have to bear it and not the Ambassador. It is often that I have wished that I were a diplomatist. One frequently hears it said that such and such a particular possibility will not take place. And if one asks the reason for that certainty, the answer as often as not is that some great politician or diplomatist stated that it would, " and, you know, my dear, he is not likely to tell us the truth ; more likely to tell us the opposite ! "

I have often thought of a fine paradox ; namely, how you can tell the truth whilst telling a lie, or tell a lie whilst speaking the truth. Supposing I am talking to a man and instinctively feel that he is prepared not to believe a word I say, and he most improperly asks me, is there any truth in the report that I am engaged to Miss So-and-so, and I being engaged to her but wishing it kept a secret, admit the fact, I am telling him the truth inasmuch as it is so, but I am telling him a lie, as falsehood consists in the intention to deceive, and I certainly have deceived my questioner as he is prepared not to believe a word I say on the subject. He will probably go about the town saying that there is no truth in my reported engagement, as I would never have admitted it had it been true. Or supposing I am known to be very intimate with the Chairman of a Railway Company which is reported to be on the eve of amalgamating with another Railway Company, but as a matter of fact there is no truth in this idle report. Someone knowing my intimacy with the Chairman asks me point blank about the rumour, and I can see that he's prepared to receive what I say with extreme caution, I reply that the amalgamation is impossible, which is the exact truth. But it is a lie, inasmuch as again I have succeeded in deceiving.

Considering how highly that astute man Bismarck rated the diplomatic talents of Hatzfeldt, I was often surprised at the apparent openness with which the Count spoke; but for all his openness, though occasionally there was ignorance, there was never indiscretion. I asked him what chance a man would have who, by nature loquacious, entered the Diplomatic Service. His Excellency considered that reticence is a gift that with rarity is acquired. He thought, however, that the defect might possibly be overcome. I asked him would it not be that a man with a turn for verbosity would have to use half his brain for the closing of his mouth, whilst the other half would be used in opening it.

In my career I have encountered many Excellencies, but few have given me such an impression of having been born with discretion as does Lord Carnock. No little portion of his talent consists in the suppression of the appearance of discretion. He is a most open man with all the time an opulence of thought within him. And think of it—the vastness of what he has to repress. There are few quarters of the globe wherein he has not represented our Empire. He was but lately Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs during the most epoch-making years of our time. He has thus within him intimate secretive knowledge at first hand of the affairs and aspirations of different and diverse peoples, and yet the success and brilliance of his career instance how impulse can be dominated by intellect. There is considerable power in his face, but the prominent characteristic that strikes you is the kindliness of its expression. As I sat with him the other day in his sanctum, the beams of the early Spring were around him, bright as is his confidence in the future of the Empire he has so consistently sustained. His kind-

liness would little care for the mission entrusted to his son of handing the passport to Lichnowsky. The Ambassador was in his bedroom and took those fatal papers without a word. Such a man as Lord Carnock fully exemplifies Count Hatzfeldt's dictum that diplomacy at its best is an inborn gift, natural and innate. Of a truth his is the trinity of kindliness, dignity and discretion.

It was often I met that popular personage Baron Wettnal, Belgian Minister accredited to the Court of St. James's. "Let me present you to the Belgian Minister," was said to a rather gauche elderly spinster. She, willing to make herself agreeable, said with gusto: "And where do you preach, Sir? I must come and hear you." With a twinkle in his eye and a ready command of idiom, he replied, "I hold forth at Harrington Road." "And at what time?" she persisted. "Every day from ten to twelve." "Oh," said the spinster, "every day! That must be a terrible labour for you, a fresh sermon every day." "No," said the Baron, "they send me sermons from Brussels," and in an undertone to me, "some of them are not good reading."

Talking of Ministers, you cannot well beat this as an instance of unconscious Irish wit. Lady Ashbourne, wife of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was proceeding in her carriage to a Viceregal Drawing Room at Dublin Castle, when she was stopped by a policeman. "But I have the *entrée*," she angrily said to the man, "you must let me pass, I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister."

"Endeed, mum, I couldn't let you pass, not even if you was the wife of a Presbyterian Minister."

Priceless recollections remain with me of many an unforgettable talk with that great Celestial who, previous to the war, so eminently represented China at the Court of

St. James's. His wonderful features and their habitual expression were a compound of dignity, courtesy and intellect. Lord Li was an engrossing figure in his gorgeous robes, worn not without considerable dignity notwithstanding much liberality in girth. A master of our language even to its idiom, he was also a master of conjecture in the by-ways of speculative thought. With him there was just as much of the distinction and distinctiveness of caste as there assuredly is in the case of Count Mensdorff, but there was also that breadth of brain which grasped the probabilities of Progress, and was not altogether unsympathetic with its aspirations. What this writer loved in him was his encouragement of all lesser intellect. That, you never get in the Starchlings of the Court. Lord Li's face would beam with intellectual benevolence as one propounded to him some embryo idea of one's own, and his greater mentality lit it into logical sequence. It was to this writer oftentimes a wonder, after the frivol of a usual dinner party, to find himself, on the departure of the intervening lady, side by side with this instance of Eastern evolution. To look upon him he was strikingly of the past ; to listen to him, he was absorbingly of the moment. In the heart that beat beneath those coloured robes there blent and mingled the aspirations of the ages. And now, alas ! there is no Celestial Embassy in London, and even were such re-established it is doubtful whether the millions of Cathay could furnish us with another Lord Li. Long may he hibernate amid his lotus-gardens, photographs of which, with little parcels of scented tea, he continually sends, as tokens of his remembrance, to the many friends he left when alas ! he departed. "*Que les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié.*"

XVIII

A VICEROY IN SLIPPERS

And Sundry Others

A Small Boy has Tea with the Great Lord Lawrence. I am told about him as we cross the Park. Timorous Expectations of Pomp and Parade. The "Saviour of India" in Slippers. Patted on the Head by a Viceroy and a Lord Chancellor. Infantile Recollections of the First Lord Brougham. Scattered Oranges—Eighteen a Penny. Dr. Bradley, late Dean of Westminster. A Terror of a Taskmaster. I avoid University College, of which he was Head. Lord Lawrence's Belief in Bradley. Lord Congleton to the Rescue. I matriculate at Christ Church. Letters from Lords Lawrence and Shaftesbury: An Idiotic and Lamentable Destruction. My Membership of the Oxford Union Debating Society. Lord Curzon in those Days. His Mental Supremacy and Cultured Oratory. Lord Midleton Before and After. Regarding the Rank of Viceroys: Lord Houghton, Viceroy as Baron; Lawrence, Viceroy as Commoner. Lady Havelock, Widow of the Hero of Lucknow. I meet the Celebrated Spurgeon: Stealing the Colours: His Amusement at my Joke at Lady Havelock's Expense. A Sketch of Spurgeon. My Luncheon Party in Piccadilly. "Daddy Levi," Lord Burnham's Brother. "I am not Jones, I am St. Paul." Recollections of Sir Richard Temple at the Nash: Beauty and the Beast. Sir Richard annexes a Star. Heirloom Panelling interned in Wallpaper. Whitewash at Audley End. Lord Braybrooke's Recovery of Ancient Oak. Whitewashing a Duchess. The Much we do for the Dead: the Little for the Living. Lord Ranfurly's Story. The Bungling of a Prayer. The Canterbury Cricket Week. Luncheon with Lord Harris, the Cricketer, and Lady Harris. Lord Forester's Stories.

I HAVE known several Viceroys of India. At this distance of time I am endeavouring to recall my first impressions of the great Lord Lawrence—I often saw him in after years, but those first impressions are the remembrances that mostly dwell with me. The man who was termed the "Saviour of India" had not long returned

from his arduous years as Viceroy, and was established at a house in Queen's Gate. We were walking across Hyde Park, my father and I; he was taking me to tea with this celebrated man, and as we walked he told me of the man we were about to see, and the wonderful Empire for which his career had done so much. I was quite young at the time, and this, as far as I can recollect, was my first knowledge of India. With infinite pains my father told and explained to me all that he thought my small brain could carry of the intricacies of that land, and the many pitfalls that awaited any who would dabble in its government without life-long knowledge of the peculiarities, customs and religions of its peoples. During that long walk from Portland Place to Queen's Gate he told me much of Lord Lawrence and of his long friendship with him, emphasizing on his wonderful foresight and determination, so that in a sense I seemed to know the man before ever I saw him. My father added: "You ought indeed to learn a great deal of India this week, for to-morrow we go to Lady Havelock's, and there are few women better able to answer any question you may ask if anything occurs to you to-day which you do not understand; for Lady Havelock is not only the widow of one of the most brilliant heroes of the Indian Mutiny but is herself connected by parentage with that land."

From what I had been told during this long walk of the greatness and grandeur of the Indian Viceroyalty, I rather timorously anticipated much magnificence, not to say pomp and ceremony, surrounding the man I was to meet. Nor was I disillusioned as regards the house itself. I can still recall a fine house and very fine staircase (I think it was square); it was quite a small palace I thought in my immature way, and a very seemly beginning for all that I

pictured and conjectured of the reception which awaited me. Imagine my astonishment, expecting, in my inexperience, a radiant uniform and much grandeur, to be kindly greeted by an upright, spare man in mufti with an adornment never beheld by me before beyond the sacred secrecies of a bedroom, viz., a pair of vividly bright carpet slippers. Somehow those carpet slippers remained in memory all my life. I doubt if I have ever seen slippers in a drawing-room before or since, and their presence, with all that I had been told of the great doings of this great man, gave me much food for boyish wonder. "And this is your boy?" he said to my father; then, turning to me: "I am sure you love your father; he is a man whom to know is to love." I can remember that he patted my head, and he is the second great man who had done so, for that little act is about the earliest thing I can remember, and to this day I can see the glorious sunshine glinting the Mediterranean and the golden yellow of oranges and lemons, as my father and I stood talking to the venerable Lord Brougham. I remember that I was endeavouring to hold in bulging pockets and hands eighteen oranges which I had bought for one penny, and that as the ex-Lord Chancellor patted my head some of the oranges escaped, and the old man tried to pick them up. So you see, that if there be nothing *in* my head, the touch of greatness has been *on* it—alas that immortality be not infectious! For if neither Brougham nor Lawrence were what one would call geniuses, they left their indelible mark on time in the wholly diverse rôles which they so definitely distinguished.

I had subsequently a much less pleasant association with the great Lord Lawrence. Some years later, when it was about time that my brother and I should go to Oxford, my father took counsel with two of his oldest friends, Lords

Lawrence and Congleton. These two elderly men threw themselves whole-heartedly into the matter, especially the ex-Viceroy. It turned out that Lord Lawrence was an intimate friend of Bradley, late Dean of Westminster, but at that time Head of University College, Oxford. He said that there was no question about it, Bradley was the man to look after us. All this seemed quite easy and beautiful until on making inquiries it transpired that once you entered the gates of "Univ:" all young joys fled from you and you were made to work your youth out in the endeavour to obtain mental superiority. In other words, Bradley was a glutton for work, and the proposal did not seem to offer a pleasurable prospect of a rosy undergraduateship. Most fortunately for us Congleton strongly advocated Brazenose or Christ Church. My brother and I added whatever little influence we had, with the consequence that we finally matriculated on the same day at "The House," and, it may be added in parenthesis, the identically same day and hour saw us each take our degree. This is not the place to enter into the many happenings worth recalling which occurred during those Christ Church years. Elsewhere in this volume some of them have been disentombed, such of them as it may be politic to publish; but alas! the best of them it is wiser to let lie buried.

There was wonderful power in Lord Lawrence's face, and I was always struck by the quickness with which he gave a decision. It was a strong face, but the manner was kindly and gentle, and indeed it is a life-long wonder to me how I had not the sense to remember more. I can never hear the name of Lord Lawrence without a contempt for myself which is appalling. Only think the unspeakable idiot I was! After taking my degree at Christ Church the Dean sent for me one day and said: "I have various letters

"WHOM TO KNOW IS TO LOVE."
Lord Lawrence's tribute to the poet's father.

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about you and your brother which perhaps you may like to have; they are from Lord Lawrence and Lord Congleton, and I think there are one or two from Lord Shaftesbury." Can you imagine anyone being such a fool, for when the Dean said: "I will look them out and send them to you," I quickly replied, "Oh, please, Mr. Dean, don't trouble." On the spur of the moment, whether from swagger or stupidity, or because one is an innate simpleton, youth can enact unbelievable blunders, and to this day I deplore the loss of those valuable letters.

My membership of the Oxford Union Debating Society I owe to another ex-Viceroy of India, for I was proposed by Lord Curzon of Kedleston and seconded by Lord Midleton. There was no doubt amongst any who knew Curzon in those days that a great career awaited him. My own opinion of his intellect and wonderful mastery of words in debate is that his career is infinitely less than might easily have been his at any other time in history. His stupendous knowledge and oratorical gifts have fallen upon evil times, and there is no doubt that the magnetic splendour of Lord Salisbury's offer to one so young and the attraction of the Viceroyalty of India divorced him, as it were, from English politics at a time infinitely critical to his after influence. It was fortunate for various other politicians less mentally endowed that he was so opportunely removed at a period when his presence could not but have been effectively felt. It is indeed one of the most peculiar accidents in the whole of political history that Midleton, always envious of the superior intellect, should have been Secretary of State for India during the Viceroyalty of his abler contemporary. The betting would be hundreds against such a shuffling of the political pack. For Midleton's after political career and its extinguishment, that apparent

rise of his in the Cabinet, was but the gilded precursor of that fateful fall. St. John Brodrick, as Midleton then was, was from his babyhood little more than a bureaucrat, painstaking without premonition, indefatigable without inspiration ; his style, heavy without the weight of wisdom and with a dullness unredeemed by humour. His relationship by marriage was doubtless a factor in Mr. Balfour's choice of him, and his earldom seems to me easily earned considering the salaries and the prominence which had already rewarded merits and services not so easily discernible.

Lord Curzon did not go to India as a commoner ; he was created an Irish peer previous to his departure. His choice of an Irish barony left him the option of returning to the Commons should he be so minded, and thus minded he assuredly must have been, for in the Lower House lay his surest chance of prominence and power ; but it has always been said that Queen Victoria put her foot down with the remark, that she would not hear of one who had represented her as Viceroy returning to the Lower House. Whereupon Curzon was elected as a representative peer. Lord Lawrence was not raised to the Upper House until nearly a year after his return from India, and I cannot recall any other instance of a commoner as Viceroy in India. The old rule as regards Viceroys used to be that a man under the degree of earl was scarcely eligible, and when the present Lord Crewe went to Ireland as Lord Houghton it was thought to be a precedent.

Harking back to my boyhood and the visit already spoken of to Lady Havelock, widow of the hero of Lucknow, she was one whom I was destined to find among the kindest of the many friends of my youth. She was a woman of great force of character, very Low Church, if even as High as that, and a consummate Radical ; nevertheless, the

radicalism of those days would be only moderate Conservatism now. Years after when I was at Christ Church, she said to me: "You have actually Canon Pusey at the House; now I want you to do me a great favour: I want you to meet Spurgeon; I know he's not much in your line, but will you come and dine here if I ask him to dinner?" I told her how dining with her was always my greatest pleasure, and how much I valued meeting a man of genius, as undoubtedly Spurgeon was; and so that dinner-party was arranged. When the eventful night arrived, I, knowing that Lady Havelock intended to decorate her table with yellow flowers, that being the Party colour of her son, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, who was then standing for Parliament, went and bought a large number of scarlet geraniums, which was the Conservative colour. On arriving at the house, and devoting a few minutes to squaring the butler, I went into the dining-room and exhumed all the yellow flowers from their vases, replacing them with geraniums. I then ascended and entered the drawing-room as meek as a lamb, and was presented to the eloquent Baptist. I never saw a man laugh so much as he did when we entered the dining-room. Lady Havelock was speechless with surprise, but she had no lack of language when she spotted me, for we had had many arguments on politics long before this. Spurgeon had a great sense of humour, and I verily believe would have been tickled by the drollery of the following witticism which was created by his own death. On his demise a notice was put up fronting the Tabernacle, which ran:

"Mr. Spurgeon started for Heaven at ten this morning."

Under which an irreverent wag wrote:

"Three p.m. Not yet arrived, getting anxious. Peter."

This reminds me of a brochure with its half million sale

in Ireland before I was born. It appears that when Dan O'Connell, the Great Liberator as he was called, died in Rome, the Cardinal-Secretary telegraphed to Dublin stating that the "soul of the Great Liberator had passed at such and such an hour to the Bosom of the Father." But no sooner had the news arrived in Ireland than the Archbishop of Dublin and all the Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy set about inaugurating masses for the removal of O'Connell's soul from purgatory. This proceeding was of course most lucrative for the Church, and my father's brochure naturally inquired concerning O'Connell's whereabouts. With a Cardinal taking one view of his final destination and an Archbishop taking another, there was certainly room for misapprehension. In consequence of this brochure, one of the earliest sights of my childhood was seeing my beloved father burnt in effigy. It has indeed meant much for me that in reality he was spared to me for so long. This book would hardly contain what I owe to him in thought and knowledge, and indeed in example, which alas! I have been so slow to follow.

I was greatly struck with Spurgeon. He had stupendous vigour, which seemed emphasized by his thick, short neck and the comparative ungracefulness of his figure. These physical drawbacks seemed to lend him a sense of sturdiness, and his utterances had a corresponding strength. There was little of grace, but a great deal of mental grandeur. You felt in the presence of a real man, and it left you no room to wonder that he swayed the masses. Lady Havelock was overjoyed when weeks after it transpired that I had been all the way to the Elephant and Castle to hear Spurgeon. In those days I made a point of hearing every great speaker, no matter what was his creed. By this means my soul remained cosmopolitan, and, like a fish with air

and water, contained only that which it conceived to be vital, but it was certainly a curious sensation to hear Spurgeon one Sunday and, back at Oxford the next, to listen to Liddon.

Lady Havelock had also a rare sense of humour. After I came of age I had a charming set of rooms in Sackville Street, Piccadilly, and the very first luncheon party I gave was for my dear father, and I invited a selection of his old cronies. I remember that amongst others there were Lady Havelock and her talented daughter, and the late Lord Kinnaird. I shall never forget how amused they were when I told them a story which was then tickling a number of clubmen. I turned to Lady Havelock and said: "You and Lord Kinnaird know a lot more about the Apostles and people of that sort than I do, but I think I can tell you a story of St. Paul that you've never heard before. There exists in London a very well-known man in club life named Horace Jones. He has lately returned from a long tour. Whilst he was abroad his father, a Welsh squire, resumed the old family name of St. Paul. Horace, on his return, was met by 'Daddy' Levi (as they called the first Lord Burnham's brother), who said to him, 'Hullo, Jones, how are you?' In a sepulchral voice Horace retorted, 'I'm not Jones; I'm St. Paul.' Whereupon 'Daddy' Levi went into a club of which each was a member and said, 'Do you know, Horace has gone clean off his chump: he's going about London swearing he's St. Paul.'" Never tell me the unco' guid don't like a good story and a good lunch. The landlady afterwards said to me, "Oh, sir, I'm so pleased, they ate all my best dishes." It was often I twitted them about this.

Lady Havelock had the honour of being practically made a baronet, for that recognition having been conferred

on her distinguished husband after his death, a new patent gave her the precedence of a baronet's widow and the succession for her son. It always seems to me such a pity that by reason of having been left an estate that son had to merge his historic name in that of Allan.

Recollections of men whose names are household words in India bring one naturally to memories of years of friendship with the late Sir Richard Temple and the happy days I spent with him at The Nash, his historic place in Worcestershire. He was a man widely read in many subjects quite different to those necessary to his administrative career. He was wonderfully interesting to talk to and gave himself no airs whatever, being most generous in the supply of data or information. His heart too was young to the last and he took great joy in life. An ardent diner-out, he was never blasé, and although inured to the stateliness of the East was not averse to participating in the frivolities of the West. In him beauty had one of her most ardent admirers, and it was a common, almost every day, occurrence to see the most beautiful débutante of the ball being escorted to supper by a man supremely deficient in loveliness. Sir Richard Temple had the name of being the least lovely looking man of his generation, and when they called him and Lady Temple, Beauty and the Beast, he querulously said to a friend, " I can't think why they've given such a name to my poor wife."

When I was at The Nash he showed me a number of his stars and crosses, explaining to me what they each were. There were so many and the cases so full that I remarked on it, saying, " There will be difficulty in making room for another." " Whether there's room or not doesn't matter," he said, " I shall never get another." " Oh yes, you will, Sir Richard," I rejoined. That same

night at a dance he was to be seen leading a prominent *prima donna* to supper. I went up to him and said, "Ah, after all I was right; you have not been long in annexing a star."

In addition to The Nash he had a charming house hard by Hampstead Heath, and it is a pity that he was just a little previous to the motor which would have quickened his nightly descents on London. But I verily believe, had he been forced to go out in a bathchair, he would have preferred that tardy means of transmission rather than to be left stranded apart from his fellow-men and, may I add, women. I think that he was given to wearing his ribbons more frequently than any other man I ever met. I doubt if I have ever seen him in a bare shirt. I daresay that as a diplomatist he had much to conceal.

The Nash, Sir Richard Temple's place, has been Temple property for many generations, though Sir Richard, like so many who keep alive old names, was only collaterally descended from the Temples of Nash, a branch of the Temples of Stowe. There is some very fine old oak at The Nash. The very beautiful oak fourposter which I occupied during my visits there had an ancient date carved upon it together with the Temple arms. There is a curious story connected with this, and many other oaken heirlooms. It appears that Sir Richard's father was a bit of a Philistine with but scant reverence for oak panellings and such like. It was only by the merest accident that the very fine and very old panels in the dining-room were discovered. It cost Sir Richard £200 to exhume them from under no less than seven layers of wallpaper, where they had lain unsuspected for years. Can you imagine any one papering ancient oak like this? The same Goth sold all the old bedsteads and chairs and replaced them by

monstrosities of modern brass. The late baronet had his work cut out for him in scouring the country-side in search of these lost treasures. He was fortunate in recovering nearly the lot, and I only wish I could recall the many adventures he told me during the search. He was indeed unbelievably lucky in getting back the fine old fourposters, Temple arms and all, which his forbear had sold, ruthlessly ignoring them as valueless.

Audley End, the beautiful historic seat of Lord Braybrooke, offers a very similar instance of the vandalism of the past. Few are the visitors who have not noticed the exquisite oak panelling which greets you in the ancient hall, and it seems impossible to believe that the oak on which we look was once whitewashed. For years the venerable foundation was never suspected, until one day the whitewash was accidentally chipped, and the workmen in proceeding to mend it, discovered the oak. Needless to say, the late Lord Braybrooke had the whitewash instantly removed.

This mention of whitewash reminds me that some years ago the late Lord Forester, with whom I was then staying, cycled over to Waldershare to luncheon with Georgina, Lady Guilford and her son. After luncheon she showed us portions of the house, and descending the grand staircase deplored the carelessness of the spring cleaners who had left daubs of whitewash on a very large life-size portrait of the Duchess of Kendal. The obvious rejoinder was "In her lifetime, what would not the Duchess have given to be whitewashed?" It is not seldom that I have noticed the much we do for the dead, the little for the living.

Sir Richard's museum of Indian art was a great joy to him, and he loved showing his guests round and ex-

plaining the histories and meanings of his collection. He was an extraordinarily young man for his years, and I may mention that during one week alone of my stay there was an archery meeting (most interesting of its kind, and the shooting was wonderful), a garden party and a ball.

Lord Ranfurly, another man who has represented his Sovereign, told me an amusing happening in New Zealand, where he was Governor at the close of the last century. A certain well-placed official had for some time received the customary invitation card for functions at Government House. After his marriage, in spite of many letters from him explaining that he had now a wife, he continued to receive cards only for himself. After his wife's death he was harrowed by receiving invitations for her. He thereupon wrote and wrote notifying his loss, but the invitations still continued to arrive. Thus matters went on until his re-marriage, when the invitations for his wife ceased. He recommenced a series of letters, and for all I know is still writing them in his vain endeavour to obtain recognition for spouse Number Two.

A prominent person in Belgravia, like the New Zealand gentleman, had also contracted a second marriage, and his wife being very ill, the prayers of the congregation were requested, etc. He was a very new and nervous curate who made the petition, and this was his manner of giving it: "The prayers of the congregation are desired for Mrs. Dash, whose relatives are in great anxiety *lest* she should survive." An added beauty lay in the fact that Mrs. Dash was not considered by any means an irreplaceable treasure by her relatives.

A few days after that luncheon at Waldershare Park the Canterbury Cricket Week was upon us, and Lady Forester took her house-party to luncheon with Lord

and Lady Harris. I wish I could remember some of our host's cricketing stories, but there are two curious things which Lord Forester told. He said that years ago at Willey Park (the Foresters' place in Shropshire) there was an antiquated verger who was very important and quaint. He had great difficulty with his aspirates, an ailing which he never remedied. One Sunday morning he prefaced the service by standing up and declaring: "There will be no music to-day in this church on account of han howl 'aving built 'er nest hin the horgan." On another occasion he electrified the congregation by announcing that "There will be no service in this church next Sunday on account of me and the rector 'aving to go a-fishing in a neighbouring parish." The poor man meant "officiating."

XIX

CONCERNING WIT AND HUMOUR

The Rarity of Wit. A Single Story-d Ass. Stultified by Silence. A Man prays for a Competency. His Distrust of Providence. Witticism from the French Senate. The Modern Thief and the Modern Cross. Lewis Carroll scores. Stories of Sir George Reid and Lord Dunedin. Lord Marcus Beresford as a Humorist. Fox and Hare, their Amenities to a Dun. The Great Lord Shaftesbury: His Irreverent Brother. The Philanthropist and the Donkey. Lady Grosvenor and her Daughters. Lord Wicklow's Solicitude. A Sepulchral Ball. A Remembrance of Sir John Heron-Maxwell and his Daughter, Mrs. Trench. If Readiness be not Wit, at least it is its Wings. The late Admiral, Sir Edward Inglefield, and a Virgin's Retort.

IS humour dead, is wit defunct? In looking back and recalling the numbers of people seen and heard and known of me, it seems incredible how scanty is the record of wit that I can gather from the past. It is quite unbelievable how seldom I have met anyone who is innately amusing. In the vast majority of instances, can anything be duller than our dinner-parties? There is infinitely more hilarity in an Irish wake. And the efforts to be amusing are somewhat on a par with an elephant's endeavours to be sportive.

This dullness, so prevalent in social life, cannot be all of it due to inherent brainlessness. I refuse to believe that, with the large amount spent on the education of an average man of the upper classes, so little can come of it that he must need simulate dumbness in order to conceal ignorance. A certain measure of this dullness is the direct offspring of mental cowardice. Many men have not the moral

courage to render themselves liable to conspicuosity (here I must coin a word). I will give you an instance of this. I knew a certain idiot who had one good story. He was frequently to be seen in country houses, for he was a marketable man, and mothers therefore proclaimed him as clever. Nevertheless he was essentially an ass. Other men never suspected there was anything in him until our suspicions were aroused by seeing some pretty girl or other, whom he had taken into dinner, actually laughing at what he was saying. Whereafter we surrounded the pretty girl and extracted from her the motive of her merriment. To our amazement we found it was really good. Whereupon I harboured a plot, for the man had given himself airs and deserved a reminder. Finding out the girl he was to take in to dinner that night, I charged her to extract from the idiot this ewe-lamb of a story of his and to do so as the dessert appeared on the table. This I communicated to all the other men in the house, and we arranged that on the appearance of dessert we should watch the girl, and after the idiot had got well into his story, we should all stop speaking so that there should be dead silence in the room. This all happened as planned, and the idiot was so upset by being the cynosure of the whole table, so lost his head in fact, that his story was like that overheard by Charley's Aunt, and the man looked the ass he was.

Of course many men have good things to say but don't really know how to say them. There is great art in the telling of a story, and of course if a man has flexible features he is additionally well furnished; but the pity of it is that the expression of the majority of men is mostly moustache.

In vino veritas is the truth, but not the whole truth, for if there is veracity in wine, assuredly there is also humour.

I have known scores of men who in their sober moments are dull as ditch-water, but a bit squiffy are robustly humorous. There was such a one once in a country house. They wanted him to play bridge, but he, being squiffy, yearned for his bed. Bedward accordingly he went. After he had departed his three friends vainly endeavoured to get a fourth, but, failing to do so, they proceeded to the man's bedroom intent on reclaiming him by force. Opening the bedroom door, to their amazement they found him on his knees, and this is what he was saying : " O Lord, I do beseech Thee to grant me a competency ; and lest Thou shouldst not know what a competency is, it is £3,000 a year, paid quarterly in advance." Mark the distrust of the man ! It must be paid quarterly in advance.

This criticism regarding social dullness might include also the speeches in the House of Commons. Whatever else the Irish Members may have done they have certainly redeemed the House from dullness, but of late years I can find nothing in St. Stephen's to vie in wit with what was said in the French Senate a short time since. It appears that the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour had been conferred, or was about to be bestowed, upon some wealthy profiteers. The matter was brought before the Senate and an indignant Deputy observed : " Time was the robber was placed upon the Cross. Nowadays we place the Cross upon the robber ! " Now, my friends, don't you wish you had said that ? And, in Heaven's name, why don't some or other of you say something to redeem this world of dullness ? Is it that weight of bullion outwears the wings of wit ?

Of witty men I have met, I can recall but few beyond the names of Lewis Carroll, author of " Alice in Wonderland," who was my mathematical tutor at Christ Church ;

Robert Germaine, D.C.L., Recorder of Lichfield, who was my coach, and who travelled with me in Spain when I was reading for Greats; Lord Morris; Henry, Lord Bangor; Lord Atkinson; Lord Byron; Sir Jocelyn Coghill; and in a mild way Sir Victor Houlton, Sir Herbert Tree, the late George Grossmith and dear old John Lawrence Toole. Lord Marcus Beresford and Lord Dunedin must be included amongst excellent raconteurs.

Innumerable were the instances where I was the victim of Lewis Carroll's wit. He was an agile free-shooter, and could make a fool of you in such a gentlemanly way. There was no blunderbuss about him; it was all bright arrow. I would give worlds to reproduce his delicate expression and intonation of voice as he said: "Well, we'll do so, just as you say." These words referred to a problem of Euclid written out by me with certain orders such as "Produce A to B and B to C, etc. etc., and such and such a thing will happen." He would most whimsically do so, following my instructions to a T, but the result would be in another hemisphere altogether. Then he would look at me quietly and say: "Now, don't you feel foolish?"

I once got in a score by saying: "There must be some infection in this room, for it's the only place in which I feel foolish." But he scored heavily in this story. I had written to him explaining why I could not attend his lecture as arranged. Next time I saw him he said: "I got your letter: why don't you dot your i's?" To which I replied: (very wrong, I admit, considering he was my tutor), "I'm quite bad enough myself that way, without my letters being dotty." To which he replied: "My dear boy, when a man's weak in the head, the eyes are the first things to give him away!"

In a chapter elsewhere an instance is given of the wit

of Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia. Here is one of the rare scores of which he was the victim. Sir George was saying good-bye at a farewell meeting in Australia. The late High Commissioner was a man of undersized stature and unusual girth. At the conclusion of the address he said something to the effect that he might not see them again, entering that bourne from which no traveller returns. Whereupon a voice from the gallery calls out: "Georgie, the fat will be in the fire!"

Lord Dunedin, late Lord President of the Scottish Courts of Sessions, and at present one of our Lords of Appeal, is a learned wit. He knows how to tell a story. It is surprising how two men may tell the same tale. One makes of it a lantern without a light, the other makes it a light that needs no lantern. Both Lord Marcus and Lord Dunedin are born illuminators, and, though it does not of necessity make them wits, there is the atmosphere of it in their company.

This instance of Semitic satire may be new to some. A beautiful, dignified old Hebrew with flowing white beard was walking along the roadside when he encountered three rowdy young men. The first says to him: "Hullo, Father Abraham;" the second, "Morning, Father Isaac;" the third, "Glad to see you, Father Jacob." The old man stopped, and leaning upon his staff looked at them: "I am neither Father Abraham, Father Isaac, nor Father Jacob; but I'll tell you who I am. I am Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to find his Father's strayed asses, and lo! I have found three!"

Lord Dunedin tells the story of a man who was walking along the streets of Dublin quite squiffy. In his perilous progress he jolted against a passer-by. "Do you know who that was?" said a constable, "that was Viscount Massereene

and Ferrard." "Glory," said the man, "well, they were both drunk!"

Lord Marcus Beresford has been a feature, one might almost say an illumination, of the London life of three generations. His humour is inexhaustible and may be said to be a family heritage, which is the more remarkable inasmuch as his is the only noble family in the Empire which has supplied two Archbishops to the Church, though the Duke of Rutland runs him close with Archbishop Manners Sutton and the Plunket family with one Archbishop and one Bishop. All Lord Marcus's friends will congratulate him on his accession to £11,000 a year. His brother, the late Lord William Beresford, married Lily, Duchess of Marlborough (he was her third husband), and it was the death of their only son that has enriched the boy's uncle and guardian. The present Duke of Marlborough largely benefited by his father's divorce and second marriage, as it is said that Lily Duchess sank over £20,000 in repairing the roof of Blenheim Palace. It is a pity she did not place the tiles on a good many heads I could mention.

Rarely can one walk down St. James's Street (and what memories that beautiful thoroughfare has for me. For thirty-three years there is little of procession or of festival that I have not witnessed from the balcony of White's), it is rarely indeed that, passing down the Street by St. James's Place, one does not recall a witticism that was uttered therein. In that quiet little cul-de-sac Charles James Fox had his *pied-à-terre*, and it was often that he had with him his great friend and crony Hare, at that time our Envoy in Poland. Both these men were eternally *décavé*. From the records of Fox's gambling transactions still extant at White's Club it could not well be otherwise. Both these eminent men were familiar with duns

and process servers. One morning as they were about to proceed to breakfast, Fox espied two men leaning against the railings opposite and apparently watching the house. Stepping out on to the balcony, making a bow to the men, Fox said, "Gentlemen, is it your pleasure to-day to hunt the Fox or the Hare?"

The late Lord Shaftesbury, who had indeed many of the elements of greatness and who was an excellent and often an eloquent speaker, himself told me this gem. "You know," he said, "that I have a brother who is said to be very like me, but I fear he is a godless man and he has no sympathy with my doings. Well, one day my brother found himself in Fleet Street and the Strand. His eye was suddenly caught by the words Exeter Hall. 'Hullo!' he thought, 'that's where my saintly brother holds forth, I'll go in and have a look at the place.' When he got inside he found a meeting in progress, and on seeing him up comes an old parson, and making him an elaborate bow, says, 'Have I the honour to address the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.?' whom my brother astonished by replying, 'And what the devil if you have!'"

Lord Shaftesbury was one of a number of notable men whom I knew from an early age from their friendship with my father. My brother told me a good story. It was the time that Lord Shaftesbury was doing much for the coster's donkey. My brother's little boy, aged four, had a picture of the great man standing by a team of these animals which he had at St. Giles, his place in Dorset. Shortly after, my brother and his little boy (now a learned LL.D. of Cambridge) were asked to stay at St. Giles. When they arrived, the child, looking at his lordship, said, "This is Lord Shaftesbury, but where's the donkey?" The great man, who was full of dry humour, was vastly tickled by this, and

said, " It's rather rough on me if in future I'm not recognizable unless I'm in company with an ass." Few men have made such an impression upon me as did this wonderful philanthropist. He was so pure of purpose, so self-contained, so marvellously ready, and withal so distinguished in every way. England owes much to a man whose life was devoted to the well-being of all who were poor and distressed, it would not be well to let the memory of such a man die.

How proud the great statesman would be (for he was eminently a statesman as well as a philanthropist, and many were the Bishops enthroned at his suggestion), pleased indeed would he be with the present châtelaine of St. Giles, his grandson's wife. I remember Lady Shaftesbury and her sister, Lady Beauchamp, as girls when I was at Saighton, guest of their mother, Lady Grosvenor. They were such simple, unaffected, artistic girls. There was such an air of refinement about them and their surroundings. Art and Music and Poesy were spelt with capitals. They were not adornments but part of their lives. Few mothers have such daughters; few daughters such a mother!

It is extraordinary how often humour is suggested by the altogether accidental conjunction of elements not in themselves humorous. The following is a good instance of what I mean. When I was staying at Shelton Abbey with the late Lord and Lady Wicklow they took me miles and miles away to a ball given by Colonel Tottenham. About a quarter of an hour after we had arrived Lord Wicklow, to his surprise, found me in the buffet having a cigarette. He looked very concerned and said: " Why aren't you dancing? I do hope you are amusing yourself? " " Well, I'm doing my best," I said, " but it's

very difficult." "How's that?" he said with concern. "Well," I replied, "the first person Colonel Tottenham introduced me to was Graves, the Bishop of Limerick's son, and then Graves introduced me to Archdeacon Tombs, the Rector, and then they found me a partner whose name turned out to be Seagraves: now how can one feel gay under such circumstances?"

I may give another instance of a similar association of names. At the wedding of Sir John Heron-Maxwell's daughter to a grandson of Dr. Trench, late Archbishop of Dublin, I was the only one at the reception who recalled that the bride's grandfather was a Brooke, his daughter one of the Dykes, and, had he lived until to-day, he would have seen his grand-daughter a Trench. I was at Biarritz when what was reported to have been the only marriage which had ever resulted from the hilarity of that breezy place was celebrated: the bridgroom's name was Drake and the bride was Fox. I never heard whether she turned out a vixen.

If readiness be not wit, at least it is its wings. Celerity is everything in retort. Here is an instance from a girl. I could do with half an hour with that girl, or even three-quarters if she were not in a hurry. The late Admiral, Sir Edward Inglefield, had infinitely more friends than he could possibly remember. He remembered their faces, but could not recollect their names, or who they were. My father, under similar circumstances, invariably said: "How are they at home?" and got some clue when he heard that Jack was back again from India, or Johnnie still in Van Diemen's Land. Sir Edward's mode of arriving at identity had a pretty turn about it. He would solicitously inquire: "And are you still in the dear old home?" At a ball one night a pretty girl came up to

the Admiral and, after they had talked for some time, he says, as per programme, "And are you still in the dear old home?" To which she retorts: "Well, we should have had to be jolly smart in moving, since you dined with us there last night."

I am myself a bit of a sinner in this respect. I rarely recollect features unless the people interest me. On one occasion I took a girl in to dinner, and the same night at a ball did not know her until she remarked: "What a heavenly savoury it was to-night!" She had opened her soul to me, so I took her down to supper. At that meal I looked at her hard so as to know her to-morrow in the Park. Dress is of little assistance, as girls, in both senses, are quick to change. Once in the Row I went up to a woman, having, as I thought, identified her by her dress, but it was another girl wearing a similar confection. However, she made friends all the same.

XX

RECOLLECTIONS OF BIARRITZ

Spring, and Her Scarlet Carpet. Sir Robert Peel's Dictum. Lionel Tollemache. The Massacre of Incurables. Milady Egerton of Tatton (the late Peeress). That Remarkable Woman, Lady Anna Loftus. Concerning Mark Pattison, the Erudite Rector Sir M. Monier-Williams—a Sanscrit Professor. A Daughter-in-Law in the Ditch. Jowett and the Unhappy Youth. Princess Frederica of Hanover. Lady MacGregor's Happy Parties at Hampton Court Palace. Duc de San Lucca and His Cousin "Never-Removed." Lord Euston's Matrimonial Mishap. A Weird Chapter of Accidents. Lady Eleanor Magniac's Mad Mismanagement of her Life. Two Women with Eight Husbands. The Peccadillos of a Prince. I am Challenged to a Duel. Saved by Lady Strathmore.

OH, that beautiful Spring! it seems but yesterday that I met her as she was crimsoning the uplands and vales of the Basque country with the blossoms of the scarlet anemone. How shall I describe the Biarritz of those days? Throughout all Time the Great War will always have the name of being the masterful changer of all things. But many previous years have not altogether been innocent of destruction. It is often through life that Sir Robert Peel's great words have recurred to one: "You can move back; you can move on; but you cannot stand still." How true this is! There is nothing to which it does not apply. To some such who may perhaps wander through these pages a century hence, it may doubtless be of interest to hear from an eye-witness of the time what an English colony was like in days when English society was exclusive, and outrageous wealth no discomfort

to well-bred, well-placed people of assured position. Those were days when life was not made impossible by the aggressive grandeurs of the *nouveaux riches*. Society was sufficiently small for people to have room to see and appreciate their friends, and somehow it seems to me in looking back that there were more people worth appreciating. I should think that in that Spring-time years ago there were at Biarritz in villas and hotels from fifteen hundred to two thousand English, nearly all of whom one either previously knew or knew of. In addition to these there were many foreign families of distinction, and not only did these people for the most part speak English fluently, but also in many respects they were congenial to us.

I am indebted to the Biarritz of those days for three friendships which largely influenced my later life. To begin with, I put up at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which was the principal hostel of its day. Subsequently I had my *pied-à-terre* in a quaint, old-world, red house, where I was much at home in a dear, delicious, old-fashioned and rather rambling suite of rooms. On arrival at Biarritz, the first to cordially welcome me were Lionel Tollemache and his wife. No two people could be more after my heart. They were cultured, well-bred, erratic and original. They belonged to that exclusive Cheshire society which considered itself as nearest to Heaven in all things social. Lionel was a son of the first Lord Tollemache of Helmingham, and his wife, a daughter of the first Lord Egerton of Tatton, so as far as blood went they had reason to be satisfied, and as far as I could gather were fairly content. As for brain, they were of the brainiest. Lionel, an ex-scholar of Balliol, wrote much for the *Fortnightly*, and such things as were calculated to make an editor shy, he published privately and presented to his friends. Of such

a kind was his wonderful book, aptly termed by him "Stones of Stumbling." One chapter of this remarkable brochure eloquently and in the most humane fashion advocated the slaughter of the incurable. Lionel was one of the kindest of men, and this suggested slaughter is the last thing one would have expected of him. *En passant* it may be mentioned, that I once hazarded a pun in his presence, whereon he turned on me savagely, muttering something to the effect that I was incurable. I turned the laugh against him by rushing across to him in an attitude of terror and saying, "Incurable do you say, and shall I be made away with?" It was the last time that he rounded on me for a pun. A fact not the least extraordinary about Lionel Tollemache was that, having himself an intellect so stupendous, his wife was almost equally gifted, and it was a pleasure and almost a revelation to hear those two wedded intellects hammering out some abstruse point. One thing which some people might term little but appealed to me rather as proof of the justness of their well-balanced minds, was the way in which each preserved his or her separate and distinct precedence. The wife of an Honourable is an Honourable on the envelope, but her precedence at a dinner-party as a daughter-in-law of a peer is very much below that which she would possess were she a daughter rather than a daughter-in-law. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache as the daughter of Lord Egerton of Tatton was both, and so punctilious was she of this fact that I have seen publications jointly written by both husband and wife where the Honourable was repeated for her name as well as for his. I cannot recall any similar instance seen elsewhere.

Whilst talking of the Egertons of Tatton it will not be out of place to tell the following story. In after years it

was my good fortune to number amongst very dear friends those kind and very original sisters, Lady Anna Loftus, for many years intimate friend and Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria, and her sister, Lady Catherine, who had married her cousin Captain Loftus, Keeper of the Crown Jewels at the Tower of London. Of course, as everyone knew who had the advantage of her friendship, Lady Anna was one of the most original and plain-speaking of women. She had the name of being the only woman ever created who could have been a Duchess and did not care about it, his Grace of Marlborough being the unsuccessful suitor. Lady Catherine had not her sister's originality, but she had a kindliness and sweetness which made her, if less a personage, more beloved. Now, if you please, these two well-bred and unobtrusive women had a third sister, the Lady Egerton of Tatton of the day, and I shall never forget my astonishment when, as a boy, I witnessed the following scene: A crowd of us were waiting on the pier at Calais to embark on the cockle-boat which was to convey us across the Channel. There was much crushing and confusion, and a lady near me turned to a giant of a footman who was by her side, and said angrily: "Thomas, are they aware that it is Lady Egerton of Tatton who is waiting to embark?" This at the top of her voice: what Thomas thought is not chronicled.

Lionel Tollemache was very dictatorial in his way, and he told Mark Pattison, the erudite and eccentric Rector of Lincoln, that by all means he must know me. Mark Pattison most unwillingly and painfully consented. When Tollemache told me of this I was absolutely horror-struck. In an agony I recalled what I had felt but a couple of years before, when the accident of having rescued and brought home in my dog-cart a broken-limbed lady

extricated from a ditch and an over-turned tandem had resulted in my being hurled into the proximity and acquaintance of a real live Oxford Professor. That was the beginning of a friendship kindly extended to me by the celebrated Professor Sir Monier Monier-Williams. The broken-limbed lady eventually became his daughter-in-law. Undergraduates are not partial to Professors. We were very wary in those days of those who knew more than ourselves. That was why we mostly remained in ignorance.

Sir Monier, despite his Sanscrit, was a comparatively facile and unfearsome person. But, ye gods, what was to be said of Mark Pattison ? I am not sure that, at the bare idea of meeting him I did not take to my bed for a day or two. In imagination he ran neck to neck with Jowett, who, (according to the Oxford legend) taking a well-placed Oxford undergrad out to walk with him one day, wandered on and on with the unhappy youth in dead silence. This silence at last grew on the youth's nerves, till at last the patient observed, " This is remarkably fine weather, Sir, for the time of the year." Jowett made no response, but, as he parted from the youth at his door, he turned abruptly and said : " Now I think of it, there was not much in that remark of yours." This recollection was not stimulating to me, and I awaited with terror the inevitable visit.

That you may understand the extent of my terror at meeting Mark Pattison, you must realize that, although I had recently taken my degree, I was still in heart and soul an undergraduate. Moreover Pattison was one of the shiniest of Oxford luminaries, and I had had little experience in playing with fire-light. You will the better comprehend the reasons for my diffidence when you read this subjoined account of the intellectual achievements of this giant

How would you like to be shut up with such a man beyond reach of a chaperon ?

" He published a translation of Aquinas on ' St. Matthew ' (1842), and two Lives of English Saints (' Stephen Langton ' and ' St. Edmund ') in the series edited by Newman. He was appointed college tutor (1843), and as lecturer and examiner established a great reputation. He was appointed Assistant Commissioner on the Inquiry into Continental Education (1859). He became Rector of Lincoln College in 1861. His literary output included ' The Present State of Theology in Germany ' (1857), ' Learning in the Church of England ' (1863), ' Popular Education in Prussia ' (1862). He edited Pope's ' Essay on Man ' (1869) with notes, contributed biographical notices to the ' Encyclopædia Britannica,' and wrote Lives of ' Milton ' (1879) and ' Isaac Casaubon ' (1875), the latter being perhaps his best work. Other works are ' Memoirs ' (1885), and editions of Pope's ' Essays, Satires and Epistles ' (1872), and Milton's ' Sonnets ' (1883)."

The most extraordinary addendum to this recollection is that scarcely a morning for full six weeks passed without seeing dear Mark Pattison sitting by me as I partook of my late breakfast. My terror gradually vanished. He made me forget that I had so lately burst from the undergraduate shell, and all the large generosity of his intellect was at my service for the asking. I may add, as some excuse for Mark Pattison for so lowering the standard of his acquaintance, that there was always a suspicion in his proffered friendship to me of Johnson's celebrated saying regarding Goldsmith : " an inspired idiot." He was never weary of asking me concerning what he termed " the pedigree of a thought." He would eagerly inquire : " Now, how on earth did that occur to you ? " and such like interrogations.

At Biarritz I had the privilege of first meeting Princess Frederica of Hanover, one of the most courtly and regal looking of any of the Royalties I have subsequently met. I was presented to Her Royal Highness at a dinner-party to which Lady Laura Hampton had kindly invited me. Afterwards the Princess herself was my hostess both at Biarritz and at the beautiful apartment which Queen Victoria placed at her disposal in Hampton Court Palace. She most graciously presided, as did the Duchess of Albany on the previous day, at performances I gave at the request of Prebendary Ram for the restoration of the old belfry at Hampton Court, a work most ably helped by that charming and kindly hostess, Lady MacGregor, whose parties at the Palace are a remembrance to all who are happy in knowing her. Her beautiful apartment has many mementoes of her distinguished husband, the late General Sir Charles MacGregor, whose gallant career is especially associated with the Afghan campaign, during which he was Chief of the Staff to Lord Roberts.

Princess Frederica has great charm, and her husband, Baron Pawel von Rammingen, is most interesting to talk to, and an indefatigable host. At that function of Lady Laura Hampton's I was the only commoner present, and I remember the very considerable impression it made on me at the time that, although each member of the party must have been well accustomed to meeting Royalty, and that the company numbered a Cabinet Minister in Lord Cranbrook, it was surprising how ill at ease the men were when addressed by the Princess. It is many times that I have noticed the same thing since. The presence of Royalty seems to abstract from people the capacity to be natural. It is a transmogrifying influence, but a transformation for the worse. I do think that the very least one can do when royal

personages are kind enough to notice one is to endeavour not to be dull. The restrictions of Royalty give regal people quite enough of it at home, without coming outside to encounter it; and I suppose that it was for this reason that Her Royal Highness was disposed to address herself to me at some length. Our English Royalties especially have a great charm of manner and are brought up to endure boredom. It is in the essence of their nature to seem pleased, and if there is any difficulty in the matter it arises less from the personages who honour us than from the humanities that struggle to rise to the occasion. I am told that the late Lord Granville was an especial *persona grata* to Queen Victoria on account of the open way he spoke to her, although even he, thus privileged, was too much of a courtier to speak when he was not spoken to. I know of the wife of a well-placed official who throughout her whole lifetime could never be brought to remember this useful and necessary piece of Court knowledge. I am not certain if this Royal usage would not be of inestimable advantage as a sort of peace protection agency in domestic life. It would certainly save a vast deal of verbal difference.

Others of interest in Biarritz at that time were the late Lord and Lady Strathmore. I always consider the latter as one of the best bred women I ever met. She had a very great charm and united manners of great distinction with a kindliness of nature which placed all deserving people at their ease. They were very exclusive, but, once free of their threshold, you had everything that beautifies the heartiest of welcome. Of Irish people I recall Lord Kilmaine and his beautiful wife, Lord Avonmore and Sir Allan and Lady Walsh. The Services were well represented by General Sir James and Lady Sayer, General and Mrs. Patton-Bethune of Clayton Priory, Sussex (he was Hon. Colonel

of the 78th Highlanders), and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles and Lady Harriet Elliott. In addition to Lord and Lady Strathmore, Scotland was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford and my dear old friend Lady Stuart-Menteth.

One must not forget the Duc de San Lucca with whom I afterwards travelled in Italy. He was the husband of a Spanish Infanta, aunt of King Alfonso and a cousin of Madame d'Arcos, Lady-in-Waiting for so many years to the Empress Eugénie. In some way also the Duke was connected with the late Cardinal Vaughan, and was a most interesting personality. As he knew the Empress Eugénie long before her marriage, as well as throughout her days of sovereignty, and remembered many incidents of interest, he was far from being a dull companion. I remember a witticism at his expense. There was a certain lady who was distinctly partial to him. Another lady appeared on the scene, who was not infrequently in the Duke's society. Lady Number One made some snappy remark concerning this, to which a friend of San Lucca's replied: "Oh, she is his cousin, you know." "Cousin fiddlesticks!" the lady retorted. "A twentieth, if that." "On the contrary," said the Duke's friend, "I happen to know her, she is a first cousin once removed." "I call her," sniffed the lady, "a cousin never removed!"

Much kindness was shown to me at Biarritz, and I think I was the first bachelor to whom in those very particular and proper days people went allowing themselves to be oblivious that there was no hostess, for, without issuing any invitations whatsoever, my little At Homes on Thursday afternoons were never by any means empty.

These recollections of Biarritz recall to me what might be aptly termed "A Trio of Tragedy." It is a curious

coincidence that two of Queen Victoria's most trusted of servitors, for each of whom Her late Majesty had the greatest esteem and affection, and who were in themselves the most exemplary of people, should each of them have had distressing and disastrous experiences with reference to their children. In both cases the heirs had married absolutely outside their sphere, and in each case there was divorce for the daughter. I refer to the late seventh Duke of Grafton and Jane, Marchioness of Ely. I knew well the children of both, and will here record my recollections of an occasion when the Duke's son, the late Lord Euston, asked me to dinner, and we sat up talking till past three. I will tell you what we talked about.

I never to this day can understand how under any conditions he could have made the marriage he did when he was young. He was a man who looked every inch a gentleman, and he had above the average of inches so to look. To talk to, he was a most interesting man of the world, and yet the woman he married was low in every conceivable sense, and a terror to look at. It is many and many a time I have seen this "Countess of Euston," as she magniloquently called herself. She used to haunt the tables at Monte Carlo, and would not allow the croupiers to forget that she was a Countess. I hardly blame her, for otherwise no sane person could have suspected it. At the dinner that night Euston was in great feather, for, after years of waiting and a collection of the large funds necessary, the case was coming on whereby he hoped to get rid of the woman. It had been expensive work to collect such evidence as would make his application for nullity of marriage a success, but his lawyers had actually succeeded in obtaining evidence that the day he married this woman she was herself already wedded. He therefore was in a position to be absolutely

confident of liberation. He was naturally in high spirits and in good form, and told me many an interesting thing of the much he had seen in the varied life he had lived. Looking at him I was indeed glad that he would thus have a chance of retrieving so terrible a mistake and being able to keep up the position of his distinguished name. Alas! the terrible blow that awaited him; for, although he succeeded in proving his wife's previous marriage and that the man thus married was alive at the time, it came out in evidence that this man whom she had married had then a wife living and that thus Euston's bondage must stand, as his wife's previous ceremony was no marriage in law. To add to the tragedy of Euston's life, the beautiful woman whom he would have married had he been free, and who so long remained single, had become a wife but a short time before Lady Euston's death had removed all obstruction.

The other two in my Trio of Tragedy are Major and Lady Eleanor Harbord. They were at Biarritz at the time of which I write, and it was painful to see them walking about, none taking notice of them. Years afterwards, Lady Eleanor partially recovered a portion of her position. As a young woman she was extremely beautiful, and had a child-like air which made it difficult to realize the heartless rôle she had played. Her first husband was FitzRoy Eaton, of Stetchworth Park, Cambridge, whom she left on his death-bed and married Harbord three weeks after his death. At that time is was considered to be inhuman, and not only that but absolutely stupid, for the end was not far from the man she had ceased to esteem, and she gave him time to alter his will, a proceeding which made a very great financial difference to herself. In addition to this folly, she knew when she married Harbord that he was

practically a ruined man, certain facts connected with cards having placed him beyond the pale, so that his prefix as a peer's son was clearly a disputable distinction. By yet a third marriage the woman who could act thus insanely ended her life under the name of Magniac. With all this, Lady Eleanor was one of the most charming women I have ever met, and a dreamful pianist. Alas, how she wrecked her beautiful life!

Jane, Lady Ely's daughter is a charming woman and much beloved by those who know her. I was once at a luncheon when Lady Marion Waller and I were the guests of Mrs. Waldo Sibthorp. I was therefore in the presence of two women who between them had had eight husbands. Emily, Lady Ely, in christening her daughter Marion was possessed with the gift of prophecy.

Before concluding these recollections of Biarritz I cannot avoid telling you how very near I was in leaving my bones interred upon those sunny Basque shores.

It happened in this wise, or should I not rather say it almost happened. Picture to yourself a grand ball at Biarritz. The world and his wife were there and little wifeless me amongst them. Looking for a partner, the devil led me up an out-of-the-way staircase, and there, seated on the stairs, I recognized a very beautiful and popular young matron. She was in a vortex of some difficulty, for a well-known Prince, whose name as a precautionary measure I think it expedient not to mention, was in the act of endeavouring to kiss her arm. He had forcibly endeavoured to elevate the sleeve which in those days was slightly more liberal than it is at present. It was at this instant that the devil unfortunately prompted me to intervene.

I no sooner took this funny picture in than I promptly

proceeded to decamp, for I was strongly persuaded that at such moments the average woman is her own best guardian. Anyway I went.

The exit from this staircase passed through the buffet, and most unfortunately for me I lingered in it, and had just told a story to a number of people, when in the very midst of considerable laughter, the Prince and the lady enter. He at once flew to the conclusion that I had been telling the company of what I had seen with the result of hilarity at his expense. Before five minutes were over he had sent a friend of his with the invitation to me to meet him at dawn that he might satisfy his besmirched honour. This was seriosity with a vengeance.

I at once sought the counsel of two friends, each of whom was at the head of his profession, and there were no men more capable by their reputation and position of tendering the right advice. Gathering Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Elliott and General Patton-Bethune, Colonel of the 78th Highlanders, together, I put them in possession of the facts, and asked them should I have to fight so unnecessary and stupid a duel. With extreme reluctance (for I know they had consideration for myself personally and for my youth) they were of unanimous opinion that the duel would have to be fought. Almost anywhere else, they considered, it might not perhaps be a necessity, but here in Biarritz, hard by the Spanish frontier where duelling was binding on gentlemen, it could not possibly appear that an Englishman showed the white feather. This to me was final, and a most unwelcome finality at that. I clearly foresaw and realized that there was nothing between me and certain death unless inspiration saved me. The Prince was deadly with both sword and pistol, and had already killed three men in duels, besides many he had

wounded, and for this reason Lady Strathmore and one or two other prominent English ladies absolutely refused to send him cards or in any way recognize his existence. It was a matter of common notoriety that the Prince, received as he was in most capitals in Europe, was annoyed that he was shunned and completely ignored by Lord and Lady Strathmore.

At this critical juncture I bethought me of her ladyship as a possible salvation. Going up to her in the ballroom, I said, "Lady Strathmore, I want you to do me a very great service, and to add to your kindness by not asking me my reasons, but to believe from me that I should not seek your assistance unless there was the greatest possible need for it. I want you to honour me by letting me take you in to supper: I want you also—now please prepare for a shock—I want you, should a certain Prince whom you don't know, happen to be at the table, to be particularly gracious and kind to him. I feel sure you will not refuse me." To my delight and relief she actually consented. I knew well that had I told her that the Prince had challenged me, that even if she had wished to save me, she could never have been actress enough to have been civil or decent to him. There is no doubt she suspected something, or she would never have consented to have spoken to the man, but whatever suspicions she harboured, they must surely have been infinitely wide of the mark. I then went to the lady who had been the innocent cause of all this perilous pother, and told her of the challenge and of what I had done, and entreated her by all her gods to arrange with the Prince to take her in to supper and to seek the table behind the door and to speak instantly with Lady Strathmore and then take her seat at the table, and the Prince would thereby be forced to follow; she could then leave the rest to me, but

she was on all accounts to laugh at all my stories whether she found them amusing or not. I told her that she was to keep a look-out on me until she saw me go in to supper, and then to follow as soon as possible. She quite understood that my life depended on all this, and I hardly fancy that it was a pleasant consideration.

Everything happened as planned. The two ladies talked away for a minute, and then the younger woman naturally sank into a seat continuing what she was saying ; the Prince, affecting not to see me, reluctantly followed. To cut matters short I don't think I was ever at a more convivial supper. It was a little table for four. I dug up all the best and the screamiest yarns in my granaries of mirth. The Prince was absolutely forced to laugh, and it was not long before he was genuinely enjoying himself. It was patent that he was much influenced by Lady Strathmore's notice, and in fact it seemed as if her sudden change of manner had put everything else out of his head. It meant a great deal to him as Biarritz society was then constituted, and he made the most of it and was at his best with her and incidentally with us. Of course I treated him with that forgetfulness of all else which men of the world assume in the presence of ladies. I managed to tell Lady Strathmore to take the lady off with her when we rose, so that I might have just half a minute with the Prince. As they moved I said to him : " Now, Prince, you'll have to remember those stories, as they are the last you are likely to hear from me ; I think we should be much wiser if we had a hot breakfast together to-morrow instead of the cold sands. You know men of the world and gentlemen don't damage each other in an *affaire de cœur*." I breakfasted with the Prince next morning !

XXI

THE LATE LORD BYRON
(GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAM, NINTH PEER)

A Unique Individuality, Different and Distinct. A Peer's Effacement—a Writer's Anxiety for Anonymity. Lord Byron passes much of his Life under Other Names. Reasons for according him a Special and Separate Place. That Quaint Person the Dowager Lady Combermere. The Meeting of Two Boys in their Teens. Birth of a Friendship of Forty Years. Concerning Social Manners. An Outspoken Duchess. Byron, a Dangerous and Dissolute Character. A Landlady's Apprehension of Housing such a Lothario. Her Request to move on. An Hotel Incident. We are counted as Suspicious People. Examination of Underlinen. A Word to Byron's Detractors. Names that invoke Curiosity—Wellington, Nelson, Byron. Word-Pictures of these Men. Captain Roland le Strange of Hunstanton. Story of the late Lord Nelson. A Garden Party at the Old Hall. Apsley House and its At Homes. Byron's Publications on the Reform of the Lords. Our Flights to Essex. Lord Gage amuses himself with the Dead March. I address the House of Lords. The Voice from Heaven. The late Lord Zouche. Byron's Encounter with an Ass—His Ready Wit. Augustus Byron's Camel Score. The Way to be Witty. If Love be the Lustre of Life, Friendship assuredly is its Sheen. Tilbury as Arcadia. Byron discusses Inspiration. He Writes for *The Times* within a Few Moments of his Death.

IT has occasionally befallen me, very rarely I allow, to come across an individual who by rights should be placed in a class quite apart from other men. For in truth he is like no other. He should, in fact, have a compartment to himself. There are some men who by their mental endowments, their erudition, experience, and by no means least of all their individuality, compel notice as you know them, and engender respect when rightfully comprehended. It almost certainly happens with such men

that they evince a shrinking from, rather than a scrambling for, fame. Notoriety is abhorrent to them, and their modesty would seem to make them dubious of their eligibility for public esteem. It is one of the weaknesses of their character that they are unaware of their own utility, and for this reason the world is a loser by their reticence, as are they themselves, in that they are without the experience of the ecstasy of giving. Such a man was my life-long friend, the late Lord Byron. It is with sense of bereavement that I write of him, and make public record of abilities and peculiarities which place him quite outside the curriculum of the commonplace; for of a truth his life was charged with pathos, as indeed it was lit with humour.

I am quite prepared that certain readers, conning these words, and this meed of praise I lay around his memory, will incredulously smile. These critics should remember that a man rarely gives of his best to mediocrity, and that had they perhaps been more in spirit with him, this inordinately sensitive man would have made a better response. Even as he tucked away his coronet out of sight, so was it his wont and will to conceal from others thoughts which he was too modest and retiring to consider of interest or of value.

I can afford to smile on criticism engendered by ignorance. For most of my life I have known this man: was fortunate in his friendship and affection: our souls were very open with each other, and I have full reason to know whereof I write.

In this endeavour of mine to place on record remembrances of a man altogether different from his fellows, I need not at the outset go further than record that he was a voluminous writer, of whose identity no editor was

cognisant. So great was his dislike, I may safely say abhorrence, of trading on an illustrious name, that he would not attain a desired publication on the strength of such surreptitious aid at the expense of the worth of the work. He therefore submitted his manuscript under names other than his own, and consequently ensured an impartiality of verdict.

Secondly, this strange man, instead of enjoying life under the shelter of a name illustrious in literature, knowingly chose to pass quite a fourth of his life under other names. By this means he enjoyed that degree of seclusion and quiet which were the necessities of his spirit. I shall hereafter tell how the publicity, the notoriety, and the vulgar curiosity of the public practically compelled him to this course. For the moment I content myself with stating the fact.

Thirdly, as an additional reason for the distinctive place I accord to the late Lord Byron, I may mention that, although at times we have been weeks and weeks together, either I with him in Essex, or he with me elsewhere, I do not think it is possible for me to recall one single occasion which did not leave me the richer in knowledge, thought, or suggestion. His range of information was wonderful. He not only was exceptionally informed in most varieties of architecture, but had himself personally visited and inspected most specimens that were great or distinctive in the land of his birth. He was also at home with archæology, and his knowledge of heraldry and the ramifications of family relationships made it impossible for him to be dull on the many occasions when there was mention of men of note. With all this, and his pride in the pedigree of our nation's progress, with all his veneration for the beautiful homesteads of our land, and the fact that he

himself represented a name illustrious in many countries other than his own, he was by no means a Tory or even a Conservative, but a moderate Liberal of a safe species.

Fourthly, I may mention that, a peer from his boyhood, he had been throughout his life a steady attendant in the House of which he was a member, and there were few of its forms, procedures or customs with which he was not accurately familiar.

For these reasons, and others which you may gather as you read, I place Lord Byron amongst the very few quite distinct and absolutely different men I have chanced to meet. In no way did he ever act as would the ordinary man. He was altogether exceptional, and that by no means because of an aim towards originality, but by reason of the special structure of his mind. These words are written by one who has passed through life observant of his fellow-men. For him the wide-leaved book of humanity has been a folio of absorbing interest. What vast brain the Creator must have to make so many men and each so diverse! I have had moments when my beloved poets have been around me, and with them I lose all sense of the world's great throb, and am away with them beyond the reach of life's antagonistic littleness, but this aloofness at certain times only serves to engender accumulative alertness. At these moments, when the poet is submerged in the man of the world, I love my fellow-men. In this latter phase I am increasingly of opinion that any well-bred man cosmopolitan and unbiassed must have a very sluggish soul who cannot find something good in the majority of men. None are begotten altogether bad, any more than they are born intrinsically good; and it is the clear and wholesome vision that discerns the modicum of gold amid the multitude of dross. As for poor Byron's dross, it largely

consisted in an inborn obstinacy. Neither entreaties of friend, nor trumpet of archangel, could move him when once he had otherwise determined. It was then only that his argumentative mind seemed to have no influence on his understanding, but the fact that I realized the impossibility of moving him on such occasions, and my life-long custom of giving him his head, accounted in no little measure for the longevity of our friendship. But can you recall anyone whom you have ever met, however capable and cherished they are, whose nature and character do not furnish you with some such-like flaw? If you go about expecting perfection, you are likely to be the most miserable of men, especially if you should add matrimony to your experiments. As in the beauties of nature I look not for perfection, (there will be the eternal telegraph-post that destroys my photograph;) so least of all in love and friendship do I look for the honey without the fly.

George Frederick William, ninth Baron Byron, the subject of these remembrances, was the elder son of the late Hon. Frederick Byron, Barrister at Law and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, second son of the seventh peer. My friend was therefore grandson of the first cousin and successor of the poet. Frederick Byron and his elder brother, George Anson, eighth peer, married sisters. They were daughters of the Rev. William Wescomb of Thrumpton Hall, Nottingham, and Langford Park, Essex, of which latter living he was rector. This opulent squarson was also patron of Thrumpton, a living now held by his grandson, the present peer, who had previously been rector of Langford. Mr. Wescomb had one other daughter, who married Lord Frederick FitzRoy, son of the fifth Duke of Grafton. On Mr. Wescomb's death he left the Thrumpton estate to his eldest daughter, Lady Byron, his Langford property to

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Mrs. Byron, and a considerable amount in money to the younger daughter, Lady Frederick. Lady Byron had no children, and consequently on the death of her husband, the peerage devolved on her nephew, my late friend. Each of these three daughters of Mr. Wescomb lived to be well over eighty, and it is a regret to me that I never took down word for word what Byron so often told me, but as far as I can recollect I think I am right in saying that so pronounced was longevity in the Wescomb family that four generations from Lucy, Lady Byron, brought the ancestral proprietorship in the Thrumpton estates back to the reign of Queen Anne, and I remember my friend adding that he knew but of one other instance of similar length of life in concurrent generations as evinced in the family of Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, who recently died over ninety years of age, where six generations brought him back to the reign of Charles II. The late Lord Byron was educated at Harrow, as was the poet, and like him he succeeded to the family honours whilst he was yet a boy.

The first time that Byron and I ever met, inaugurating thereby a close and altogether confidential friendship of forty years, was at the house of that quaint antique eccentricity, the Dowager Viscountess Combermere. She was the third wife and eventual widow of the celebrated Field-Marshal whose laurels were won in the Peninsula. She considered herself very much the Viscountess, and liked you to remember the fact. She kept up a sort of state and miniature Court of toadies and admirers in her house in Belgrave Square. She was mainly kept alive by the solicitude of her step-daughter Mrs. Hunter, and my recollections of her are mostly contained in a picture of an old lady enthroned in a sort of chair of state, whereto

the adorers deferentially approached. I remember otherwise little remarkable about her, nor dwells there with me the faintest re-echo of a sharp crisp saying nor the savour of such wit as not infrequently acerbates age. Byron and I were then in our teens, and were duly overwhelmed in such distinguished company. As strangers who found themselves free of a life-buoy in a disconcerting sea we joined forces and made whispered comments on the strange scene before us, when suddenly we were startled by hearing the shrill pipings of the old lady as she quite audibly inquired, "And who is this Lord Byron? I thought the Poet had no son." She held her peace for a moment, looked round the room, and said quite crossly, "Can none of you answer me?" Whereon I deferentially crept up to her and said, "The Poet had no son, Lady Combermere, but that did not prevent him from having a cousin." She stared at me for a second or two and then began to laugh, and so did everyone else with the exception of the unfortunate Byron. She then turned on me again and said, "You seem to know all about it; come here and tell me how it is that this man is Lord Byron. I always thought there was no such thing anywhere as a Lord Byron now that Childe Harold is dead." "When the Poet died, Lady Combermere, he was succeeded by his first cousin, who became seventh Baron. The present peer is the grandson of that first cousin." "Oh, that makes it plain enough," said the old lady, "but where's he been all this time that one's heard nothing of him?" "Oh, most of the time he was not in existence," whereupon everybody laughed, during which Byron seized the opportunity and hurriedly paid his respects to the old lady and scooted for all he knew. After he had gone her Ladyship, turning on us, said, "Who's that young

man ? " I said very icily to her, " That's Lord Byron, I don't suppose he cares much for the conversation," whereupon the old lady turned testily on her step-daughter and said, " I can't think why some of you did not tell me before the man went." This erratic old lady survived till the year 1890, when she expired in her ninetieth year.

In this strange guise commenced a new friendship for two men on the eve of entering life. A few years afterwards each of us matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, and for some time after taking our degrees shared rooms together. From those days to that of his death there was an interchange of thought and a fusion of many interests which have left with me no single memory of discord, difference or distrust.

The foregoing scene, which I have endeavoured to render, was one of many such which that unfortunate man had to endure. If ever man had to pay the penalty for blood relationship with genius, that man was assuredly George, ninth Lord Byron, and he was the constant sufferer from a custom which almost exclusively belongs to the upper classes whereby those upper classes consider it to be good manners to make audible comments concerning the objects of their curiosity right within the hearing of those unhappy people themselves. It is scores of times that I have seen a Duchess raise her lorgnettes full on an unfortunate man entering a ball-room as she turned on some friend near her with the remark, " And who's that man ? " If it should prove to be a name or person of whom she knew, there seemed little to prevent her code of manners from pursuing the subject to the point of personality within earshot of the unfortunate martyr. Your grocer's wife may have vulgarities in other directions, but, so far as I have heard fron Dickens and others, neither

she nor the butcher's spouse carries such ill-breeding to such an extent. The Duchess of Marlborough, widow of the seventh Duke, was a notable offender in this respect; her Grace was richly endowed with a genius for outspokenness.

Now why did this strange man elect to pass so much of his life under names other than his own? Later on I shall allude to the public curiosity concerning the present holders of three well-known names. For the present let me tell you two incidents which accentuated the distaste experienced by a sensitive man in being the target of public notice. One day, approaching Bond Street from my home, Byron suddenly said, "Do you mind coming with me to Marshall and Snelgrove? my mother has asked me to do something for her there." So accordingly we went, and I wish we had never entered the place. When Byron gave his name some people unfortunately overheard it, and the way they stared and mobbed was beyond belief. I could never have thought such a thing possible. This was a sample of what to my own knowledge often occurred, and it is not an agreeable experience for a man who has done nothing to be audibly contrasted with one who has done everything. The most callous soul would feel it, for it is not always one's fault, for so at least I feel it, that one is not as good as one's father. It is one's misfortune. And why place yourself in a position to have that unfortunate fact rubbed into you? But if you happen not to be a callous man, but one exceptionally sensitive, you can imagine what such notoriety thrust upon you is both in its experience and its effect.

Resuming our walk down to White's, it was only natural that Byron should say: "Let's go off to Essex." We were very much accustomed to going off to Essex,

but we much preferred going to some quiet place than to turning up at Langford. Consequently in a couple of days we found ourselves in diggings in a diminutive hamlet. We had certainly reached a region of quiet, but wait! After we had been there some days we told the landlady, a most kindly and considerate person, that we would be away all the following day and should not require any lunch. We were intent, as was frequently the case, on examining some old church or ruin. "Oh," said the landlady, "I shall take the opportunity, my Lord, of going over to see my cousin. She has a farm some distance away, I do not often get a free day to see her." Then as she removed the debris of breakfast, she added: "I think your Lordship would like her, as she's a most educated woman, and has done a great deal of reading. I think, except of course the Rectory, she's about the most educated person round these parts. I can't say much for Squire Thorneycroft, for he hunts all day and sleeps all night, leaving out time of course for his breakfasts and dinners."

On our return from that ruin, we noticed a very marked change in our landlady. She was morose and monosyllabic. Next morning she thumped the breakfast on the table in a manner which was danger to her delf. Finally she gave us notice to go. She had been with her well-educated cousin and had found out that Lord Byron was a dreadful man whose poems were of such a dissolute character that he had to live out of England, as no decent house here would receive him. In a talk I had with the woman, my efforts to enlighten her and make her understand that the poet of whom she spoke had been dead for over half a century were of no avail. She again repeated all her high-falutin' glorifications of her well-read cousin who had told her

and could not possibly be mistaken. Is it a wonder that Byron, when he moved on, did so under the name of Mr. Bryon, a cognomen which contained the letters of Byron transposed ?

One day in early autumn I found myself in London for a night *en route* for the Moors. Walking up Bond Street I came face to face with Byron, who happened to be similarly passing through. He made me promise to dine with him that night at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, where he was staying. I did not write this address, as I made sure to remember it. What was my consternation on arriving at the Hotel to find that there was no such person as Lord Byron staying there. I made the office people look again and again, declaring that I was sure he was there as I was engaged to dine with him. At this juncture Byron rushes up to me saying that he believed he'd forgotten to tell me that he was stopping there under the name of Bryon. Whereon, to the visible surprise of the office people, he took me in to dinner. We had hardly sat down and were no further than the fish when, glancing up at the glass door, Byron said : " I wonder what those people are looking at ? " Whereupon I began to watch that glass door and noticed that a succession of people came and looked at us, and finally the manager came and had a good stare. We noticed that the men were very careless in their waiting, and neither their manner nor their speech were very civil. By the time the savoury appeared there was a marked change : the waiters could not do enough for us, and to crown matters the manager came in with a couple of boxes of cigars and begged our acceptance of a choice weed. " What does all this mean ? " said my host. " I tell you what it means," I answered, " it means that the management has been up in your bedroom

rootling about amongst your linen, and that instead of being a suspicious person they have found out that you are really Byron, and they are endeavouring to make amends for their incivility." "Rubbish!" said Byron, "I don't believe a word of that!" "Well," I said, "go up to your bedroom. If you hurry you'll be in time to see them putting away your nighties and things." He went, and presently returned, his face beaming: "You're right," he said, "I found them putting away all my duds."

One time, staying in an Essex village under the name of Mr. Byron, a man asked him was he any relation to Lord Byron. "Well, it's the same name, isn't it? All the Byrons I suppose are somehow connected." "Ah, he's a great friend of mine," said the man; "I was dining with him only the other night." "Hope he gave you a good dinner," said Byron. "Oh, yes, he's a tip-topper; he knows a good brand of fizz." At this juncture a lady came up who knew Byron and accosted him by his name. A rabbit could not have scooted more abruptly than that man did. We never laid eyes on him again. We ourselves departed next day. These dramatic revelations of names did us no good among the yokels, and we always had recollections of "the well-read cousin."

I am reminiscencing at some length about my friend, not indeed because he was my friend, never faltering in affection and care and kindness in the forty years in which I may say this friendship was an additional gladness to two lives; and less because of his kinsmanship with a man whom I consider one of the half dozen greatest men England has produced and whose name had always an attraction for me from the days far before my teens, when his music sang to me under those veritable Alps, but because I recognize in him certain qualities and characteristics which stand

out and make him a thing apart from other men. There are doubtless dozens of creatures I have met who knew the man of whom I write, and they in their egotism and ignorance will doubtless smile at this assertion.

There are three men in England who for all time will be the targets of curiosity. The existing Lords Nelson and Byron, and the Wellington of the day. We hardly turn our heads to note what manner of man is the representative of St. Vincent, of Howe, of Exmouth or of Rodney; these indeed were men who each and all did something for us and held their lives of no account compared with the glory and advance of our Empire. But the memory of man is proverbially short. It is unbelievable that a man may loom in the limelight of life and yet his remembrance be as small as his coffin. But genius is another matter! There are those who will contradict me when I say that every additional year is an added laurel to Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Byron, Tennyson. They are of those who have no coffins and no dust. Our souls are filled with their spirit, and we dream of them not as dead. They are as birds that sing to us from beyond the night, and although we see them not, we are possessors of their song.

Nelson's simplicity, genius and character have endeared him more to posterity than has even the triumph of Trafalgar. His name has fired the popular imagination, and there will always be interest in its holder. Wellington of a truth was no genius, but he was the saviour of Europe, a man of conspicuous force and integrity of character, and emphatic in the council-chambers of his country. The dignity of his mien, his lofty and incorruptible spirit, the integrity of his public and private life, his determination no less than his masterful presence, mark him out as an abiding individuality. His life did as much for his name's

durability as did his deeds for his country. His laurels are as distinct as they are distinguished. The representatives of these three men are born to a burden which it needs intelligence to sustain, and indeed it needs a stout soul to essay the task. However great the man may be, he goes through life contrasted with a greater. He is even blamed, and sometimes ridiculed, because the gods have withheld from him that with which they endowed his forbears.

It is remarkable that the intellectually little endeavour to elevate themselves by the lowering of others. If I am but five feet high and I represent humanity as but four, I gain for myself an added loftiness, if not of soul at least of stature. And so the representatives of the Great are made even smaller in general conception than in truth they are as created by their Maker. And with this knowledge they have to walk through life the target of curiosity and sometimes of contempt. They never can avoid notice, and they have not that sustaining grandeur of character, which is mostly the appurtenance of the great, that enables them to dignify their appearance in the public eye.

As an instance of the great interest created by one of the holders of these three names, I will tell you a story as told me by my dear friend, Roland le Strange of Hunstanton (now, alas, with the majority). On one occasion he had come down from London for the day to attend a large garden party given by his father, the late Squire, at the old historic hall. He watched his father making the circuit of the guests on the lawns with a quaint, eccentric-looking person. This quaintness was accentuated by a Tennysonian sort of hat and cloak. Everywhere he went he was the cynosure of all eyes. Roland wondered who the devil his father had dug up. He watched him in his progress. The person was everywhere acclaimed as a personage. He was like royalty.

The people watched him and sometimes followed him, and there did not seem a soul who had the honour of his acquaintance who was not desirous of his remembrance and recognition. They thrust themselves forward so as not to be ignored. And this is exactly how and where the worst manners are so frequently exemplified in the Great, as you can see in many of the most exclusive houses in London. Continuing his circuit, the old Squire chanced upon Roland, and turning to the personage he said : " May I present my son to you ? " Roland then learnt that it was Lord Nelson whom he had been watching, evidently the only man there unaware of the distinction of entertaining the representative of the hero of Trafalgar.

I have frequently seen his late Grace of Wellington the object of observation, not only in the public thoroughfares but in Apsley House itself. The Duchess had two At Home days each week, Tuesdays very small and for her friends, and Thursday, I think it was, for a larger circle. I remember how awkward it was for me, embarrassing in fact beyond words, the first time I entered her drawing-rooms. I was and always had been terribly nervous, and in response to a letter from the Duchess asking me to her Tuesdays I was shown upstairs. On the door being opened my eyes encountered about fourteen people or so ; I remember Susan Lady Malmesbury was one of them, her Grace was at the piano and the scroll of music intervened between us. I thought that piece would never end, for everybody was looking at me and I wished I had not been born. Visiting at Apsley House was a formal affair. Lady Charles Wellesley insisted on her son keeping up all the old customs and traditions of the house, and one of these distasteful customs was the writing of your name in a book every time you entered. To friends who had

been accustomed to run in and out of the house in Charles Street this necessity was very distasteful. That Duke was known to his intimates as "Spurgeon," from a fancied resemblance to the great preacher.

The Duke told me that he had a great dislike to giving his name, especially in shops. I told him some stories of Byron's experiences and how he endeavoured to give other names. He said that he very often gave simply the name "Wellington," but he found he lost his parcels as they went to the Barracks!

As already alluded to, Byron had the greatest horror of mentioning or trading on his name. He has often thanked me where an introduction was almost necessary, for simply saying: "Let me introduce my friend." Most of his articles, as I have said, went to press under other names, and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to use his own over a series on the Reform of the House of Lords which appeared daily in a well-known London paper during the passing of the Veto Bill. He was then staying with me in my house in London, and the argument by which I persuaded him to break his rule of anonymity was that, presumably, his object in publishing his suggestions for the Reform was to render those suggestions operative and effective. "You have had a seat in the House," I added, "since your majority, that is to say for many years more than have had the average members. Moreover, you have attended its sittings considerably more often than has the average member, excepting of course the Government officials. You have made a life-long study of its traditions and modes of procedure; now do you think that such suggestions as you make could by any possibility carry the same weight if made by an outsider as they possibly may bear coming from a member and a man who knows?"

So long as I live I shall never forget the passing of that Veto Bill. He was with me the whole time. Poor Byron was a man who may safely be said to have never had a home. For years after we first met he lived, when in London, in that fine old family mansion in Grafton Street which was the property of his mother. It was a house that sacrificed much to its State apartments; these indeed were very fine, but some of the other rooms left much to be desired—Byron's bedroom was a terror. At the time of which I speak, his residence was adjoining Hampstead Heath. Byron Cottage was no more a cottage than I am, and not much more of a home. He was there very little, making frequent flights into his beloved Essex, or, during later years, to Folkestone. His great wish and desire was for solitude, where he could think and write and live his own life; but all this never prevented his coming to me, and he often came for weeks at a time and sometimes for months, my marriage making no difference, as at first I feared it might. As an instance of the rapidity with which these flights were arranged, I remember that on one occasion he telephoned from Byron Cottage asking whether we both (Lady Denham and I) could call for him in our motor at about three o'clock, so that we could all go down to Essex. We did so, and were actually away for two months on that impromptu starting. We spent a good deal of the time at Southminster and several times came up to town just for the night. I recall the difficulty of motoring through a Saturday night crowd and all the booths and buyers for miles and miles before we got to the metropolis. It took one all one knew to steer without casualties, and one had a wearied brain by the end of it. We dined every night at the House, and invariably walked home together discussing the modes and methods of the speakers, and the

matter, mostly nil, which unadorned them. Often some other peer accompanied us, very frequently Lord Zouche or Lord Gage.

I must digress to tell a story of the latter peer, a man who interested me chiefly inasmuch as he was a son-in-law of Mr. Frederick Peel, whose affection for me I shall never forget. He would drop in to tea two or three times a week, and his knowledge of people and pedigrees, and his fund of information concerning them, was a remarkable addition to one's hearsay. Shortly after I came down from Oxford, I met Gage at a party, and he asked me whether, being at Christ Church, I knew a man named Andrew Lawrie. I said: "Thank God, I don't, and I don't want to." "Why?" asked Gage. "Because during my first term at the House I inhabited, for all my sins, that part known as the Cellars, underground sepulchres in Canterbury Quad, and overhead in the rooms lately occupied by Brooke (now Lord Warwick) there was a man with the devil of a piano, and periodically through those dismal days he would begin to play three or four bars of the Dead March in Saul, then stop and begin them again. He never went further. The owner of those rooms is Andrew Lawrie." "Oh," said Lord Gage, colouring a bit, "do you know I'm afraid that I was the culprit. I was staying with Lawrie at Christ Church, and used to amuse myself playing the Dead March while he was at lectures." I said: "Don't do it again. You were devilish clever to find amusement in the Dead March. You'll find yourself in the British Museum if they get to know that you can amuse yourself in that way." Another peculiarity attaching to Lord Gage was that he was always called "Jimmy"—I suppose because his name happened to be Henry Charles. Poor Gage did not add much either of ornament or intellect to the debates

of the peers, and the jerkiness of his manner stultified any claim to stability. His wife was quite charming and an excellent hostess, but unfortunately for her and her friends she was very deaf. At a dance given by the Gages at Firle, their place in Sussex, she was talking to a man, who said to her, alluding to the late terrible rains : " We have had a very bad summer." He could not understand why Lady Gage dropped him. She, poor dear, imagined he had said : " We have had a very bad supper ! "

But to return from Sussex to Westminster. When we dined at the Lords there were longish tables, and one never knew whom one would have as neighbour. Several times I sat next Sir Samuel Evans, President of the Divorce Court. I felt glad that I had utilized opportunities and made a friend of him, for one never knows when a friendship may come in handy. It was during the passing of the Veto Bill that, for the third time, I addressed the House of Lords. Up to this present year of grace, I had supposed that I was the only non-peer person who had ever dared such a proceeding, but this season I was retailing the episode to some friends at an afternoon party, and ended by saying : " I believe I am the only person who has done such a thing." " Oh no, you're not," said a quiet-looking man who had been listening, " I spoke once from the steps of the Throne and got turned out." " Anyway I beat you," I replied, " for *I* spoke and was not turned out." The quiet gentleman was a Right Honourable and as a Privy Councillor had the right to stand on the steps of the Throne within the precincts of the House, but naturally had no right to seat himself on the benches or to utter a syllable. The Privy Councillor in question, not agreeing with a speech delivered by a peer on the Irish question, made a remark in thirteen words, but that baker's dozen caused his ejection.

My speech happened in this wise. I always occupied (save the mark!) the distinguished strangers' box which is level with the House, and so one can be in touch with near-sitting peers. Byron was going to speak, and in my smoking-den previously we had gone over his speech, and I was familiar with its points and various paragraphs. Byron was getting along excellently. He had a great voice which all could hear, never over-strained and always forcible, and he spoke with quiet and deliberation. Towards the close he was skipping a most important point, so putting my hand up so that none could see the movement of my lips but leaving a slit between my fingers for audibility, I said: "Stop!" Byron, who was speaking quite close to me, began to fumble with his papers. I had always told him that, although neither he nor I ever used notes, it is always useful to have them handy in case one wants to think without the awkwardness of appearing to do so. In the pause (which in reality was only one of seconds) I gave the first three or four lines of the forgotten point, and he calmly proceeded as if nothing had happened. The peers on either side of him also heard, but they were quite inferior people, and it did not in the least matter. It was amusing to see them looking about to discover where the voice came from. Perhaps they concluded it came from Heaven. That also does not matter, unless indeed the apparently celestial utterance influenced their vote.

The late Lord Zouche, who often accompanied us from these debates, I have met in country houses, and he was for years a member of White's. I don't think there are ten men who have seen him smile; I should say he had never done so since his wife left him. What a factor woman is in the lives of men! for pleasure or pain! for salvation or . . . a word that rhymes!

Byron was a man of readier wit, I think, than anyone else I have ever known. I have never seen him at a loss for a rejoinder, and that is the more wonderful inasmuch as his repartees were so excellent. One day we found ourselves at a little hotel in Essex, some distance from his own place, where we had dropped in for luncheon. For once in a way Byron was going about in his own name. An outsider, who had ostentatiously been making every effort to know him, found his opportunity to do so by offering a match when his lordship was struggling to ignite a cigarette. Byron most politely snubbed the man as he lingered on asking question after question. At last, in the worst possible taste, he asked why Byron did not follow in the steps of his celebrated ancestor? Byron looked calmly at him for a second, and then quite courteously said: "Well, you know, I think the Byron family has done its bit: don't you think it's your turn now?" Whereupon the man coloured and withdrew.

Byron and I were always scoring against each other, and although the sparring was sometimes robust, I can recall no single instance in this friendship of forty years of real rufflement on either side. Once we were cycling down a hill, my friend leading. Rounding a corner, I heard Byron yell: "Brake!" I applied mine for all I knew. On negotiating the corner, what was my horror to see a donkey all but right across the narrow lane, his head up among the low branches where he was annexing a feed. With good steering and keeping your head it was quite possible to get between the beast's back heels and the far bank, but to my consternation I saw Byron steer straight for the animal's tummy. He struck the mark. Byron went off: so did the donkey. When I rejoined him (Byron, not the donkey), I said: "Why on earth

did you go for the donkey ? There was plenty of room on the other side." " I know better," said he. " The last donkey I met across a lane took five spokes out of my back wheel with his back heels as I passed, and I had to carry my bike two miles. I had a much easier fall this time against the donkey, and I have preserved my bike." " You seem to have a wonderful knowledge of asses and their habits," I rashly ventured. Whereupon he said : " Well, dear Gilly, you've given me every opportunity, and I should be an ass myself if a friendship of years had not taught me much ! " I rode some miles conjecturing what was the retort proper. I have not yet found it.

I used often to dine with my friend's uncle, the Honourable and Rev. William Byron, a man whom you could not help liking and for whose memory I have the greatest respect. He was the father of an even older friend of my Oxford days, George Anson Byron, who, if he lives long enough and the present peer has no son, is in the direct line of succession, the intervening heir-presumptive, familiarly known as " Paddles " Byron, also having no son. It so happened that William Byron married *en seconde noce* the wealthy Miss Burnside, who was additionally well-dowered, as her spinster sister, equally well off, continued to live with her after her marriage. Byron told me this story of his uncle. The latter's brother Augustus, also a parson, but who had not had the opportunity of making a second moneyed matrimonial venture, was dining with his brother William in that beautiful house in Portman Square where I have spent so many happy hours. After dinner in the smoking-room Augustus, looking meditatively into the fire, said : " William, have you ever thought how remarkably true Scripture is ? " William, taken aback, ejaculated : " Yes, I suppose I have."

Augustus, continuing to gaze at the fire, said slowly, as if speaking to himself: "I'm thinking of that text: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.'" When the nephew told me this story I said: "The rich have not such an impossible job as is supposed; for the needle in the East is less a sempstress's implement than the small side gate into the city, and if the camel knelt down he might possibly wriggle through; and so possibly might the rich man also if, like the camel, he were more addicted to going on his knees." On which Byron rejoined: "I should not like to scrape through, no, not even to Buckingham Palace; there's no pleasure in being anywhere where you're not up to your company, and I've always been led to believe that one needs to be upright in order to enter Heaven."

This is but one of countless instances I might give of Byron's remarkable readiness in retort, a quiet certainty of what to say, and the instantaneous humour which seasons it, and of which I have met but few instances in my life. Among the upper classes one might almost say that dullness is hereditary. Smart dinners are sufficient evidence of this; and in many houses, especially those which in the last two reigns were considered exceptionally exclusive, it often appeared to me that certain people could not possibly be interesting unless they indulged in anecdotal impropriety. In one very smart country house, I remember, where one night at dinner this writer was rather silent, on being asked the reason he replied: "Oh, I've mislaid my dictionary and cannot find it." Naturally he was asked what the dictionary had to do with it; whereupon he explained: "Nowadays, the readiest way to be reputed a wit is to take your dictionary to bed with you

and make a note of all the words not generally used in polite society. These you nonchalantly bring in at to-morrow's dinner. This, if done adroitly and with the features of innocence, will socially establish you as a humorist."

Byron, though no humorist himself and having a readiness absolutely independent of the dictionary or any such aids, was a great enemy to making use of this gift when he was a diner-out. As long as I live I shall never forget the lecture he gave me just after we came down from Oxford. We had met at a dinner-party given in London by a well-known hostess, and for some reason or other—perhaps because there were exceptionally bright Americans present—I was somewhat in the core of the hilarity. Walking on afterwards to a dance, Byron gave it to me hot. " I think it a great mistake for you to amuse these people. They do not and never will understand or admit the plurality of gifts. If you are labelled as wit, you will never be accredited as poet." We walked on in silence as I considered the truth or otherwise of this statement; and it is extraordinary how, though years have intervened, I can never pass that particular portion of the Park where this was said without it all coming back to mind as if it were but yesterday. This sage of three and twenty then added: " You must remember this strong point: When a man is dull he is ostensibly a Somebody, otherwise he would not be there. People don't ask mediocrities unless they are gilt-edged; but if they happen to be amusing they come in with the clowns and the jesters, as Shakespeare allowed Falstaff and other outsiders to mix with Kings on account of their wit. Now, I take it, you ought to be asked out for yourself, which is the best part of you." The last time I ever saw Byron I reminded him of this conversation, for he had been kind and

generous enough to say how much our friendship of years had been to him. "Now," I said, "how would you have liked it all these years if, in my personal talks to you, I had followed this advice?" "Ah," he replied, "that's another matter; we two can afford to be natural. Besides which, I did not know you then as I do now, or perhaps that dictum of mine might have been different; but I still declare that it's a good dictum for general use."

Looking back on life, its Oxford days and all the intervening years, I cannot but think how rich that life has been in friendships. If love be the lustre of life, friendship assuredly is its sheen. I have always loathed acquaintances. If you cannot make a friend of such, they are useless and only cumber the ground. But those to whom you can speak without fear of misconstruction; those upon whom you can lean in days of difficulty, and who have within them that of which you can learn, are indeed treasures for which to thank the gods. Now of all the men, many of them of such widely different tastes, whom I have known and known well, I may safely say that none of them had that width and depth of cultured judgment and the critical faculty so strong as had Byron. In all the days that we passed together in Essex and elsewhere, it was very rare that after dinner we did not discuss some problem of politics or ethics of literature, or the correct place which some man of note should rightly occupy either contemporaneously or with posterity. We never argued for argument's sake; the inquiry was solely a search for truth, and the whole matter would end when some reason was suddenly projected which brought us nearer the truth for which we strove. The following, for instance, will be interesting as containing some criticisms of my friend on the writings and career of his ancestor the poet. (In

parenthesis I may mention that of all God-forsaken places this conversation took place at Tilbury, where I was his guest for three days, showing to what regions my friend would rush in his desire for seclusion.) He had just said: "A poet should speak from the dead; till then, though men may listen they will not love." I said: "That's sad for the poets." "And is not that what they are?" he rejoined, "have you ever known of any who were joyous? The poet Byron was a sad man. Not any of his women seemed to give him joy, and how short a time they lasted. Look at his life from first to last; was there anywhere anything of gladness in it?" "Stop," said I, "what about the glory of inspiration?" "I do not suppose that any great poet has left less evidence or trace of that joy than Byron; and if you criticize his own manuscripts of passages which are now immortal, you will find such corrections and such counter-corrections that, if there be any gladness in the matter, it must have been suggested rather by the success of his after-annotations than by the original, which was so widely different."

I thought a moment or two on this: it seemed just and fair; for no great inspiration would seem on the face of it to need that after-thought and manipulation which is in truth but intellectual mechanism. Then suddenly I said: "Well, granted the sorrow of his life, soldiers die or are wounded or permanently crippled for their country; is it not the same principle that a poet should lose something of life's joy for the after-gladness of mankind?" "That is so," said Byron, "and you honour what a man leaves, and in its greatness the world is enriched. But in the giving of himself the poet is not praiseworthy in the sense as is the soldier. One gives at the dictates of discipline, the other by necessities of

nature : the one may be called upon to give or may not : for him there may be no call or need for sacrifice : the other's life is one long sacrifice : for this end he was born, and from it there is no escape : that is his predestination and his pain, and when the laurels come he will not be there."

In that opening sentence of his, which indeed I think a fine utterance, he has alluded to the listening without love. I am very humbled when I think of the affection he spent on me. His was essentially a selfish nature, partly the result of his bringing up, and partly the result of natural instinct ; yet I have experienced care and forethought from him which showed unselfishness to a degree. I will give you one from countless instances. One night I was lying ill in my father's house in London. Nearing midnight Byron walks into my room. I was naturally astonished, for I knew that Dizzy had asked him to a small reception. I had also been honoured with an invitation, and Byron, feeling that I ought to have been there, was very annoyed at the illness which prevented me. Naturally I said : " Why are you not in Park Lane ? " " Oh," he said, " I should have been Nobody there and I'm Somebody here ; now I'm going to smoke one of your cigarettes and cheer you up." Are there many men who would do a thing like that ? I thank God as I look back that I also sacrificed much for him, bore with his defects and that obstinacy which was always a trouble, and the peculiar bent of his mind and being which made him so utterly unlike so many of his fellows. One essential characteristic was his indifference to women. No good and great woman ever singled him out, and in that lay his irreparable loss. There can exist no greatness whose heart-garden is not flowerful with the sowings of woman ; flowers of all kinds and colour leaning upward

towards the living light, life brightened by their beauty, glorified in their gleam, impassioned in their perfume.

Byron loved writing and practically died in harness. He was seemingly getting over influenza, and was writing for *The Times* when suddenly he grew worse, and a few minutes later expired. So passed one of the kindest and most unassertive of souls, and one life at least is the poorer.

XXII

AN EASTER AUDIENCE

THE FUTILE PEACE

The Shadows of Soul-Solitude. Alone amid Millions. The Desolated Lands. The Seeds of Anarchy are aready for the Sowing. Where is the Promised Peace? The Somnambulance of Belief. There are Men who prefer their own Crutches to the Wings of the Gods. The Mind's ignoring of the Spirit. Insincerity of Soul is the Seed of Decadence. The Shibboleth of State Recognition. We decorate our Churches whilst the Dust lies in our Souls: Better the Floweret of our Lives than the Flamboyance of our Altars. "How long halt ye between Two Opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." In the Name, not of Religion, but of Common Sense, why halt ye? The Great Thing in Life, as assuredly it is in Death, is Truth. The Danger which confronts the England of To-Day. Canon Burroughs on the Situation. Dean Inge puts his Finger on the Spot. Westminster Abbey—Alas! there lies the Dust of the Immortals, but we beseech the Immortalities of the Living. Even the Soul that is Dead must arise and Live. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. His Easter Sermon. An Audience with His Eminence. He bids me write fearlessly of all I feel.

IT is Easter Sunday. It is now nineteen hundred and twenty-one years since the Birth of that Christ Who to-day is remembered as risen from the dead. I am in London, and the soul of me turns southwards to that Rivierian shore where thoughts connected with the Day would so much more exquisitely mix themselves with the aromas of the rose and the solacings of sea-winds 'midst the palms. Here in this London I am held as if in a vice by the necessities of these pages which now you read, whilst all the time the heart and soul of me would be away,

where the beautiful things of the earth would have voice and message.

It is the Day of the Risen Christ, but to me, alas! it brings not heart of happiness nor wings of hope. The soul of me seems brooding 'neath the shadow of a dreary sky. For the first time in all my life in London I have turned from the welcome that might be mine at many a hospitable tea-table and passed my Sunday in silence and alone.

Something of the uselessness of sacrifice obsesses me; the blood of Europe has been poured out, drenching the corn lands and colouring the floods. The anguished soul of man has prayed for Peace and the new world which Peace would bring. Yet everywhere I see the seeds of anarchy ready for the sowing, and continents wherein is not one single realm restored to rest. Apprehension is in the brain of the Thinker, and to-day is the day of the Risen Christ. Was ever such a paradox since God made the world and called His making good?

There appears to be a tendency on the part of some who have been log-rolled into notoriety in Literature or Art to consider Belief a bathos and Faith a futility. There are men who prefer their own crutches to the wings of the gods. It is the supercilious superiority of spiritual decadence, and such men think that by intellectual force they can withstand the instincts of the ages.

Intellectual force is a thing whereof to be perpetually proud. Without it the world would be at a standstill, and progress but a dream. But intellectual force must have its foundation, as any other edifice that endures. And I am daily more persuaded that nothing in Art or Literature, Science or even Inspiration has a chance of permanency that is contrary to the spiritual need of a nation.

As a thinker rather than as a religionist, I increasingly hold that it is because of her insincerity of Faith that England has so nearly encountered disaster. Insincerity of soul is the seed of decadence. We have been leading up towards it for years, and it seems as likely as not that we are continuing upon the self-same road.

Will you consider the position from the standpoint of common sense rather than from the platform of bigotry or the rostrum of belief ? We are a nation recognizing God as the essence of Law, Order and Government. We have a State Church, the principal Ministers of which are accorded seats in our Parliament and whose votes are individually equal to those of the proudest territorial magnates. No Sovereign by descent is considered altogether a King until, after weeks of elaborate preparation and hours of ceremonial, he has been consecrated by the sacred oil, token of the Almighty's sanction. Our children are baptized and confirmed in the name of Heaven, even as to God we confide the slumbers of our cherished dust.

This may be said to be the outward and official face of the nation's programme, but what are the realities ? If you want to hear the Name of God, you will hear it only along the thoroughfares in an oath, or in the Churches in a sermon. The Name of God has no place in our public life. It is relegated to the secrecies of the soul, where things are felt rather than expressed. We will decorate our Churches whilst the dust lies in our souls. Better the floweret of our lives than the flamboyance of our Altars.

Now if God be true and a reality, how can a nation expect longevity that ignores Him ?

These thoughts are prominently uppermost in my mind, inasmuch as it has lately been borne home to me that I

may send any sort of sonnet to the Press save only that which deals with the solemnities which in truth are the only things that matter. The other day the Editor of one of the most prominent and influential of our Journals wrote me a kindly letter in which he said that a certain sonnet would be accepted, but he suggested that the following lines should be altered as inappropriate for the pages of a newspaper. The lines in question are :

> " Through cleft of cloud the Light of God is seen,
> Our eyes shall drink it as on Holy ground."

That you may judge for yourselves, the complete sonnet as I wrote it is appended. I called it

THE BURDEN OF YEARS.

" Heavy the weight of years I carry hence ;
The weightier for every passing year :
There's little strength to carry them, I fear,
Where Time leads on in dread omnipotence :
God will not leave the weary in suspense ;
Some day a glimmering sentinel will appear ;
He takes the burden as the Dawn draws near :
And the tide ebbs in ringing resonance :

" Then as a captive ransomed and unbound,
I pass the portals where the amethyst sheen
Of many a dear lost Dream of Dawn is found :
The stars are dying without sigh or sound :
Through cleft of cloud the Light of God is seen—
Our eyes shall drink it as on Holy ground."

I do not blame the editor : I think he was right ; but I do blame the times that make it possible that the mention of the Almighty's name is considered inappropriate for general reading. I certainly did not alter the lines.

For years, quite apart from their claims to be an inspired work for the spiritual needs of man, I have regarded the Scriptures as a volume of superlative beauty, which not only have held their place throughout the centuries

in the affection of countless generations, but have been an enduring influence in simplifying and ennobling our language as no other book has done. Few books that live, even the writings of Byron, but show their indebtedness to those great immortal masterpieces of Holy Writ. It is indeed a paradox that Byron, who certainly would not be numbered among spiritual poets, and whose work at times shows more of the libertine than of the religionist, should so strongly exhibit in his tendency of thought and the phrasing of his words so convincing an indebtedness to Holy Writ.

I do not for one moment suggest that except in a few instances you can find passages in Scripture of the same height of dramatic art or depth of feeling which ennobles the best classical, mediæval, or modern poetry ; but I do assert that no classic, ancient or modern, contains the same purity of style as beautifies the text of the Bible ; and of course it is a truism that, apart from the telling, the story of the Christ is one of the most tender tragedies that has ever been told, and I question, as far as drama goes, whether Shakespeare himself has any such incident as that which was once enacted on a lonely Hebrew hill.

We parade the beauties of *Macbeth* and ponder that scene where the witches surround their fire, and we listen to their incantations ; but is that scene anywhere near in dramatic art and profundity of impression to that wild hill-side in Palestine where the altar was upraised and the offering laid thereon, and the prophets of Baal leaped around, cutting themselves with knives for their god to wake and light the flame ?

Mark the brevity and beauty of this : " And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions ? if the Lord be God, follow Him : but if

Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word." (I. Kings xviii. 21.)

Now in the name, not of religion, but of common sense, why halt we? If we are not satisfied with our God, by all means let us banish Him from our curriculum, as we have already ostracized Him from our councils. If He be real and supreme and influential, can you wonder that the Peace planned solely by man has been a peace void of permanency, a diplomatic arrangement which brings not confidence or solidity to any land? It is a Peace begotten of human Conference that recognizes no supremacy but its own. How then can it be that this God of ours can sustain what He Himself has never established? How long halt ye?

In the name of all common sense, as Englishmen endeavour to be trusty in their business, so let Britain be true to her belief. If that belief be not in God, why not be honest and supplant Him by Baal? Believe me, the great thing in Life, as assuredly it is in Death, is Truth. No nation can outlive superficial supremacy that is not true to the instincts of sincerity. And this is the danger which confronts the England of to-day. However insane in precept, it would be more honourable in principle, if nationally we fail to recognize God, that we should revert to the reverencing of Baal. Those of you who are logically educated will recall the *reductio ad absurdum:* "If the Lord be God, follow Him: and if Baal, then follow him."

And as a last word, be it said that belief is as necessary to the soul as is bread to the body. No savage is without his sculptured stick or graven stone. These are to him the emblems of a dominant Power. For assuredly there is one thing of truth beyond the perversities of contradiction,

which is, that Man of himself is incapable of advance in human progress without a leadership which is beyond himself.

Although the apathy of St. Stephen's may possibly be against me, as equally will be the secularism of the Press, this writer is satisfied that the sincerer thinkers of the day are with him. There is seldom wanting profound consideration in anything uttered by Dean Inge or Canon Burroughs. They are men of no narrowed instincts, and recognize not only the perils of the day but the necessity of new methods if we are to survive them. "It is something," says Canon Burroughs, "that in so many quarters, from Downing Street downwards, humanity is beginning to acknowledge the failure of its best-laid plans for peace. It would be still more to the point if the world would see that it is not so much the plans that are at fault as the false philosophy behind them. Dean Inge puts his finger on the spot in his fine analysis of the situation. Surrounded by evidence of the bankruptcy of secularism, we yet go on devising new plans without looking first for a new faith to shape them. And hence these tears."

Conviction is rapidly gaining ground in the minds of thinkers, not only that something must be done, but that this something must be done quickly. Our interests as an Empire are so widespread and so complex that nothing less than foresight and promptitude are of much avail. Have our statesmen too much whereof to think that they are oftentimes so tardy to act? It seems to me that even as in Churches we invoke Divine aid for the sickly, so should our prayers be asked for the ailing energies of our leaders. Each alike is on the shelf, and they require that which will raise them to action.

Well may Canon Burroughs ask: "Why, after living

through August 1914, does the man in the street think such a ' new mind ' impossible, and the men in power take no serious steps to bring it to pass ? "

These are strange thoughts of an Easter. This is the day that traditionally we choose for the wearing of something new. " Give me," I cried, " new hope built on a steadfast ground, a new light adown the labyrinth of years."

Thus, till the evening, and the remembrance came to me of how often I had heard how great a place is London. There is nothing you can ever want but London can supply. Yet, here was I, with this dense solitude and silence of soul, and nothing seemed to kindle it or give it Light. " Surely," I said, " somewhere there is for me a Voice." Even in the wilderness of old there was an Utterance for those whose silence of soul made that Utterance audible.

" The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. . . .

" Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not : behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence ; He will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing : for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness ; the unclean shall not

pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

"Surely," I repeated, "there somewhere is a Voice—where shall it be found?" I thought of the Abbey. Alas, there lies the dust of the Immortals, but we beseech the Immortalities of the living.

So, midway to Westminster I halted, and found myself within the great modern Cathedral in Ashley Gardens. I saw before me thousands and thousands of people, and beautiful music swayed their souls. There must have been from five to six thousand in that huge edifice.

By a less crowded side aisle I made my way westward of the pulpit. Just under it I asked: "Who is the preacher to-night?" "The Cardinal," was the reply. I was indeed glad I should at last hear Cardinal Bourne. A vast curiosity possessed me. What would this far-seeing man say of the perilous passage of Time, and the purport of these hazardous days? How would he utilize this opportunity, splendid and unique, of quickening the souls entrusted to his keeping?

Music prepared the way for a great occasion. Even the soul that is dead must arise and live. With candles borne before the great uplifted Cross, his Eminence passed down between the crowds, a lonely, dignified figure, emphatic and apart in his robes of crimson rose. He passed quite near me and ascended the pulpit. There was not sound nor stir in that huge waiting concourse.

His Eminence is a quiet man of dignified mien. A mind of masterful self-restraint. His earnestness rises superior to the artificialities of eloquence. His position is such that each word must be delicately chosen. A prince of the Church is of necessity a statesman, and these are no times for the idle tossings of words. For

forty minutes he spoke. There was no striving after effect, the man's own earnestness was his own unselfconscious key which opened for him the hearts of his listeners. It is, in truth, a remarkable and memorable fact, that, such was his mastery of men that during those forty minutes, no single word of his Eminence was impeded or obliterated by cough or sound or stir from that immense audience. To those of you who are cramped in sectarianism, is it not good to remember lines which are immortal to all seekers of beauty, "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, good in everything." The power of the Cardinal's sermon was that it was absolutely uncontroversial, omitting perhaps his preface and the gentle allusion to the patriarchal Cardinal who the week before had passed away, there was nothing in it to which the strictest Protestant in England could possibly take exception. As I left the Cathedral accompanied by a courteous ecclesiastic, I said to him: "I am, Monsignor, what you perhaps would call a heretic. I can but say that regarding the progress of my country, I would that half England had been within these walls this evening. There was a message here which no Englishman, whatever be his Creed, could afford to ignore, or fail to follow."

"And He that sat upon the throne, said, Behold I make all things new." (Rev. xxi. 5.) *καὶ εἶπεν ὁ καθήμενος ἐπὶ τῷ θρόνῳ· Ἰδοὺ, καινὰ πάντα ποιῶ.* He gave out the text in quiet tones that yet reached most of the mass beneath him. He used no note. He never hesitated, and I, who have listened to most of the big speeches and sermons of my day, would find it difficult to recall an utterance with words more carefully chosen or more forcibly delivered.

He spoke to us first of that remarkable man Cardinal Gibbons, whose brilliant career had closed last week, and of

the loss that life is to Christianity at large. The times are such that every available asset of belief and earnestness is necessary. Now, I thought, he is coming to it, these perilous days and this darkened outlook. "Three years ago," the Cardinal continued (I do not pretend to quote; I am no reporter. I listened with my heart rather than with my ears):

"Three years ago we were still in the woes and anguish of war, and that anguish has not yet disappeared from the face of the earth. Three years ago, when victory came, we were being told that there would be a new world, a new earth. But there is not a single nation on the earth which is truly at peace.

"It is said glibly enough in our public Press, and even in our Sunday papers, that the Churches have failed. If by Churches are meant those human agencies and organizations which have been set up to lead people to Almighty God, we may admit without question that the Churches have failed. But the Church of Christ has not failed, for Jesus Christ has not and cannot fail. If the world is not yet at peace, if evil abounds as much as before the war, it is because the healing has been sought outside the influence of Jesus Christ.

"Some years ago I spoke on this subject at Easter, and I pointed out how the great Conference in Paris was working without any reference to the name of Almighty God. . . . From Christ, and Him alone, can peace come to this earth. . . . Outside this influence there is neither peace nor understanding, nor any harmony among the nations of the world."

The Cardinal's sermon made such an impression on me that, after his Eminence had descended from the pulpit, I waylaid a passing, important-looking ecclesiastic and

asked him whether it was possible to obtain an audience of his Eminence. "Hardly," the kindly dignitary responded. "The Cardinal's time is fully occupied and to-morrow I think he leaves London." "I will give you my card," I answered, "and if ever you can arrange an audience I shall be very grateful." He took the card and looking at it, quickly said: "Can you wait here a few minutes?" Subsequently he returned saying, "The Cardinal will receive you in the Sacristy on his return from the Cathedral. Will you come with me?" He led me to the Sacristy, where I waited. Presently the solemn, gorgeous, little procession came along, the lighted tapers, the upraised Cross, the choristers, the acolytes, the Cardinal, his crimson train upheld by the attendant Candatario, and in a few moments an ecclesiastic came and ushered me into the audience room. I shall never forget the kindness of that greeting, the dignity of the man as he advanced to meet me. He gave me ten minutes of his valued time. We spoke of these perilous days and of the necessity for courage and plain speaking. The outlook is serious everywhere, and it is not by avoidance that difficulties can be overcome. He told me to write fearlessly as I felt, and said: "I pray for your success on your difficult path." I am the richer for his sympathy and the Godspeed of his blessing.

And so out into the open, and under the starful skies! The huge edifice soon empties; the thoroughfares are thronged, and in all directions the people pass along. Some with anthems ringing in their ears, the lingering chords that will not die; others, but just returned from the countryside, carry with them the remembrance of the soaring lark and his busy day of song. In the hands of the children are the cowslips and violets of the Spring; in the hearts of the mothers is the music of their joy, of their

little ones that rollicked along where the rills make rivers of melody and the trees of Winter are putting forth the leaves that shall be to them as sweet soul-whisperings. And some pass on who have been in no way wakened by anthem, whether man's or nature's. They bear within them slumberous souls. We all are passing onwards—some with the singing soul, some with the silences of death that live unawakened throughout life. And yet it needs, oh! such a tiny thing, to waken the slumberous heart or soul. Look at the faint breeze on the motionless sea—one moment, and its life is changed, and every rill that rises finds the light, as we in looking back find oftentimes a memory dear that lends its radiance to our eyes; or, looking forward, find in some fair dream a beacon that shall solace us as on we pass.

XXIII

MEMORABLE SAYINGS

The Rarity of a Great Saying. "In the World, Not of It." Lord Beaconsfield's Conclusion—"The Moment is Nothing: 'tis the Morrow that Matters." Browning's Utterance—"The Gods take no Heed of the Body." "God allows No Waste: All of Beauty Will Live." The Great Professor Owen —"The Loftiest Truths are Those that lie Unseen." Harry Vane Milbank— "We don't live enough under the Skies." The Duchess of Somerset— "It is the Beginning that Counts: those who make the Move are the Real Workers." Lord Waleran, Sir A. Acland-Hood (Lord St. Audries). Great Lives are interwoven with their Aim. The Coronet as a Stepping-Stone. Lord Atkinson's Dictum on Fair Play. Old Things have passed and that which is New shall likewise Perish. Gladstone on the Burden of Memory. The Filling of the Heart with Summer.

SURELY it is only the crassly imbecile who imagine that once they have left Eton and Oxford, Aldershot or Sandhurst, education is ended. The strong soul is ever learning, and to the strong souls we look for the maturity of progress. Upon these depends our Empire, its sustentation and its saving.

There are two things which increasingly amaze me. One is, how few helpful things are said; the other that, when said, how infrequently they are remembered. One cannot but acknowledge and glory in the possession of this great Empire's brain-power, and the progress effected by its pioneerage. But when all this is admitted and admired, there remains the lamentable fact that there exists an unbelievable shortage of great things said in brief. Non-writers scarcely realize the inspiration which sires a sentence

crisp in style embodying undying truth. A sentence which takes hold and grips you, and is unutterably helpful to the thoughtful soul on its onward way.

The writer of these pages has unhappily kept no note-book. Had he done so, a very small volume would have sufficed for the enrolment of such riches. These good and great and helpful thoughts, even when uttered or foreshadowed by the minds of thinkers, are rarely uttered in such literary style as to enforce remembrance. I am endeavouring to reproduce for you some sayings which have riveted themselves on my memory, and have largely influenced my life. They were all spoken to me and mostly by noteworthy men.

My dear father has influenced my life more than words can express by two unforgettable things. One day, about a year after I had left Oxford, he came into my den and said: "What's the trouble with you?" for he saw fronting me a sheet of notepaper on which was written: "Dear Mrs. Dash, Thank you so much for your kind invitation which——" and that was as far as I could get. "The matter is," I said, "that people have very kindly asked me to join a party they have suddenly got up for to-morrow, and I can't make up my mind whether I want to go or no." "And why shouldn't you want to go?" was the natural query. "Because I feel like a bear and am likely to growl." "Refuse it," was the reply; "the acceptance of an invitation carries with it the obligation to give of one's best."

I have never forgotten this, and have humbly endeavoured to live up to it. Do you know, I have seen dozens and dozens of people who by their manner at a function seem to think that their very presence was sufficient return. Do you know that I have seen dozens and dozens of men and women, as I have gone in and out from one

house to another in London, who, although many of them were charged with interesting or entertaining things, have appeared merely as pegs whereon to hang good clothes. Do you know that there actually exist masher men and other immaturities who consider that imbecility is the sign-manual of birth and mental immobility the acme of manners? It may be that, were there more brains in the hostess, there would be less of bathos in the hospitality.

The other saying, so frequently on my father's lips, the memory of which has never left me, was:

"In the world, not of it."

All society in cities is alike in its trivial tendency, and I question whether thought or reality or progress could exist in the mind of any man who gave himself up wholly to its influence. It is with this conviction in mind that one realizes the value of remembering and living up to this great saying. One is not a puritan for so doing; one is simply endowed with common sense.

Try and realize for yourselves that at start the human soul and heart speak true to the instincts of their kind, but immediately that they venture further from themselves they are infected for good or evil by that whereby they are surrounded. There is no getting away from it, and the only method of escaping the infection of trifles is the filling of the heart and soul so full that there is no room for their entrance. If a man is compelled to be often in the world, that conglomeration of men and manners that has won for itself that name, his only chance of living beyond it and so influencing that world is to live in an atmosphere something approaching the elevation of his aims. And ever must the aim be loftier than is the possible attainment.

How splendidly this grand epigram of Disraeli dovetails into "In the world, not of it." As recorded in my

chapter on Beaconsfield, the great man had been dissuading me from entering Parliament, and in reply I had said something to the effect that the joy of inspiration must surely be equalled by the tremor of exaltation as an orator sways his audience. Those moments are not easily sacrificed. To which Disraeli replied: "The Moment is nothing: 'tis the Morrow that matters."

I considered this, and the thought within me rose: Politically, no less than spiritually, the living for Time alone is a miscalculation—Time's sole interest to man is its ending.

Now, tell me, how we can be true to the instincts of Progress unless we be free of the trammellings of the Moment? "The Moment is nothing: 'tis the Morrow that matters."

I do not for an instant suppose that Disraeli meant this in a spiritual sense, but the essence of a great utterance is that there is more in it than meets the eye; it is like the pearl-seekers' sea, which is valued less for its surface sheen than for the infinities which await the finding.

I asked Dizzy whether it did not almost denote greatness this obsession for the Morrow rather than for the Moment? "Ah, before we go further, we must define greatness: there is the man who may be in himself great; and there is the greatness of his record. Both of these may not exist in the same man; it is often that the greatness of the record does not equal the greatness of the man.

The stars lit me homeward from that memorable talk in Park Lane; in truth not brighter they than the light those strong words lit.

I was so full of all this that over I went to Browning and told him. He said: "Fame brings with it to the

Elysian Fields only the soul; the gods take no heed of the body." This is, I think, the greatest thing Browning ever said to me.

That night I asked my dear father down to my smoking-room. I told him about Beaconsfield and Browning. Alas! that I can recall so little of what he said; alas, that memory is but mortal! He said that one of the most interesting pursuits in ethics is the consideration of what will perish and what be permanent in life. God allows no waste; all of beauty will live. Life's rubbish rots away, its diamonds are deathless.

God allows no waste; all of beauty will live. Surely it was the seed of these words sown within me by the most steadfast and ennobling love my life has ever known, that after over thirty years, flowered last autumn into the sestet of the following sonnet:

"The Beautiful Moments that in gardens grow,
Born of the red rose and the ripe sunbeam,
Are singing to me from the Gates of Dream:
They're not of them that bide with us below,
They pass in music, the soul's overflow:
Somewhere, Dearhearts, they signal me and seem
Spirits awaiting us across the stream
With robes aglimmering and wings aglow:

"O Beautiful Moments, we shall meet ye yet!
Nothing that's beautiful in all life long
But lives to greet us in the Realms of Song:
There are some things that God can not forget,
He bids them slumber in the red sunset
Till Dawn awakes them where the sunbeams throng."

I had many and many a talk with the great Professor Owen, who showed me much affection. His stupendous intellect places him among the very first ranks of the world's great brains, and withal he had a simplicity and

singleness of heart which greatly endeared him to those privileged to possess his friendship. The Professor was sitting one morning on the beautiful lawn at Thames Ditton House, Mr. Hume-Dick's riverside residence. It was early Spring and the golden shadow of a ripe laburnum was around him. He had been telling me of the different and diverse strata of the earth. I said: "Against all opposition and unbelief you have delved deep for truth, deeper indeed than the well." "Truth is not obliterated by blindness," he replied; "the loftiest truths are those that lie unseen." One day I questioned Sir Richard about the probable term of the world's durability. He replied: "As the world's past is so much longer than Scripture leads us to suppose, so may the future of Time be relatively approximate to Eternity." He paused a few minutes looking down at the flowers, though I could see that he had scant thought of them. Then suddenly looking up at me with a smile, he added: "That is as far as I can go, but it will be long enough for you and me." Dear man! he now looks down upon those depths of earth whose secrecies he probed.

"We don't live enough under the skies. Sleep out in the open with the stars above you, and you realize something of this wonderful world: the further from man, the nearer the gods." This was one of the many good things said to me by a close friend of many years, one of the most marvellous men I ever met. Harry Vane Milbank was a man Ouida might have depicted, but could scarcely have exaggerated, so unlike was he to anyone else. For years a member of the Blues, a grand seigneur, who lived *en prince*, he was at home in every capital of Europe, and yet would disappear for months into uncivilized solitudes. On his return from such far-away wanderings, the first

I would hear from him would be a telegram from Paris bidding me to dine with him that night at the Savoy. Despite a manner which labelled him as man of the world, there was a look in his eyes which betrayed the solitudes of which he drank. Heir of Sir Frederick Milbank of Barningham Castle, Yorks, he pre-deceased his venerable father. I don't suppose this country will ever again produce such a man.

At a small dinner-party given by the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess said something which I have always remembered. She has devoted much of her life, and splendidly used her position, for the furthering of good work. The party was small enough for talk to be general, and we were discussing social problems, and indeed foretelling many of the changes which have actually taken place. I had hazarded the remark that if the distressed portions of humanity were more assured of sympathy, there would be infinitely less of class friction. Whereupon the Duchess said: "Yes, and we should never be discouraged; it is the beginning that counts; those who make the move are the real workers." Nothing good is fruitless, however much for the moment it may seem so. From a long experience of London, I do indeed believe that if more women with wealth and influence gave but a portion of their mind and money to the masses, which are perhaps without either, much of the friction that faces us would be obviated.

Lord Waleran, who embellished the office of Chief Whip in the Balfour Administration with a courtly courtesy which might well be an example nowadays, said a neat thing to me years and years ago at San Remo. "Political gratitude is engendered less by remembrance than by anticipation." This truth might be paraphrased if one said

that to his Party a politician's future is of more importance than his past.

Lord Waleran is essentially a man of few words, but they mean much : he will think for one rapid half moment, but when he speaks there is decision which leaves you in no doubt, and that decision is usually right. Even if his view be adverse to yours, it is chastened with a kindliness which does much to appease.

Sir Alexander Acland-Hood (Lord Waleran's successor as Chief Whip) was often as equally determined, but he rarely gave one the impression that his decision was originated by thought. He nevertheless had a rough courtesy of his own. Both these men exemplified the manners of the past. There is indeed a wonderful art in the way a man treats with his fellows. The drop of oil does less for the wheel than intelligent courtesy effects for opposition, and with the decay of manners there must assuredly in the future be an increased difficulty in obtaining the ends for which we aim. This seems an illogical absurdity ; every day adds new difficulties to life, and particularly to politics ; yet every day I see this new generation wantonly casting away as useless the courtesies which would facilitate its work. If this, our Commonwealth, is to be ruled by a commoner commonalty, for God's sake let it be done with common sense !

One day I asked Byron whether he considered his ancestor's coronet had much effect in obtaining for him his immortality. I consider that my friend's instantaneous rejoinder is one of the wittiest epigrams that any man has given me—" A coronet is possible as a stepping stone : as a pedestal it lacks stay. 'Tis brain that fills it." Now of a certainty when the idiots who knew Byron and failed to appreciate him question me as regards the

high place I give him amongst the men I have met, I ask them gently and without malice, could they have said this ?

In one of our talks, I once said to Byron that Life should have enough work to enable it to relish its play-time. It is Life's labour that appetizes Life's pastimes. Whereon he said : " I doubt if the real doers have any pastime. Their aim is ever with them, and ultimately grows part of themselves." The longer I live the more I realize the truth of this. That which matters, and by a man's determination must be, grows interblent with himself and becomes part of his being. Great lives are interwoven with their aim.

" One needs the goodwill of a hundred friends to counterbalance the antagonism of one enemy." This fine saying was given to me by the late Sir Richard Burbage, whose marvellous enterprise and energy built up the great business of Harrods, now managed by Sir Woodman Burbage, his son. I was congratulating him one day on the courtesy and endeavour to please which are such assets to the Firm's undertakings. Regarding this courtesy Sir Richard declined to take any credit, declaring that courtesy was essential to good business, as one dissatisfied purchaser did more harm than could be rectified by scores of satisfied people. " One needs the goodwill of a hundred friends to counter-balance the antagonism of one enemy." Sir Richard's son, a chip of the old block, holds his father's work in such veneration that it is unnecessary to apply to him General Morris's famous stanza written in 1630 :

" Woodman, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

I owe a great deal to one of our ablest men, who, I am thankful to say, is alive and well amongst us notwithstanding his many laborious years elucidating litigation. Lord Atkinson of Glenwilliam is not only a sound lawyer and one whose finding in cases of Appeal is usually safe and standing, but a robust sportsman. I have known him in many attitudes, have fished with him for trout, bridged with him for gain, and walked with him for appetite. During the shuffling of the cards I rarely knew him without a good terse example of Irish wit, and during the long walks when I have been his only companion I have learnt many a useful thing. One day he surpassed himself and gave me a truth which has ever since been with me as a daily influencing factor. On the previous day we had talked sport as we walked, and he told me of an excellent gamekeeper he had. The next afternoon he said: "You remember what I told you yesterday about my gamekeeper; well, I've had a letter from him this morning which is not so pleasant: it appears that he has been summoned by the police: he has written me sheets of his account of the matter." I naturally asked his Lordship what he thought concerning it; whereupon he stopped short, stuck his stick violently into the ground, and said: "Now do you think that I should be fit for the position I occupy if I allowed my mind to form opinions until I had heard both sides? I have yet to learn what the police have to say on the matter."

That walk took place a few years before the war, and I don't think I can recall an instance during the intervening years where that simple, sensible dictum has not helped me to an unbiassed mind. Ye gods! how rare everywhere is that unbiassed mind! I have known even lawyers who believed themselves to be luminaries throw

every shred of conscience, common sense and common justice to the winds, both politically and socially, in forming opinions on partial evidence. If Lord Atkinson's saying could but be widely digested, what a different world would be ours, and we should treat our fellows fairly and squarely in our estimation of men and motives.

I have lived into days wherein the only earthly certainty left is the onward march of Time. Old things have passed, and that which is new shall likewise perish, and as life increases in stress, and as nothing established seems stable, the thinker looks around for all which shall lead us into that progress which alone shall give us peace. As the soul needs to be satisfied ere yet she feels secure, so is security needful for these temporal times before we can think to live in safety. The fine words learnt by me from Mrs. Ronalds come home as doves of peace: "The dead can live without the living: the living cannot live without the dead." The past is strewn with nobleness; great doings and sounds of mighty deeds re-echo to us from the blind, dead ages; they have outlived the past—shall they not endure to lead us still? There is more future for the land in following the Great which are dead than emulating the Little that are living. What boots us to strain towards the blossoms of the Spring ere yet we have gathered of the harvests of the Autumn?

This record of notable sayings would be incomplete without including that significant remark of Gladstone's, howbeit it is already mentioned in the chapter given up to recollections of that great statesman. That utterance has been so helpful to me that it may well be to others, and there is thus advantage in repeating it. You will remember that I had asked Gladstone whether it was true as stated that he did not know the number of his own

door. "And what if it is so?" he decisively answered, "I never burden my mind with anything that anyone else can tell me. I burden my mind with what they can't tell." The more one thinks of this, the more there seems in it; and only think how much more we should know if we but gave asylum in our minds to the many splendid things we hear which otherwise perhaps would be irreparably lost?

If but I could begin life again and retread those pleasant paths bright with the garlands and noondays of the past, how sternly should I shut my memory's doors to all save the beautiful and the irreplaceable, so that when Winter comes and wanderings forth no longer have overhead the skylark's song by day, the pleading stars by night, my Heaven would be within illumined by the loveliness gathered along life's way.

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